

In Excelsis
For School and Chapel



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In Excelsis
for School and Chapel



[SIXTH EDITION]

NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.

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PREFACE.



THE selections in this book are mainly from "In Excelsis" (which is already in use in a large number of representative churches), with the addition of many beautiful Christmas and Easter carols and hymns for young children. It is based upon the conviction that the children and young people of the church can and should be taught to sing the noblest compositions which are used in the great congregation, and that substantially the same hymns and tunes should be employed in all the services of the church. Many of the melodies are exceedingly simple, and they are generally well within the compass of children's voices. The tunes are all from the best composers.

THE CENTURY CO.

New York City, January, 1900.

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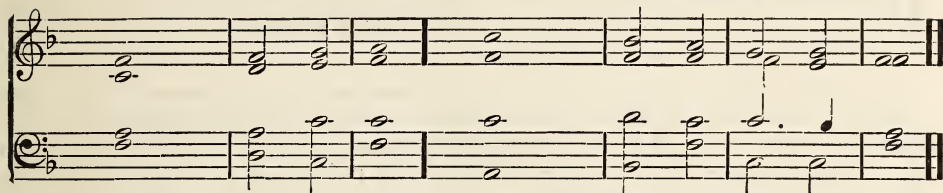
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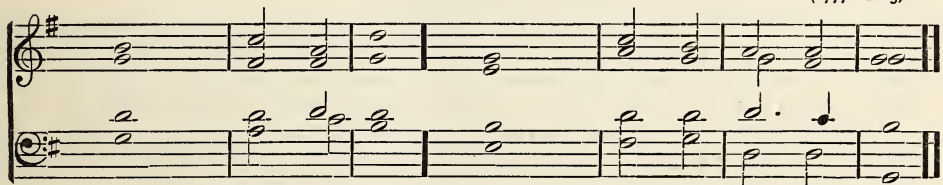
Opening Sentences.

R. FARRANT (1530 [?]-1580).



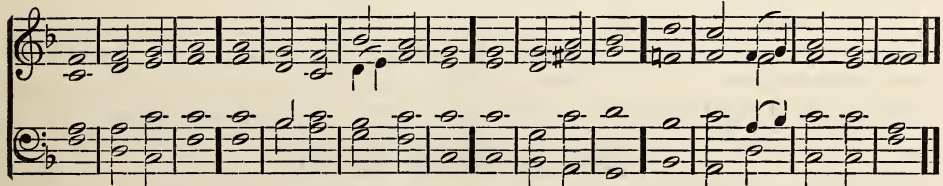
- 1 The *Lord* is in His | ho-ly | temple || let all the *earth* keep | si- lence be- | fore — | Him.—*Hab. ii. 20.*
 2 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || *fear* be- | fore Him | all the | *earth*.—*Ps. xcvi. 2.*

W. RUSSELL (1777-1813).



- 3 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my | heart || be acceptable in Thy sight, O
Lord my | strength and | my re- | deemer.—*Ps. xix. 14.*
 4 O send out Thy light and Thy *truth* that | they may | lead me || and bring me unto Thy *holy* | hill
 and | to Thy | dwelling.—*Ps. xliii. 3.*
 5 This is the *day* which the | *Lord* hath | made || we will *rejoice* | and be | glad in | it. —*Ps. cxviii. 24.*
 6 I was glad when they *said* | un-to | me || Let us *go* into the | house — | of the | *Lord*.—*Ps. cxvii. 1.*
 Pray for the *peace* | of Je- | rusalem || *they* shall | prosper · that | love — | Thee.—*Ps. cxvii. 2.*

R. LANGDON (1729-1803).



- 7 I will arise and *go* | to my | Father || and | will say | un-to | Him || Father, I have sinned against
heaven and be- | fore — | Thee || and am no more *worthy* to be | call-ed | Thy — | son.—
Luke xv. 18, 19.
 8 From the rising of the sun even unto the going *down* | of the | same || My *name* shall be | great a- |
 mong the | Gentiles || and in every place incense shall be offered unto My *Name* and a |
 pure — | offering || for My *Name* shall be great among the *heathen* | saith the | *Lord* of |
 hosts. — *Mal. i. 11.*

The Ten Commandments.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Apostles' Creed.

I BELIEVE in GOD THE FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in JESUS CHRIST His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

Responses to the Commandments.

Ancient Chant.

1-9 Lord, have mercy up - on us, and incline our hearts to..... keep this law.
 10 Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our
 hearts (p) we be - - - - } seech..... Thee

C. F. GOUNOD (1818—1893).

) *After 9 Commandments.*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

) *After the 10th Commandment.* *Piu lento.*

us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

1. { Our Father which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name;
 { Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on | earth ' as it | is in | heaven;
2. { Give us this | day our | dai-ly | bread;
 { And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors;
3. { And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liv-er | us from | evil;
 { For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ev-er. | A - - | men.

In Excelsis

For School and Chapel.

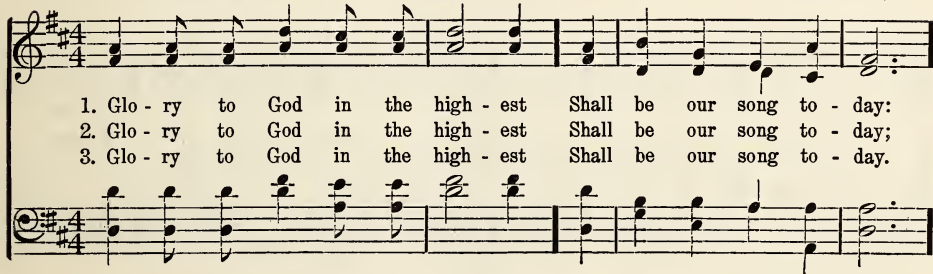
I

Glory to God in the highest.

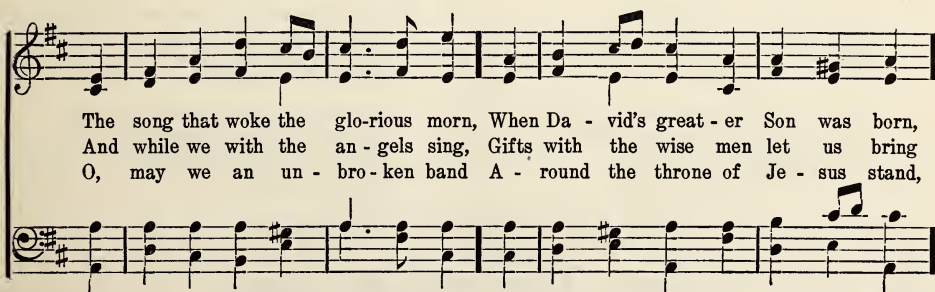
SYNÆSIUS, Born cir. 375.
Tr. A. W. CHATFIELD, 1876.

"IN EXCELSIS GLORIA."

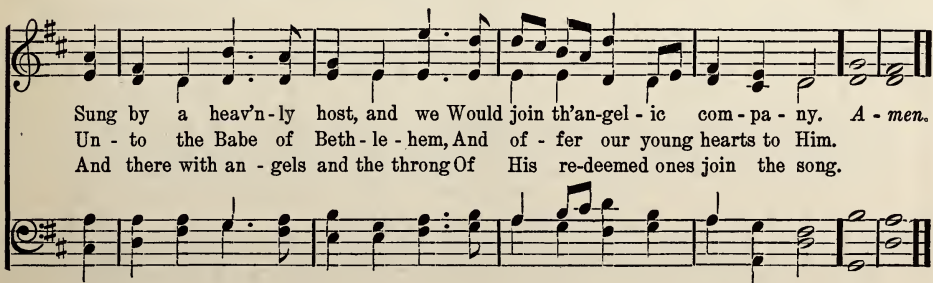
A. L. PEACE, 1890.



1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est Shall be our song to - day:
2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est Shall be our song to - day;
3. Glo - ry to God in the high - est Shall be our song to - day.



The song that woke the glo - rious morn, When Da - vid's great - er Son was born,
And while we with the an - gels sing, Gifts with the wise men let us bring
O, may we an un - bro - ken band A - round the throne of Je - sus stand,



Sung by a heav'n - ly host, and we Would join th'an - gel - ic com - pa - ny. A - men.
Un - to the Babe of Beth - le - hem, And of - fer our young hearts to Him.
And there with an - gels and the throng Of His re - deemed ones join the song.

Lord, we come before Thee now.

W. HAMMOND, 1745.

"ST. BEES."

J. B. DYKES, 1874.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend,

O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - men.
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let Thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of life return;
 Those that are cast down lift up,
 Strong in faith, and love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
 Thee a God sincere and kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

3

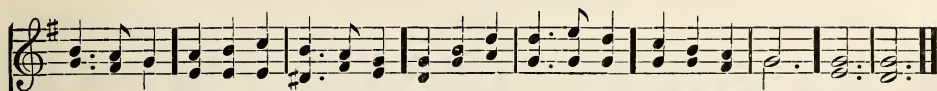
Come, Thou almighty King.

C. WESLEY, 1757.

"ITALIAN HYMN."

F. DE GIARDINI, 1769.

1. Come, Thou al-might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all -
 2. Come, Thou In-car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and Thy
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al -
 4. To the great One in Three The highest prais-es be, Hence ev - er - more; His sovereign

Come, Thou almighty King.—*Concluded.*

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days! A - men.
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend!
 might-y art, Now rule in ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.



Father, again in Jesus' name we meet.

4

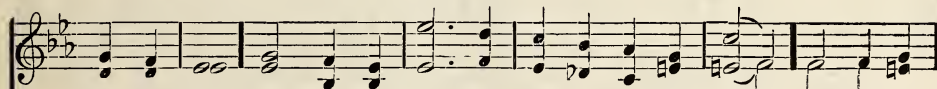
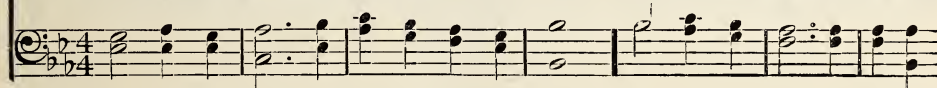
L. E. G. WHITMORE, 1824.

"FELIX."

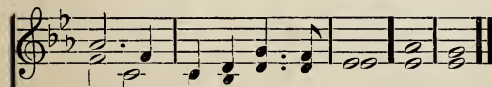
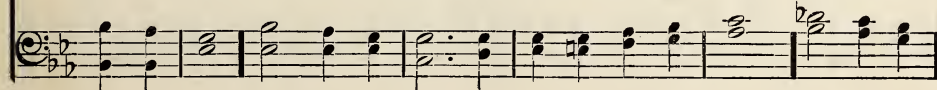
F. MENDELSSOHN (1809—1847).



1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i - tence be-
 2. Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy cease-less care, And all Thy work from day to



neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - es raise, To sue for
 day de - clare! Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies crowned? Does not Thy



mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.
 arm en - cir - cle us a - round?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
 Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
 But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
 Returning sinners, to a Father's home.



4 Oh, by that name which in all fulness dwells,
 Oh, by that love which every love excels,
 Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
 Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

Holy, holy, holy!

R. HEBER, 1827.

"NICAEA."

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea, 'Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.
 fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art and ev - er-more shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Round the Lord in glory seated.

R. MANT, 1837.

"FABEN."

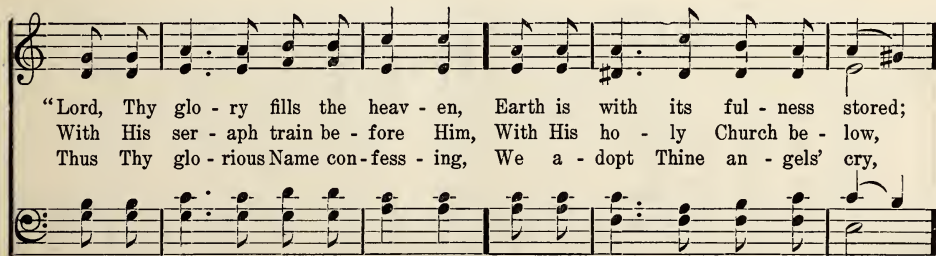
J. H. WILCOX, 1849.



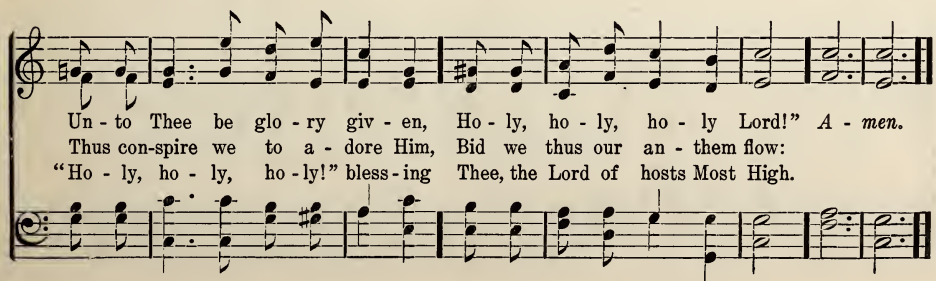
1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
 2. Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,
 3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;



Filled His tem - ple and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn:
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"
 Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"



"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
 With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be - low,
 Thus Thy glo - rious Name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt Thine an - gels' cry,



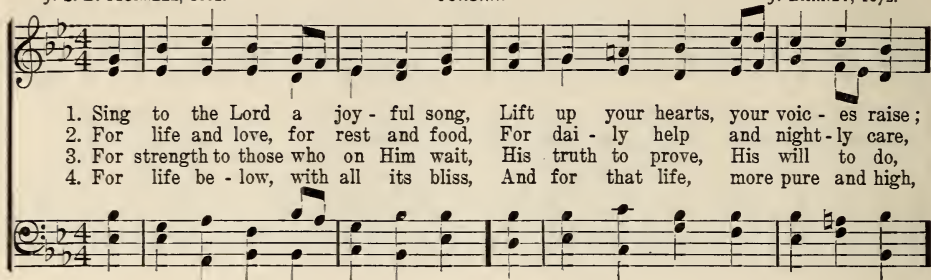
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" A - men.
 Thus con - spire we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" bless - ing Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

Sing to the Lord a joyful song.

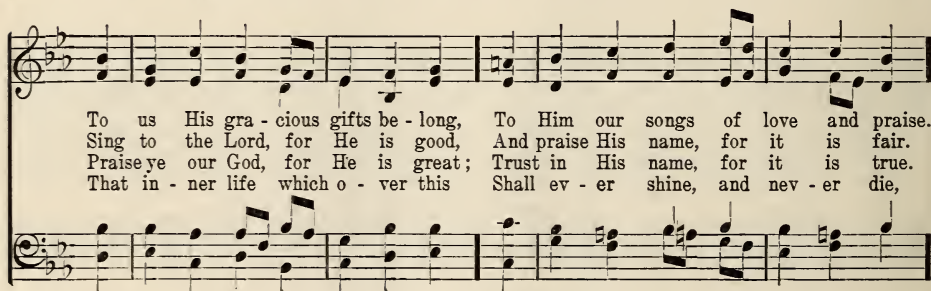
J. S. B. MONSELL, 1862.

"JORDAN."

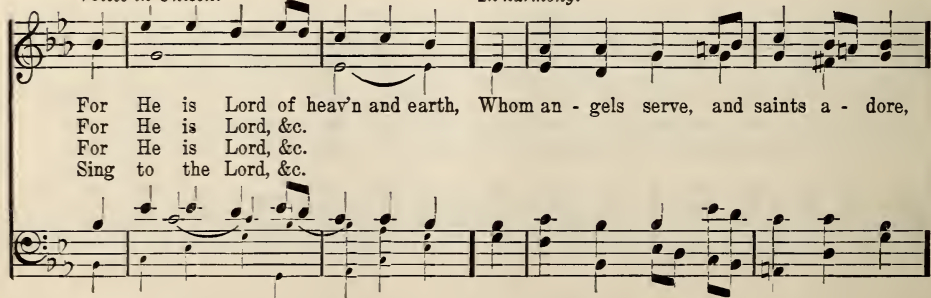
J. BARNBY, 1872.



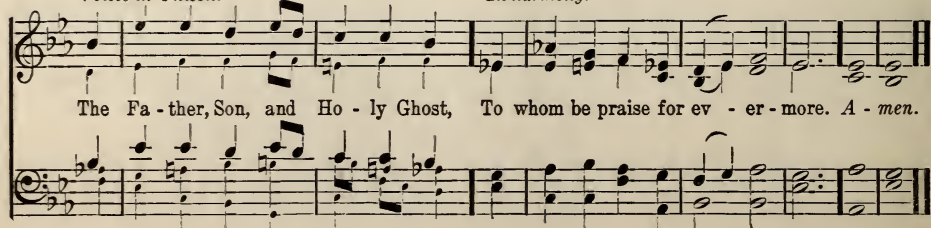
1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voic - es raise ;
 2. For life and love, for rest and food, For dai - ly help and night - ly care,
 3. For strength to those who on Him wait, His truth to prove, His will to do,
 4. For life be - low, with all its bliss, And for that life, more pure and high,



To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good, And praise His name, for it is fair.
 Praise ye our God, for He is great; Trust in His name, for it is true.
 That in - ner life which o - ver this Shall ev - er shine, and nev - er die,

*Voices in Unison.**In harmony.*


For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom an - gels serve, and saints a - dore,
 For He is Lord, &c.
 For He is Lord, &c.
 Sing to the Lord, &c.

*Voices in Unison.**In harmony.*


The Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more. A - men.

Crown Him with many crowns.

M. BRIDGES, 1848.

"DIADEMATA."

G. J. ELVEY, 1868.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways
 4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The po - ten - tate of time,

Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise.
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.
 But downward bends His wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.
 Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

God Almighty, in Thy temple.

R. H. BAYNES, 1880.

"ETON COLLEGE."

J. BARNBY, 1885.

1. God Al - mighty, in Thy tem - ple Low be - fore Thy throne we bow;
 2. Christ our Sav - iour, Thou who car - est For the young - est of Thy fold,
 3. God the Ho - ly Ghost, be near us; Ev - er dwell our hearts with - in;

From Thy dwell - ing - place in glo - ry Hear our sup - pli - ca - tions now,
 Give us now Thy heav'n - ly bless - ing, As Thou didst in days of old;
 Keep them pure, and brave, and ear - nest, Give us grace to con - quer sin,

While we of - fer Ear - nest pray'r and sol - emn.... vow. A - men.
 Price - less treas - ure, Rich - er far than gems of..... gold.
 And, through Je - sus, Heav'n's e - ter - nal crown to..... win.

My God is any hour so sweet.

C. ELLIOTT, 1834.

"ALMSGIVING."

J. B. DYKES, 1875.

1. My God is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning
 2. Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my sins by Thee for -
 3. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - ery want I
 4. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall

My God is any hour so sweet.—*Concluded.*

star, As that which calls me to.... Thy feet, The hour of pray'r? A - men.
 giv'n; Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude With hopes of heav'n.
 find, What strength for war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
 be As thus my in - most soul to pour In pray'r to Thee.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

II

J. FAWCETT, 1773.

"ST. RAPHAEL."

E. J. HOPKINS, (1818—).

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy Gos - pel's joy ful - sound;
 3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;
 Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en, Glad the sum - mons to o - bey,

Oh, re - fresh us, Trav - ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A - men.
 Ev - er faith - ful To the truth may we be found!
 May we ev - er Rise, and reign in end - less day.

Saviour, again to Thy dear name.

J. ELLERTON, 1866.

"BENEDICTION." (ELLERS.)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1867.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be - gan, with

part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease; Then, low-ly
Thee shall end the day: Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A-men.
house have called upon Thy name.

Lord of my life, Whose tender care.

CHELSEA, 1838.

"WESSEX."

E. J. HOPKINS, (1818—).

1. Lord of my life, Whose tender care Hath led me on till now, Here low-ly at the hour of prayer
2. O may I dai-ly, hour-ly, strive In heav'n-ly grace to grow; To Thee and to Thy glo-ry live,
3. With prayer my humble praise I bring, For mer-cies day by day; Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,

Lord of My Life, Whose tender care.—*Concluded.*

Be-fore Thy throne I bow; I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray For-giveness for an-oth-er day. *A-men.*
 Dead else to all below; Tread in the path my Saviour trod, Though thorny, yet the path to God!
 Lord, teach me how to pray! All that I have, I am, to Thee I of-fer thro'-e-ter-ni-ty.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.

14

F. W. FABER, 1852.

"ST. MATTHIAS."

W. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
 2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,
 3. For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sin - ful, un - to Thee we call;
 4. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us; night is come; Thro' night and dark-ness near us be;

And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
 The scan - ty tri - umphs grace hath won, The bro - ken vow, the fre - quent fall.
 O let Thy mer - cy make us glad; Thou art our Sav - iour, and our all.
 Good an - gels watch a - bout our home, And we are one day near - er Thee.

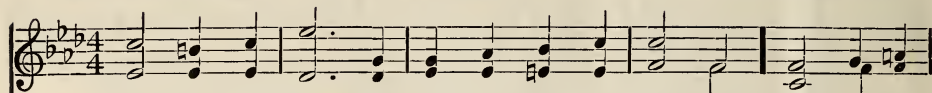
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. *A-men.*

Still, still with Thee.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, 1855, Ab.

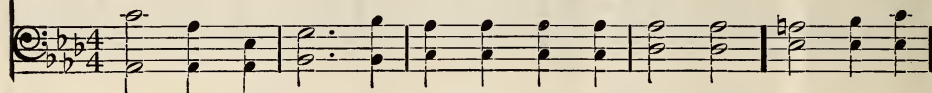
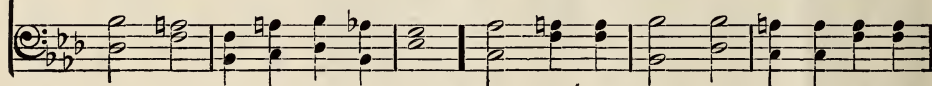
"WINDSOR."

J. BARNEY, (1838—1896).



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird

2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol-enn

wak - eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love-lier than the
hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee, in breathless ad - o -the sweet
the calmday - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious-ness, I am with Thee! A-men.
ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.the sweet
the calm

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

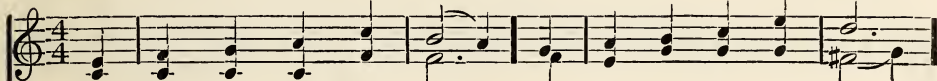
4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

When morning gilds the skies.

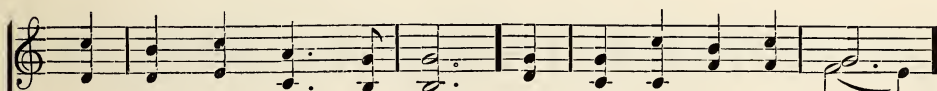
German, 1828. Tr. E. CASWALL, 1854.

"LAUDES DOMINI."

J. BARNBY, 1868.



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs,
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find,
 4. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,



May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.
 With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Let earth, and sea, and sky
 From depth to height reply,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

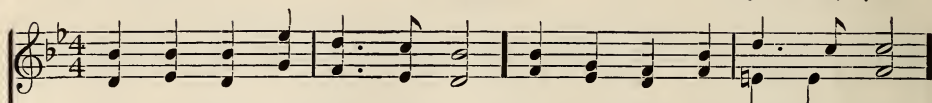
6 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Be this the eternal song
 Through ages all along,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

Every morning mercies new.

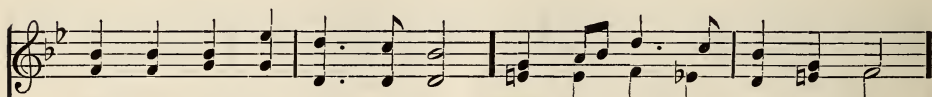
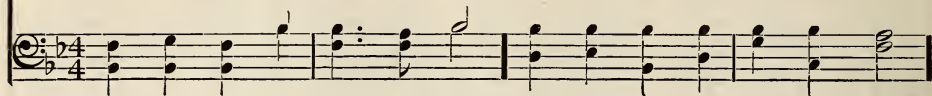
G. PHILLIMORE, 1863.

"KELSO."

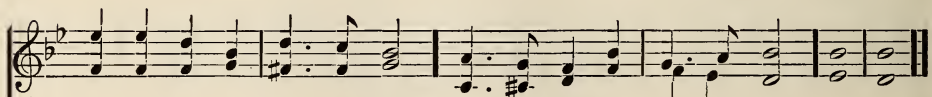
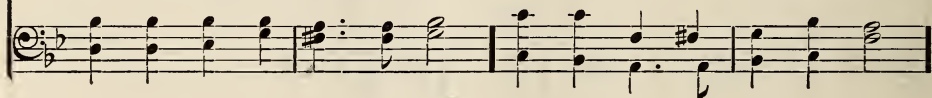
E. J. HOPKINS, 1872.



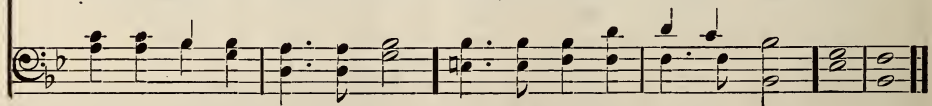
1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
 2. Still the great - ness of Thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move;



Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;
 Dai - ly, far as east from west, Lifts the bur - den from the breast;



For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure. A - men.
 Gives unbought, to those who pray, Strength to stand in e - vil day.



3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
 That these gifts may never fail;
 And, as we confess the sin
 And the tempter's power within,
 Feed us with the Bread of Life,
 Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
 As the sun with splendor burns,
 Teach us still to turn to Thee,
 Ever blessèd Trinity,
 With our hands our hearts to raise,
 In unfailing prayer and praise.

Now, when the dusky shades of night.

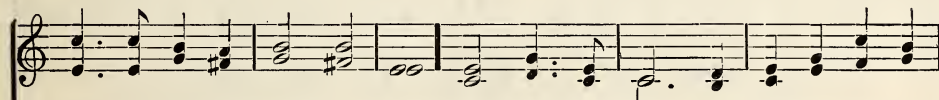
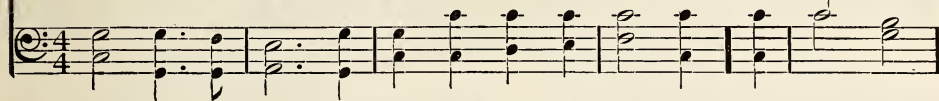
ANON.

"MORNING PRAISE."

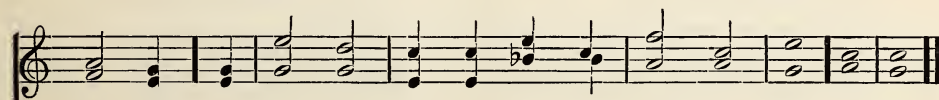
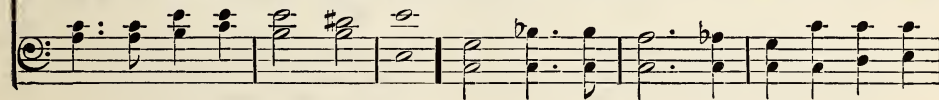
J. STAINER, 1872.



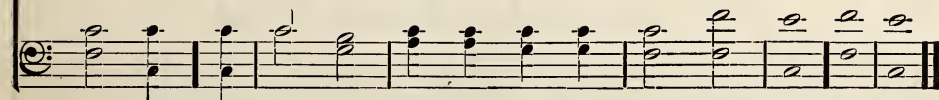
1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the
 2. To Thee, whose word, the fount of life un - seal - ing, When hill and
 3. Look from the height of heav'n and send to cheer us Thy light and



sun's red ban - ner, swift - ly flee; Now when the ter - rors of the dark are
 dale in thick - est dark - ness lay, A - woke bright rays a - cross the dim earth
 truth, and guide us on - ward still; Still let Thy mer - cy, as of old, be



fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee. A - men.
 steal - ing, And bade the eve and morn com - plete the day.
 near us, And lead us safe - ly to Thy ho - ly hill.



- 4 So, when the morn of endless light is waking,
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
 Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

- 5 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy, granted,
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
 Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
 Whose name by men and angels is confest.

New every morning is the love.

J. KEBLE, 1827.

"MELCOMBE."

S. WEBBE (1740—1816).

1. New ev - ery morn - ing is the love Our wak'ning and up - ris - ing prove;
2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, Hov - er a - round us while we pray;

Thro' sleep and darkness safe - ly brought, Re - stor'd to life, and pow'r and tho't. A - men.
New per - ils past, new sins for - giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

My soul, awake! thy rest forsake.

J. E. LIVOCK, 1880.

"BRACONDALE."

J. BOOTH (1852—).

1. My soul, a - wake! thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light;
2. With cour - age drest, strong - heart - ed, blest, Ful - fil thy work a - broad;
3. A - mid the strife of dai - ly life, A - mid its noon - tide heat,
4. In lib - er - ty of ho - ly glee, Ac - cept thy child - hood's part,

My soul, awake! thy rest forsake.—Concluded.

With song a - rise— glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night. A - men.
 Fear - less and true, thy way pur - sue, A hap - py child of God.
 Fear not to miss thy sa - cred bliss, The rest of son - ship sweet.
 And thou shalt find, by faith en - shrined, The Fa - ther in thy heart.

5 Oh, blessed rest! With such a guest
 Life's duty grows divine,
 Dross becomes gold, and, as of old,
 The water turns to wine.

6 Eternal praise to Thee we raise,
 Who deign'st with men to dwell;
 Great Word of God, Jehovah! Lord!
 Adored Emmanuel!

Come, my soul, thou must be waking.

21

F. R. L. VON CANITZ, 1699.
 Tr. H. J. BUCKOLL, 1848.

"STAINER."

J. STAINER, 1872.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be waking, Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - er day;
 2. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or, When thine aim is good and true;
 3. Think that He thy ways be - holdeth; He un - fold - eth Ev - ery fault that lurks with - in;

Come, to Him who made this splendor See thou render All thy feeble strength can pay. A - men.
 But that He may ev - er thwart thee, And convert thee, When thou e - vil would'st pur - sue.
 He the hidden shame gloss'd o - ver Can dis - cov - er, And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
 Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet;
 And, released from death's dark sadness,
 Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
 Light refuse not,
 But His Spirit's voice obey;
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
 Light enfolding
 All things in unclouded day.

Saviour! hear us, we pray.

W. W. ELLSWORTH.

"LUCY."

Arr. by A. CORTADA.

1. Sav - iour! hear us, we pray, Keep us safe thro' this day; Keep our
 2. Be our Guard - ian and Guide; May we walk by Thy side Till the

Refrain.

lives free from sin, And our hearts pure with - in. } Je - sus, Lord! hear our pray'r, May we
 evening shades fall O - ver us—o - ver all.

rest in Thy care, Je - sus, Lord! hear our pray'r, May we rest in Thy care. A - men.

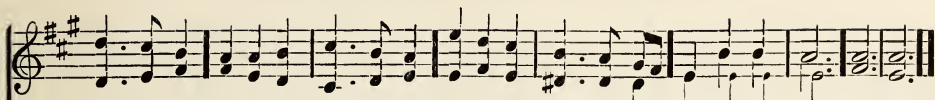
Father of love and power.

G. RAWSON, (1807—).

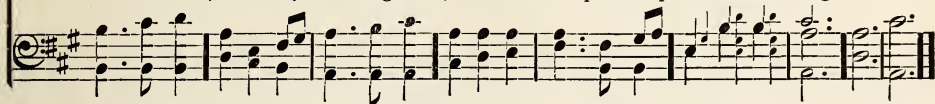
"FIAT LUX."

J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa-ther of love and pow'r, Guard Thou our eve-ning hour, Shield with Thy might! For all Thy
 2. Je - sus, Em-man - u - el, Come in Thy love to dwell In hearts con - trite; For ma - ny
 3. Spir-it of truth and love, Life - giv-ing, ho - ly Dove, Shed forth Thy light; Heal ev - ery

Father of love and power.—*Concluded.*

care this day Our grateful thanks we pay, And to our Fa - ther pray: Bless us to - night. *A - men.*
 sins we grieve, But we Thy grace re - ceive, And on Thy word believe: Bless us to - night.
 sinners' smart, Still every throbbing heart, And Thine own peace impart: Bless us to - night.



God, that madest earth and heaven.

24

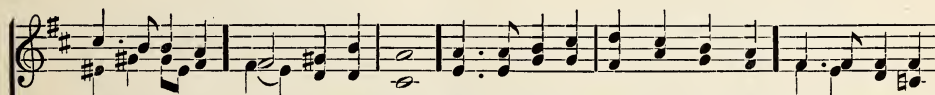
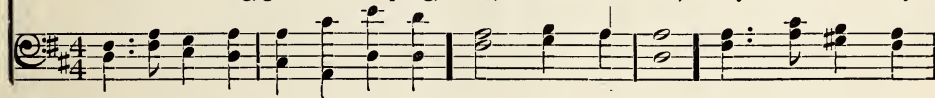
R. HEBER, 1827, and
 R. WHATELEY, 1855.

"HARRIETTELE."

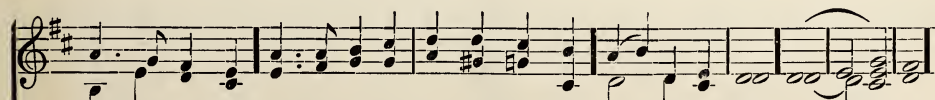
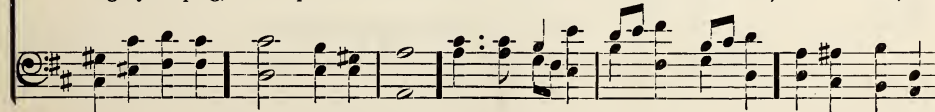
H. G. B. HUNT.



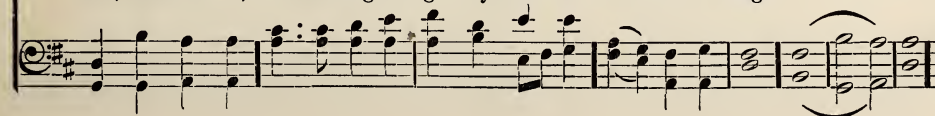
1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light, Who the day for
 2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And, when we die, May we in Thy



toil hast giv - en, For rest the night, May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slumber sweet Thy
 mighty keeping, All peace - ful lie. When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our



mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. *A - - men.*
 God, for - sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high.



Softly now the light of day.

G. W. DOANE, 1827.

"SEYMOUR."

Arr. fr. C. M. VON WEBER, 1826.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee. A - men.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity,
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

The sun is sinking fast.

18th Century. Tr. E. CASWALL, 1858.

"ST. COLUMBA."

H. S. IRONS, 1816.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let
 2. As Christ up - on the Cross His head in - clined, And
 3. So now her - self my soul Would whol - ly give In -
 4. So now be - neath His eye Would calm - ly rest, With -

The sun is sinking fast.—*Concluded.*

love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.
 to His Fa - ther's hands His part - ing soul re - signed.
 to His sa - cred charge, In whom all spir - its live;
 out a wish or thought A - bid - ing in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
 Whate'er betide—
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
 Not I, but He,

In all His power and love,
 Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
 One Lord divine,
 May I be ever His,
 And He for ever mine.

Holy Father, cheer our way.

27

R. H. ROBINSON, 1869.

"VESPERI LUX."

J. B. DYKES (1823—1876).

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray;
 2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, calm our fears, When earth's brightness dis - ap - pears;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, be Thou nigh When in mor - tal pains we lie;
 4. Ho - ly, bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Dark - ness is not dark to Thee;

Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning - time. A - men.
 Grant us in our lat - er years Light at eve - ning - time.
 Grant us, as we come to die, Light at eve - ning - time.
 Those Thou keep - est al - ways see Light at eve - ning - time.

The radiant morn hath passed away.

G. THRING, 1864.

"WOODTHORPE."

J. ADCOCK.

1. The ra - dant morn hath pass'd a - way, And spent too soon her
 2. Our life is but a fad - ing dawn; Its glo - rious noon how
 3. O by Thy soul - in - spir - ing grace, Up - lift our hearts to

gold - en store; The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. *A-men.*
 quick - ly past! Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last!
 realms on high; Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the sky;

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are cloth'd in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall;
 Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
 Art Lord of all'

SECOND TUNE.

"RADIANT MORN."

C. F. GOUNOD, 1872.

1. The ra - dant morn hath pass'd a - way And spent too soon her gold - en store;

The radiant morn hath passed away.—*Concluded.*

The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. A - men.

Our day of praise is done.

29

J. ELLERTON, 1867.

"SCHUMANN." (HEATH.)

Arr. fr. R. SCHUMANN (1810—1856).

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;
 2. A - round the throne on high, Where night can nev - er be,
 3. Too faint our an - thems here, Too soon of praise we tire;
 4. Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou at - tune the heart,

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.
 The white-robed harp-ers of the sky Bring cease-less hymns to Thee.
 But oh the strains how full and clear Of that e - ter - nal choir!
 We in Thine an - gels' mu - sic still May bear our low - er part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim
 And make our life a daily psalm
 Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
 Shall come the glorious end;
 And songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend.

The day is past and over.

ANATOLIUS, 800.
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1853.

"ST. ANATOLIUS."

A. H. BROWN, 1862.

1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee now that
 2. The joys of day are o - ver. I lift my heart to Thee, And ask Thee, that of -
 3. The toils of day are o - ver. I raise the hymn to Thee, And ask that free from

sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight And
 fence-less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, make their dark-ness light, And
 per - il The hours of fear may be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And

save me thro' the com-ing night! A - men.
 save me thro' the com-ing night!
 guard me thro' the com-ing night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I,
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphant shall cry
 "He could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night."
 5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

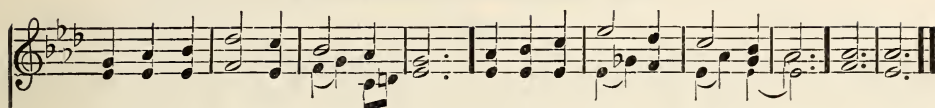
31 Great God who knowest each man's need.

E. TENNYSON.

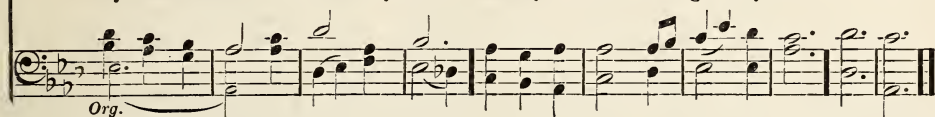
"ABENDS."

H. S. OAKELEY, 1873.

1. Great God who know-est each man's need, Bless Thou our watch and guard our sleep;
 2. We thank Thee for the day that's done, We trust Thee for the days to be;

Great God who knowest each man's need.—*Concluded.*

For-give our sins of thought and deed, And in Thy peace Thy serv-ants keep. *A - men.*
Thy love we learn in Christ Thy Son— Oh, may we all His glo - ry see.



Org.

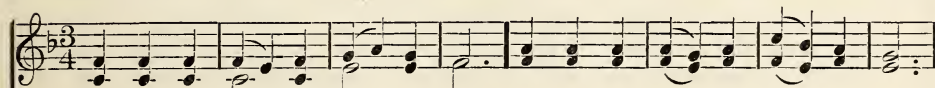
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

32

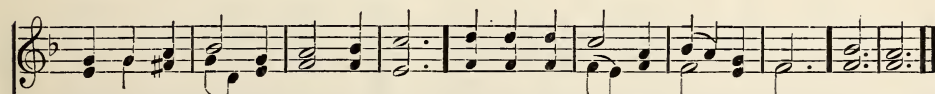
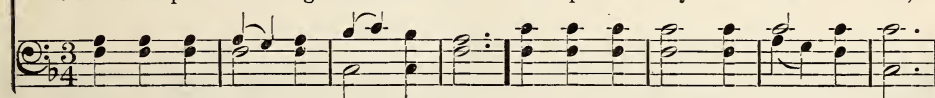
J. KEBLE, 1820.

"HURSLEY."

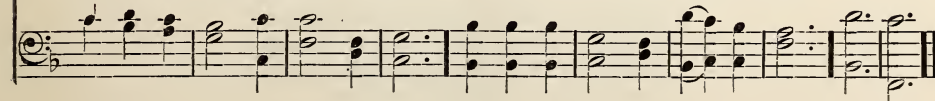
P. RITTER, 1792.
Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to - day the voice di - vine,



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. *A - men.*
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work be - gin; Let Him no more lie down in sin.



5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Abide with me!

H. F. LYTE, 1847.

"EVENTIDE."

W. H. MONK, 1861.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see:
 foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me. A - men.
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

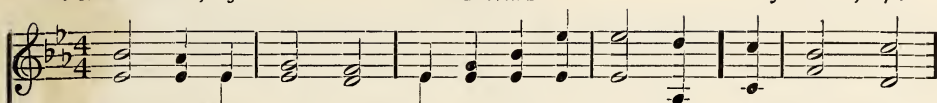
5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Now God be with us.

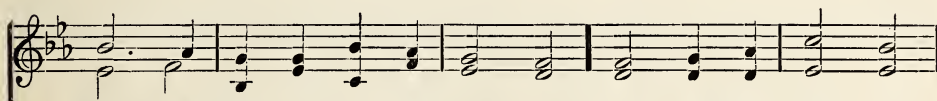
BOHEMIAN BRETHREN, 1530.
Tr. C. WINKWORTH, 1858. Abr.

"NIGHTFALL."

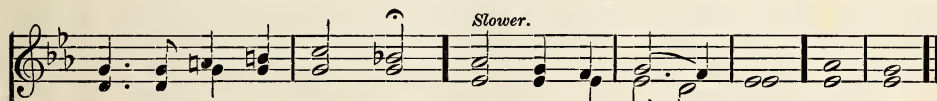
J. BARNEY, 1872.



1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and
2. Let e - vil thoughts and spir - its flee be - fore us; Till morn - ing
3. Let ho - ly thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-takes us; Our ear - liest



dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His shad - ow
com - eth, watch, O Mas - ter, o'er us; In soul and bod - y
thoughts be Thine when morn - ing wakes us. All sick and mourn - ers



here to rest we yield us, For He will shield... us. A - men.
Thou from harm de - fend us, Thine an - gels send.... us.
we to Thee com - mend them, Do Thou be - friend... them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting.

The day is gently sinking to a close.

C. WORDSWORTH, 1863.

"NACHTLIED."

H. SMART, 1872.

1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close,... Faint - er and yet more faint the
 2. Our changeful lives are ebb - ing to an end;.... On - ward to dark - ness and to
 3. Thou, Who in dark - ness walk - ing didst ap - pear.... Up - on the waves, and Thy dis -
 4. The wea - ry world is mould'ring to de - cay,... Its glo - ries wane, its pa - geants

sun - light glows. O bright - ness of..... Thy Fa - ther's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal
 death we tend; O conqueror of..... the grave, be Thou our guide, Be Thou our
 ci - ples cheer, Come, Lord, in lone - some days, when storms as - sail, And earth - ly
 fade a - way; In that last sun - set when the stars shall fall, May we a -

light of light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres - ent, dark - ness can - not
 light in death's dark e - ven - tide: Then in our mor - tal hour will be no
 hopes and hu - man suc - cers fail: When all is dark may we be - hold Thee
 rise a - wak - ened by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for ev - er to a -

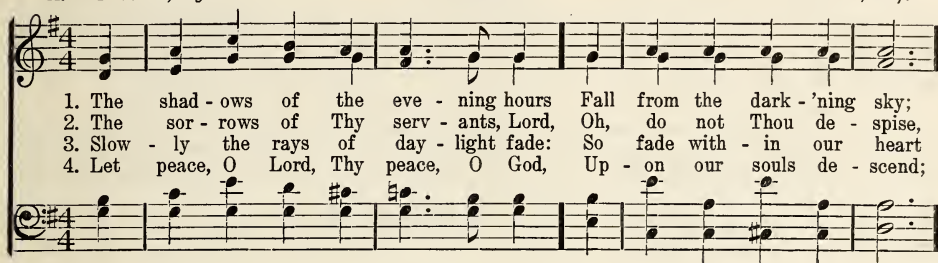
be,..... Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.
 gloom,.. No sting in death, no ter - ror in the tomb.
 nigh And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
 bide..... In that blest day which has no e - ven - tide.

The shadows of the evening hours.

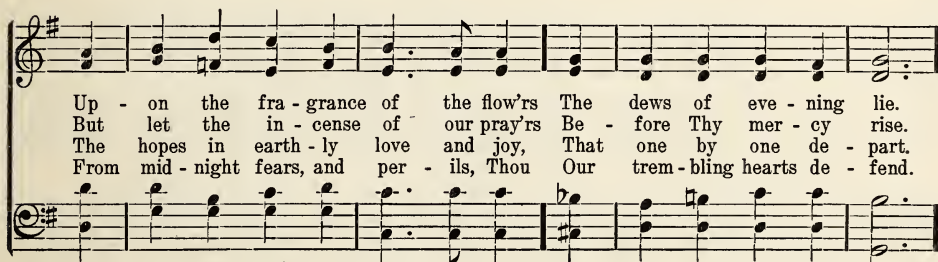
A. A. PROCTER, 1858. Abr.

"ST. LEONARD."

H. HILES, 1867.



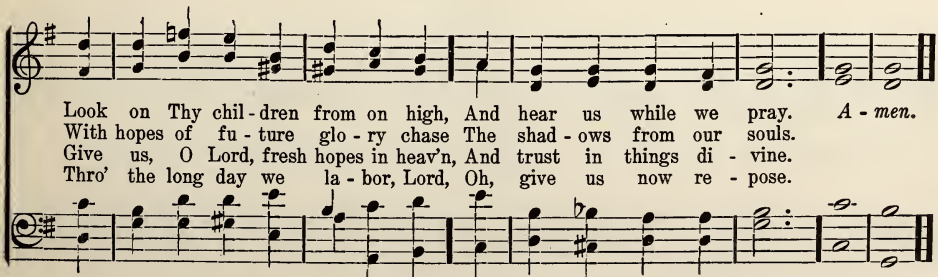
1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark - 'ning sky;
 2. The sor - rows of Thy serv - ants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou de - spise,
 3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade: So fade with - in our heart
 4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de - scend;



Up - on the fra - grance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve - ning lie.
 But let the in - cense of our pray'rs Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise.
 The hopes in earth - ly love and joy, That one by one de - part.
 From mid - night fears, and per - ils, Thou Our trem - bling hearts de - fend.



Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
 The bright - ness of the com - ing night Up - on the dark - ness rolls;
 Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav - ens shine:
 Give us a res - pite from our toil; Calm and sub - due our woes;



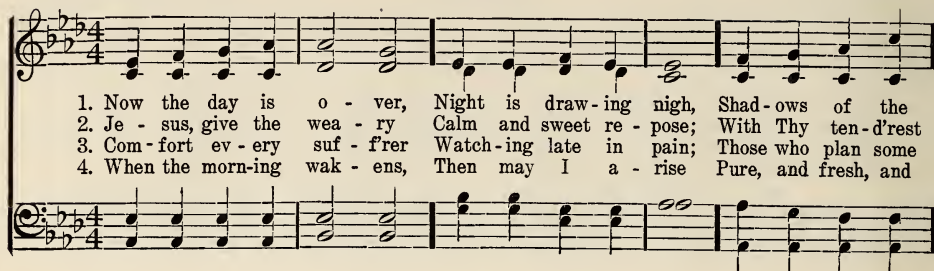
Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.
 With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shad - ows from our souls.
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.
 Thro' the long day we la - bor, Lord, Oh, give us now re - pose.

Now the day is over.

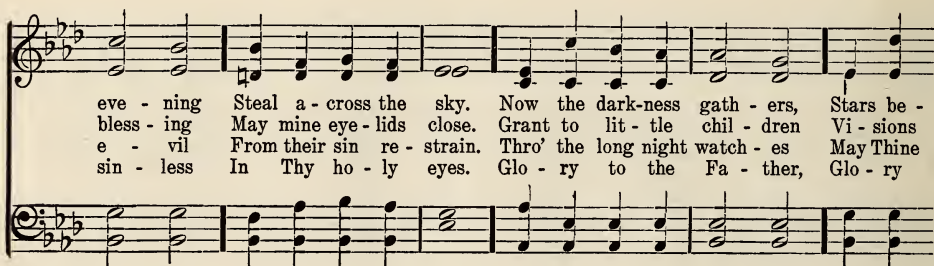
Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865.

"LYNDHURST."

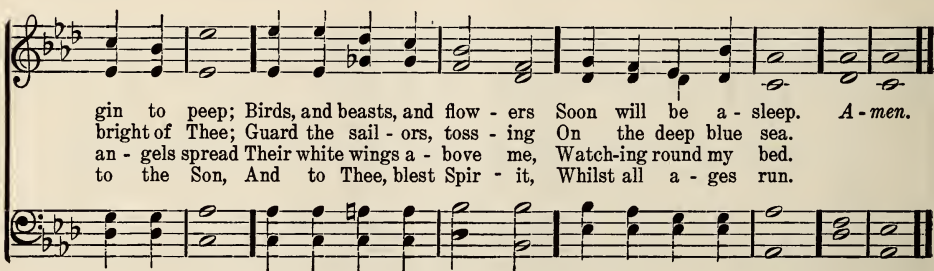
ANON.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy ten - d'rest
 3. Com - fort ev - ery suf - frer Watch - ing late in pain; Those who plan some
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and



eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be -
 bless - ing May mine eye - lids close. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions
 e - vil From their sin re - strain. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine
 sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry

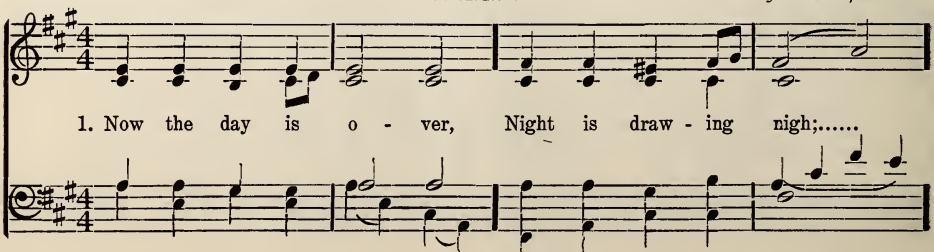


gin to peep; Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep. A - men.
 bright of Thee; Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 an - gels spread Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 to the Son, And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

SECOND TUNE.

"TWILIGHT."

J. BARNEY, 1868.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;.....

Now the day is over.—*Concluded.*

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.

eve-ning steal a - cross the sky;

Thro' the day Thy love has spared us.

38

"GUNTHER."

J. BARNBY, 1872.

1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;....
2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, * Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,....

Thro' the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Us and ours pre-serve from dan - gers; In Thine arms may we re - pose,

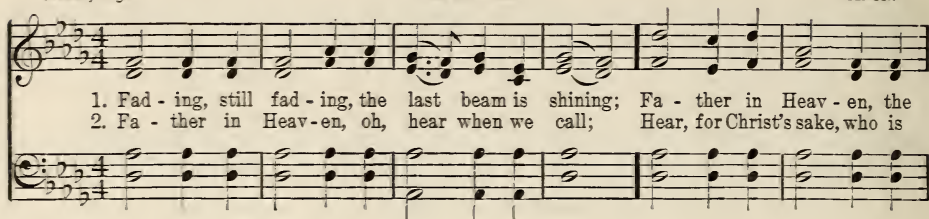
Je - sus, Thou our guar-dian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A - men.
And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining.

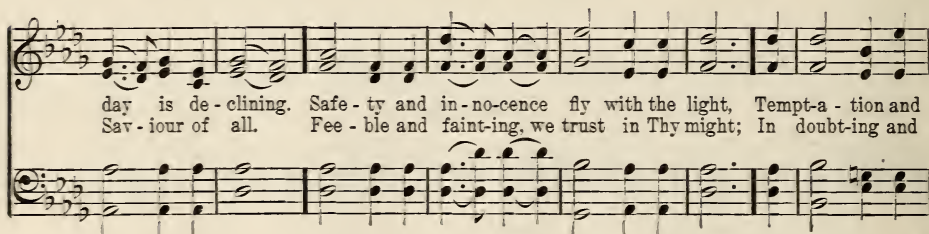
ANON, 1830.

"SALVATION."

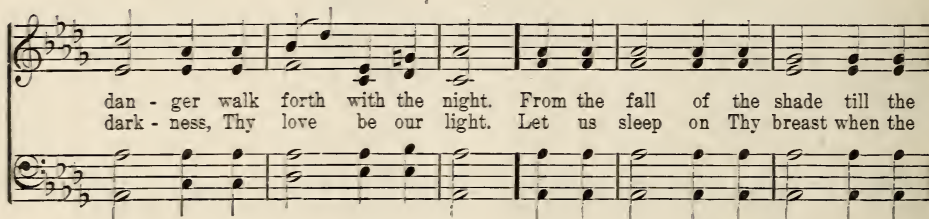
ANON.



1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in Heav - en, the
 2. Fa - ther in Heav - en, oh, hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is

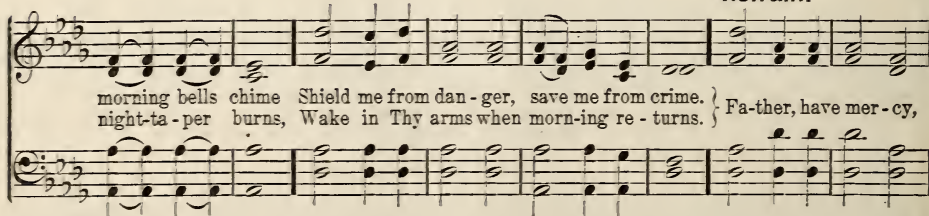


day is de - clining. Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Tempt - a - tion and
 Sav - iour of all. Fee - ble and faint - ing, we trust in Thy might; In doubt - ing and

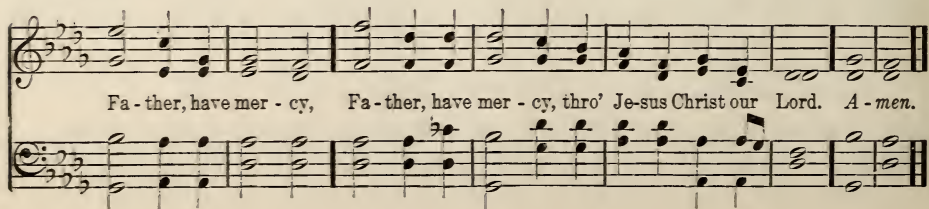


dan - ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the
 dark - ness, Thy love be our light. Let us sleep on Thy breast when the

Refrain.



morning bells chime Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. } Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
 night - ta - per burns, Wake in Thy arms when morn - ing re - turns. }



Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

Day is dying in the west.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1880.

"CHAUTAUQUA."

W. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni - verse, Thy home,

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light
Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em - brace,

Refrain.

Thro' all the sky..... } Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly
For Thou art nigh..... }

Lord God of Hosts!... Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!

Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!... A - men.

Jesus, we love to meet on this Thy holy Day.

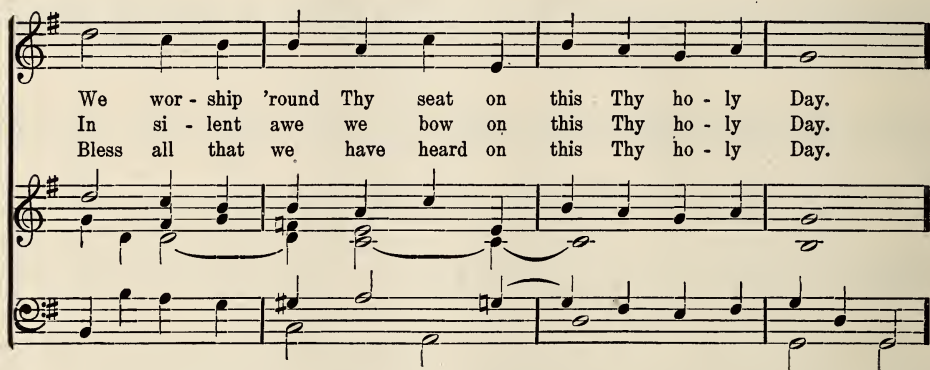
Mrs. E. R. PARSON, 1836.
UNISON.

"BEECHCROFT."

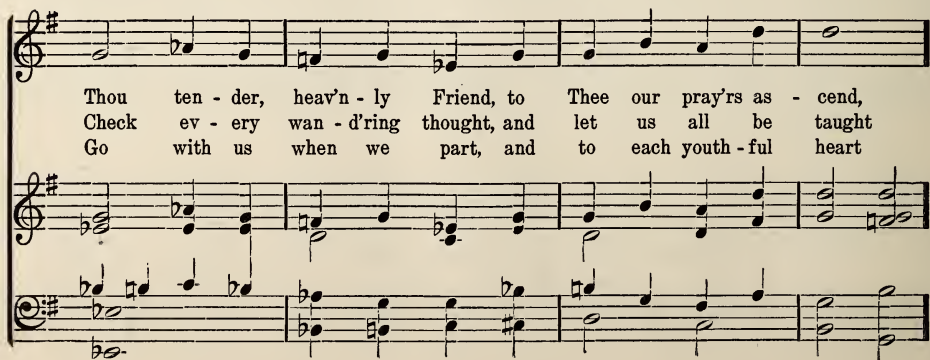
T. G. REED, 1880?



1. Je - sus, we love to meet on this Thy ho - ly Day;...
2. We dare not tri - fle now on this Thy ho - ly Day;...
3. We list - en to Thy Word on this Thy ho - ly Day;...



We wor - ship 'round Thy seat on this Thy ho - ly Day.
In si - lent awe we bow on this Thy ho - ly Day.
Bless all that we have heard on this Thy ho - ly Day.



Thou ten - der, heav'n - ly Friend, to Thee our pray'rs as - cend,
Check ev - ery wan - d'ring thought, and let us all be taught
Go with us when we part, and to each youth - ful heart

Jesus, we love to meet on this Thy holy Day.—*Concluded.*

rall.

O'er our young spir - its bend, on this Thy ho - ly Day. *A - men.*
 To serve Thee as we ought, on this Thy ho - ly Day.
 Thy sav - ing grace im - part on this Thy ho - ly Day.

Lord, this day Thy children meet.

42

W. W. How, 1854.

"HARDACRE."

G. A. HARDACRE, 1867.

1. Lord, this day Thy chil - dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet;
 2. Not a - lone the day of rest With Thy wor - ship shall be blest:
 3. Help us .un - to Thee to pray, Hal - low - ing our hap - py day;
 4. All our pleas - ures here be - low, Sav - iour, from Thy mer - cy flow:
 5. Make, O Lord, our child - hood shine With all low - ly grace, like Thine:

Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise. *A - men.*
 In our pleas - ure and our glee, Lord, we would re - mem - ber Thee.
 From Thy pres - ence thus to win Hearts all pure, and free from sin.
 But if earth has joys like this, What shall be our heav'n - ly bliss!
 Then thro' all e - ter - ni - ty We shall live in heav'n with Thee.

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath.

A. C. CROSS, 1866.

"ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON."

J. WALCH, 1875.

1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
 2. Lord, we would bring for of - fring, Though marr'd with earth - ly soil,
 3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful thought and deed,
 4. And with that sor - row min - gling, A stead - fast faith, and sure,

As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;
 A week of ear - nest la - bor, Of stead - y, faith - ful toil;
 In Thy pure pres - ence kneel - ing, From bond - age to be freed;
 And love so deep and fer - vent, That tries to make it pure;

It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,
 Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al, Of strong, deep love to Thee,
 Our heart's most bit - ter sor - row For all Thy work un - done—
 In His dear pres - ence find - ing The par - don that we need,

As shade of clus - ter'd palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A - men.
 Fos - ter'd by Thine own Spir - it, In our hu - mil - i - ty.
 So ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed! So few bright lan - rels won!
 And then the peace so last - ing— Ce - les - tial peace in - deed.

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath.—*Concluded.*

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.
 Oh, may we evermore,
 In Jesus' holy presence
 His blessed name adore.
 Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
 Within His temple-walls—
 Type of the stainless worship
 In Zion's golden halls.

6 So that, in joy and gladness,
 We reach that home at last,
 When life's short week of sorrow
 And sin and strife is past;
 When angel-hands have gathered
 The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
 O Father, Lord, Redeemer!
 Most Holy Trinity!

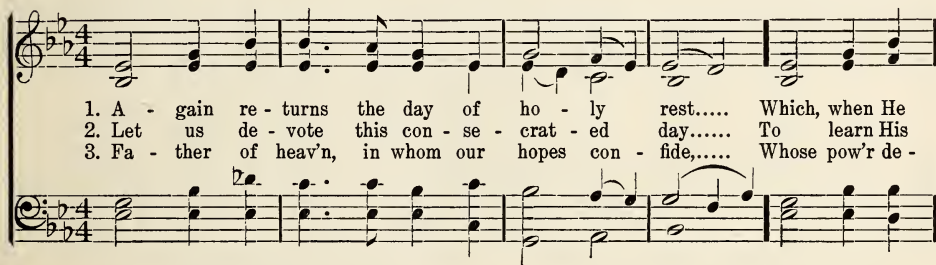
Again returns the day of holy rest.

44

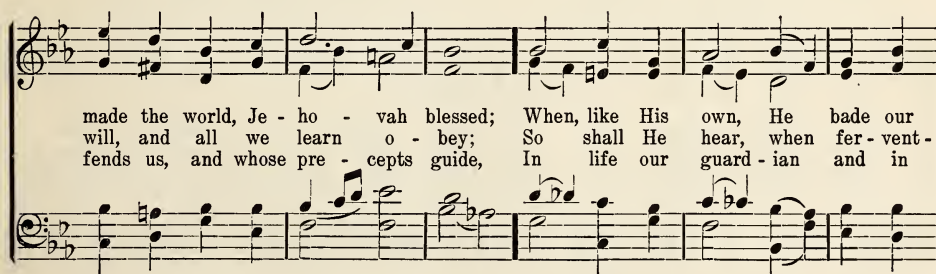
W. MASON, 1796.

"PAX DEI."

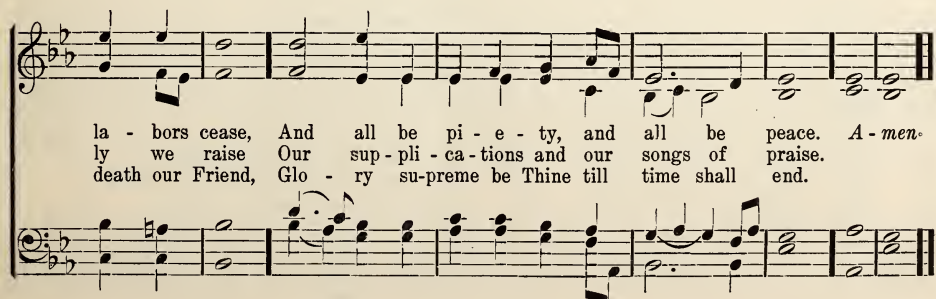
J. B. DYKES, 1868.



1. A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest.... Which, when He
 2. Let us de - vote this con - se - crat - ed day..... To learn His
 3. Fa - ther of heav'n, in whom our hopes con - fide,..... Whose pow'r de -



made the world, Je - ho - vah blessed; When, like His own, He bade our
 will, and all we learn o - bey; So shall He hear, when fer - vent -
 fends us, and whose pre - cepts guide, In life our guard - ian and in



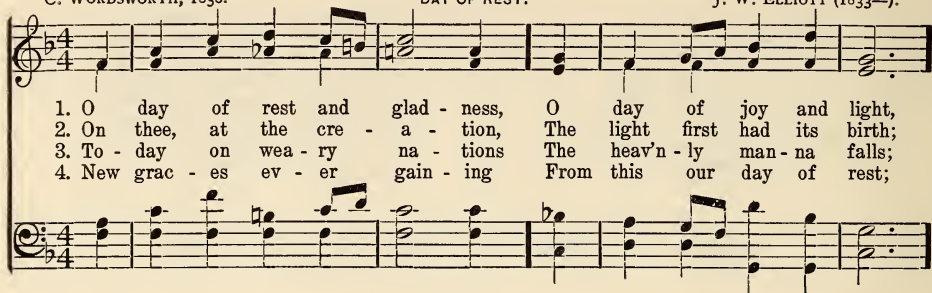
la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace. A - men -
 ly we raise Our sup - pli - ca - tions and our songs of praise.
 death our Friend, Glo - ry su - preme be Thine till time shall end.

O day of rest and gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH, 1853.

"DAY OF REST."

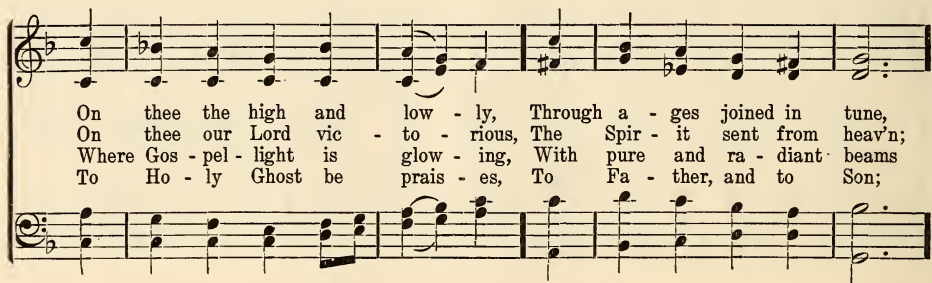
J. W. ELLIOTT (1833—).



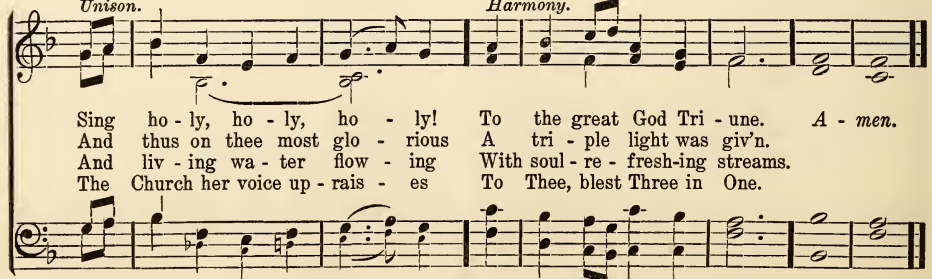
1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
 3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n - ly man - na falls;
 4. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest;



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright,
 On thee for our sal - va - tion Christ rose from depths of earth;
 To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump - et calls,
 We reach the re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.



On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
 On thee our Lord vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n;
 Where Gos - pel - light is glow - ing, With pure and ra - diant beams
 To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;

*Unison.**Harmony.*


Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri - une. A - men.
 And thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was giv'n.
 And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.
 The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

This is the day of light.

46

J. ELLERTON, 1867.

"SWABIA."

German. Arr. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1849.

1. This is the day of light. Let there be light to - day:
 2. This is the day of rest. Our fail - ing strength re - new;
 3. This is the day of peace. Thy peace our spir - its fill;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night And chase its gloom a - way. A - men.
 On wea - ry brain and troubled breast Shed Thou Thy fresh'n'g dew.
 Bid Thou the blasts of dis-cord cease, The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer.
 Let earth to heaven draw near;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
 Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days.
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O vanquisher of death!

SECOND TUNE.

"DOMENICA."

H. S. OAKELEY, 1874.

This is the day of light. Let there be light to - day:

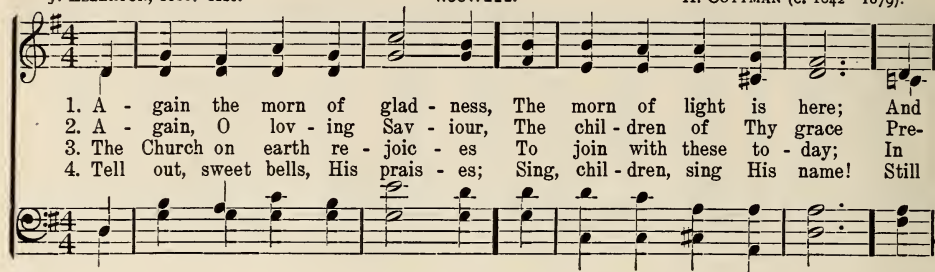
O Day-spring, rise up - on our night And chase its gloom a - way. A - men.

Again the morn of gladness.

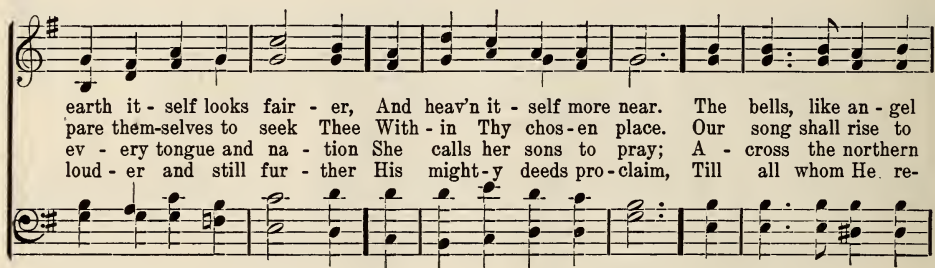
J. ELLERTON, 1886. Abr.

"ROSSELL."


A. COTTMAN (c. 1842-1879).



1. A - gain the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light is here; And
 2. A - gain, O lov - ing Sav - iour, The chil - dren of Thy grace Pre -
 3. The Church on earth re - joic - es To join with these to - day; In
 4. Tell out, sweet bells, His prais - es; Sing, chil - dren, sing His name! Still



earth it - self looks fair - er, And heav'n it - self more near. The bells, like an - gel
 pare them-selves to seek Thee With - in Thy chos - en place. Our song shall rise to
 ev - ery tongue and na - tion She calls her sons to pray; A - cross the northern
 loud - er and still fur - ther His might - y deeds pro - claim, Till all whom He re -



voic - es, Speak peace to ev - ery breast; And all the land lies qui - et To
 greet Thee, If Thou our hearts wilt raise; If Thou our lips wilt o - pen, Our
 snow - fields, Be - neath the In - dian palms, She makes the same pure of - fring, And
 deem - ed Shall own Him Lord and King, Till ev - ery knee shall wor - ship And

Refrain.

His chil - dren



keep the day of rest..... } all..... His
 mouth shall show Thy praise.... } Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Let all His chil - dren
 sings the same sweet psalms... }
 ev - ery tongue shall sing..... }
 Let all..... His

Again the morn of gladness.—*Concluded.*

say:
 chil - dren say:
 say: He rose a - gain, He rose a - gain, On this glad day! A - men
 chil - dren say:

Holy, holy, holy Lord.

48

C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

"ST. ATHANASIUS."

E. J. HOPKINS, 1872.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King, By the heaven and
 2. Since by Thee were all things made, And in Thee do all things live, Be to Thee all
 3. Thousands, tens of thousands stand, Spir - its blest be - fore Thy throne, Speed - ing thence at
 4. Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Veil their fac - es with their wings; Eyes of an - gels

earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly
 hon - or paid, Praise to Thee let all things give, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly
 Thy com - mand; And, when Thy be - hests are done, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly
 are too dim To be - hold the King of kings, While they sing e - ter - nal - ly

To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.
 To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
 Thee, the noble martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee,
 Thee, the Church in every land,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three in One, and One in Three!
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals.

G. THRING, (1823—).

"LAUS DEO."

J. W. ELLIOTT (1833—).

Organ. *f*

Ped.

The organ introduction is written for a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The organ part is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The pedal part is indicated by a 'Ped.' marking and a dotted line below the bass staff.

Voices in Unison.

1. Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals, Our thankful hearts in-
2. Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals, Our thankful hearts in-

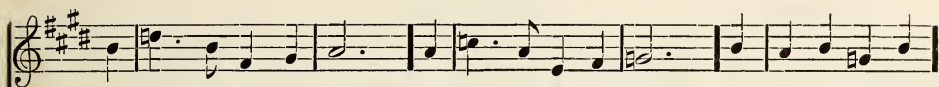
rall. *mf*

The vocal part is written in the treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The organ accompaniment is in the bass clef. The organ part is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The tempo is marked with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking.

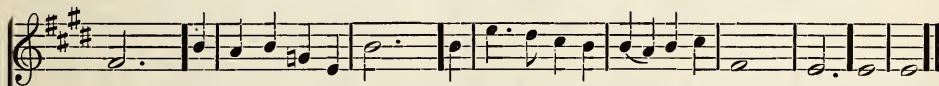
vit - ing To sing our great Cre - a - tor's praise, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing!
vit - ing To sing the praise of Christ our King, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing!

The vocal part continues with the lyrics. The organ accompaniment is in the bass clef. The organ part is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals.—*Concluded.*



Ye heav'ns and earth, re-joice! And ev-ery heart and voice Your joy-ous strains up-
Who left His throne on high, And low-ly came to die, That we from earth might



raise, In notes of end-less praise, Be-fore His throne for ev-er, for ev-er. A-men.
rise To realms beyond the skies, And live with Him for ev-er, for ev-er.



3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till, warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Glad songs of praise for ever!

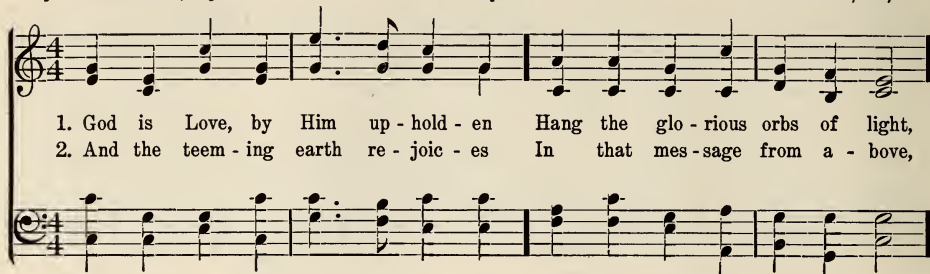
4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Till soaring higher and higher,
We join the heavenly choir
Before His Throne for ever!

God is Love, by Him upholden.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1856.

"REGENT SQUARE."

H. SMART, 1867.



1. God is Love, by Him up - hold - en Hang the glo - rious orbs of light,
2. And the teem - ing earth re - joic - es In that mes - sage from a - bove,



In their lan - guage, glad and gold - en, Speak - ing to us day and night
With ten thou - sand thou - sand voic - es Tell - ing back, from hill and grove



Their great sto - ry, their great sto - ry, God is Love, and God is Might. A - men.
Her glad sto - ry, her glad sto - ry, God is Might, and God is Love.

3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
||: Tell their story, ||
God is Love, and God is Life.

4 Through the precious Love He sought us,
Wandering from His holy ways,
With that precious Life He bought us;
Then let all our future days
||: Tell the story, ||
Love is Life—our lives be Praise.

Angel-voices, ever singing.

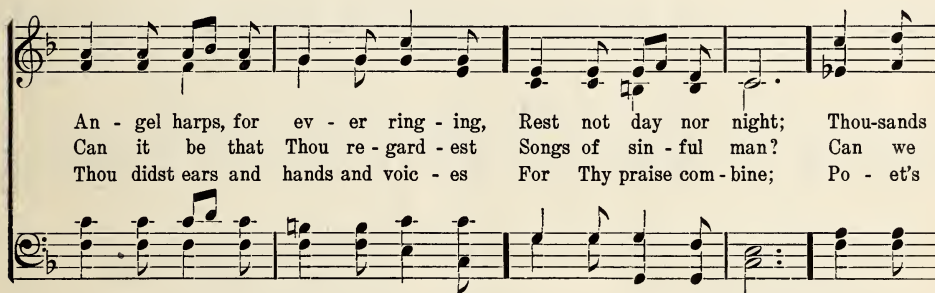
F. POTT, 1861.

"ANGEL-VOICES."

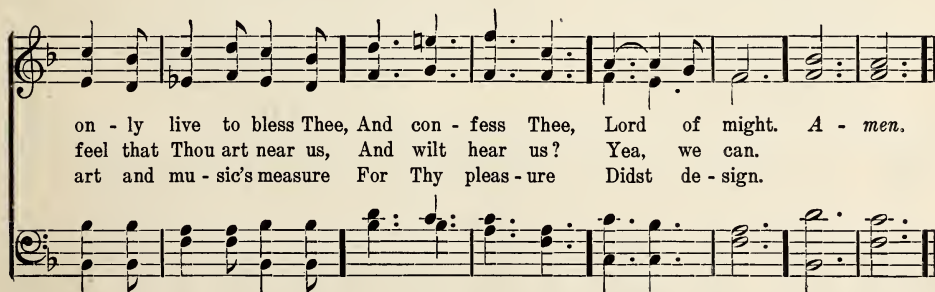
A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



1. An - gel - voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light—
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
 3. Yes, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine;



An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thou-sands
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we
 Thou didst ears and hands and voic - es For Thy praise com - bine; Po - et's



on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might. A - men.
 feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 art and mu - sic's measure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessèd Trinity!
 Of the best that Thou hast given,
 Earth and heaven
 Render Thee!

Let us with a gladsome mind.

J. MILTON, 1623.

"MONKLAND."

J. B. WILKES, 1861.

1. Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
2. He, with all - com - mand - ing might, Filled the new-made world with light:

For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - men.
For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies aye endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 All things living He doth feed, .
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

53 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou.

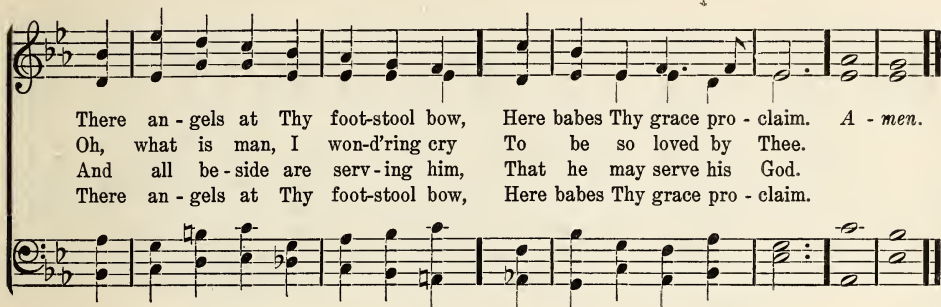
H. F. LYTE, 1834.

"ST. HUGH."

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862.

1. O Lord, how good, how great art Thou, In heav'n and earth the same:
2. When glo - rious in the night - ly sky Thy moon and stars I see,
3. Close to Thine own bright ser - a - phim His fa - vored path is trod;
4. O Lord, how good, how great art Thou, In heav'n and earth the same:

O Lord, how good, how great art Thou.—*Concluded.*



There an - gels at Thy foot-stool bow, Here babes Thy grace pro - claim. A - men.
 Oh, what is man, I won-d'ring cry To be so loved by Thee.
 And all be-side are serv-ing him, That he may serve his God.
 There an - gels at Thy foot-stool bow, Here babes Thy grace pro - claim.

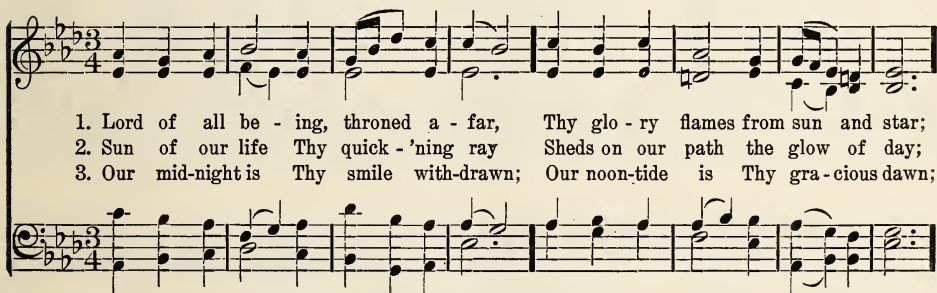
Lord of all being, throned afar.

54

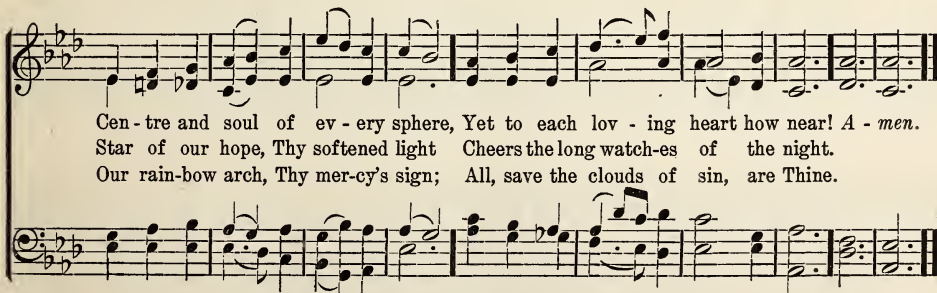
O. W. HOLMES, 1848.

"BOWEN."

FR. F. J. HAYDN (1732—1809).



1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
 2. Sun of our life Thy quick - 'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 3. Our mid-night is Thy smile with-drawn; Our noon-tide is Thy gra - cious dawn;



Gen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.
 Star of our hope, Thy softened light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
 Our rain-bow arch, Thy mer-cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 Before Thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
 Till all Thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

The spacious firmament on high.

J. ADDISON, 1712.

"CREATION."

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, 1798.

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high,... With all the blue e -
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail,... The moon takes up the
 3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all..... Move round this dark ter -

the - real sky.... And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their
 won - drous tale,... And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re -
 res - trial ball;... What though no re - al voice nor sound A -

great o - rig - in - al pro - claim. The unwea-ried sun from day to day,
 peats the sto - ry of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 midst their ra - diant orbs be found; In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

Does his..... Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es..... to
 And all..... the plan - ets in..... their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er sing - ing,

Ped.

The spacious firmament on high.—*Concluded.*

ev - ery land The work... of an..... al-might - y hand. A - men.
 as they roll, And spread the truth... from pole to pole.
 as they shine, "The hand... that made... us is di - vine."

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.

56

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

"BENEDIC ANIMA."

J. Goss, 1867.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
 3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
 4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;

Ran - som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;
 Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwell - ers all in time and space,

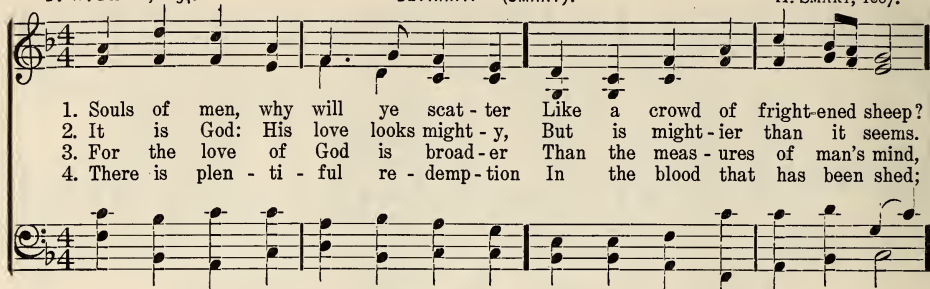
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King. A - men.
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Wide - ly as His mer - cy goes.
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace.

Souls of men, why will ye scatter.

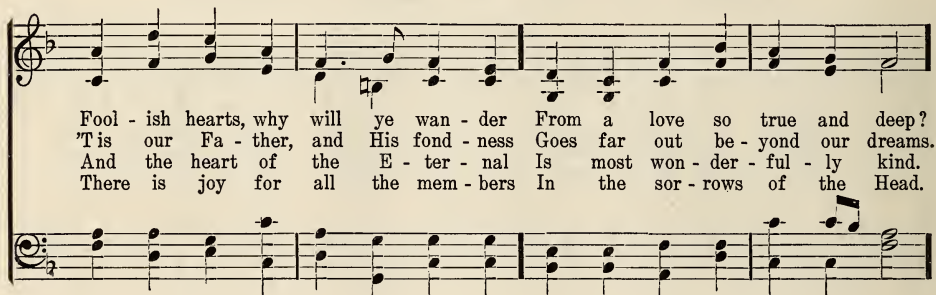
F. W. FABER, 1854.

"BETHANY." (SMART).

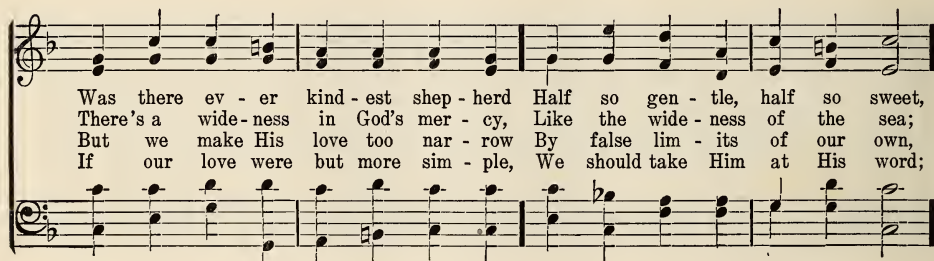
H. SMART, 1867.



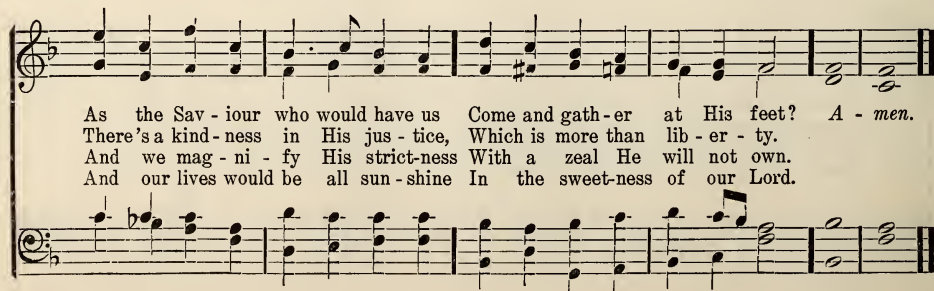
1. Souls of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright-ened sheep?
 2. It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems.
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ures of man's mind,
 4. There is plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion In the blood that has been shed;



Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
 'Tis our Fa - ther, and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.



Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,
 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
 But we make His love too nar - row By false lim - its of our own,
 If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;



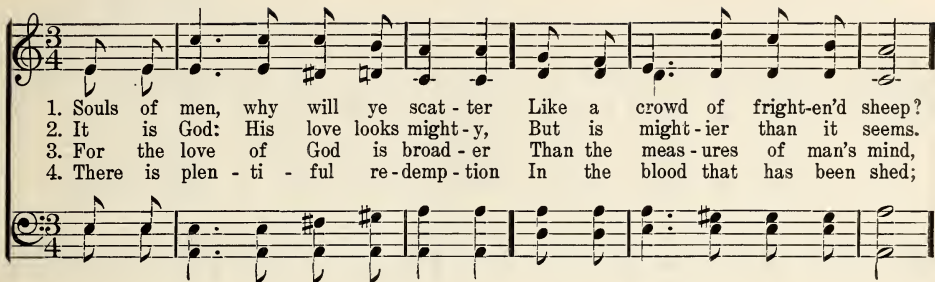
As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er at His feet? A - men.
 There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 And we mag - ni - fy His strict - ness With a zeal He will not own.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

SECOND TUNE.

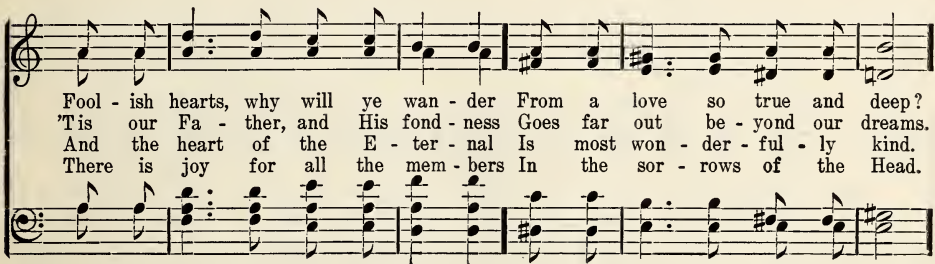
F. W. FABER, 1854.

"ILSLEY."

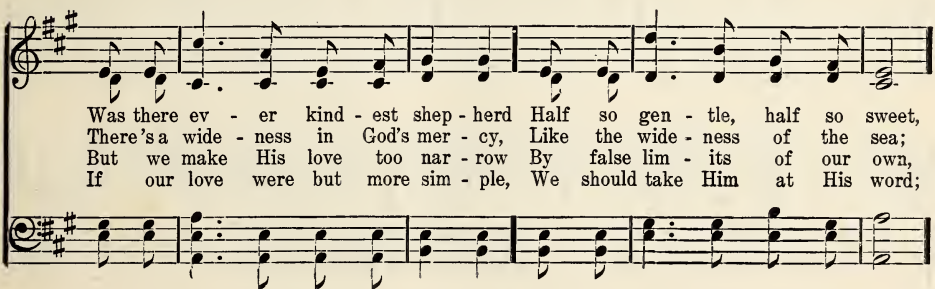
F. G. ILSLEY, 1837.



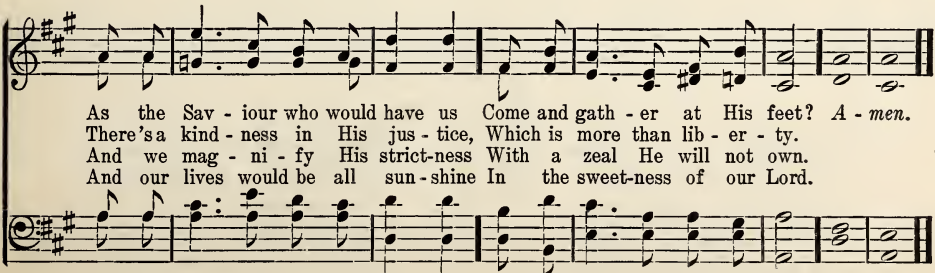
1. Souls of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright-en'd sheep?
 2. It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems.
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ures of man's mind;
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Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
 'Tis our Fa - ther, and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.



Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,
 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
 But we make His love too nar - row By false lim - its of our own,
 If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;



As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er at His feet? A - men.
 There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 And we mag - ni - fy His strict - ness With a zeal He will not own.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

God our Father, Thee we praise.

"EPSOM COLLEGE."

S. J. ROWTON.

1. God our Fa - ther, Thee we praise, Guard - ian of our help - less days;
2. God our Sav - iour, Thee we bless For Thy life of right - eous - ness;

Thou hast made us by Thy pow'r, Thou hast kept us to this hour;
For Thy fear - ful death of shame, Youth - ful voic - es bless Thy name.

Thou hast giv'n Thy Son to die, Sent Thy Spir - it from on high. *A-men.*
Should our tongues no prais - es bring, Stones would find a voice to sing.

3 God the Spirit, Thee we praise
For Thy sanctifying grace;
For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart;
For the Word inspired by Thee,
That reveals eternity.

4 Great Eternal, Three in One,
Hear, O hear us from Thy throne!
We are children of a day,
Like the flowers, we pass away;
Yet Thy power can bid us rise
To adorn a paradise.

Come, let us all unite and sing.

59

C. R. HURDITCH, 1859.

"UNITY."

S. P. WARREN, 1886.

With spirit.

1. Come, let us all u - nite and sing, "God is love." Let
 2. O tell the earth's re - mot - est bound, "God is love!" In
 3. What though our heart and flesh should fail: God is love; Tho'
 4. In heav - en we shall sing a - gain, "God is love," Yes,

heav'n and earth their prais - es bring: "God..... is love;" Let
 Christ is full re - demp - tion found: God..... is love, His
 Christ we shall o'er death pre - vail: God..... is love. In
 this shall be our no - blest strain, "God..... is love," While

ev - ery soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make,
 blood can cleanse our sins a - way; His Spir - it turns our night to day,
 Jor - dan's swell we need not fear, For Je - sus will be with us there
 end - less a - ges roll a - long, In con - cert with the heav'n - ly throng,

And sweet - ly sing for Je - sus' sake, "God..... is love." A - men.
 And leads our soul with joy to say, "God..... is love."
 Our souls a - bove the waves to bear: God..... is love.
 This still shall be our sweet - est song, "God..... is love."

Songs of praise the angels sang.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819. Abr.

"THANKSGIVING."

W. B. GILBERT, 1863.

1. { Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang } Songs of
 When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. }
 2. { Heav'n and earth must pass a - way; Songs of praise shall crown that day: } And can
 God will make new heav'ns and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth. }

praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He
 man a - lone be dumb, Till that glo - rious king - dom come? No; the church de - lights to raise

Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty. A - men.
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice,
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

O God, our help in ages past.

I. WATTS, 1719. Abr.

"ST. ANNE."

W. CROFT, 1708.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;

O God, our help in ages past.—*Concluded.*

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth.

62

G. E. L. COTTON, 1856.

"MAINZER."

JOS. MAINZER (1801—1851).

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit - t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea;
 2. Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground, The trees that wave their arms a - bove,

For all their beau - ty, all their worth, Their light and glo - ry, come from Thee. A - men.
 The hills that gird our dwell - ings round, As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

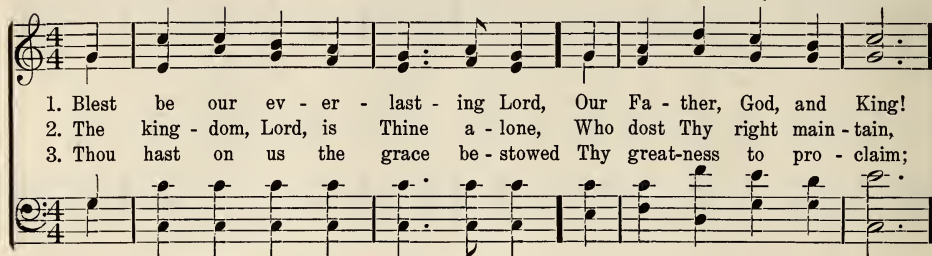
3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
 More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
 Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
 One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
 On all the gifts Thy love has given,
 Help us in Thee to live and die,
 By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

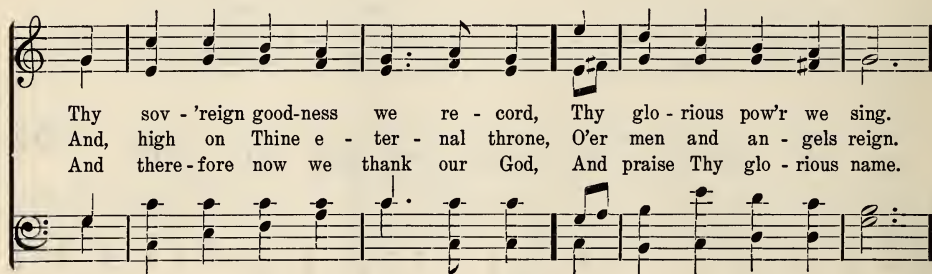
Blest be our everlasting Lord.

C. WESLEY, 1762.

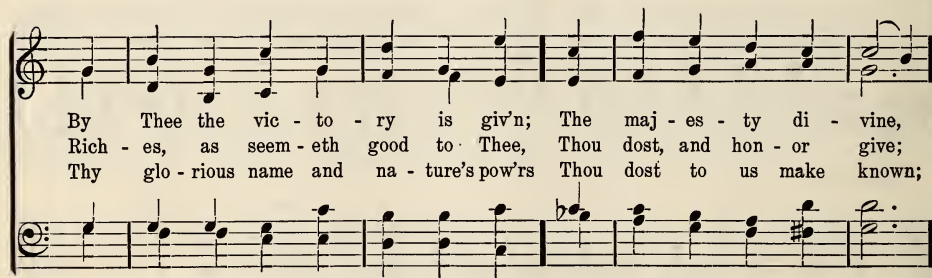
"CHRISTIAN MARTYR."

J. BLOCKLEY, 1860.
Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.


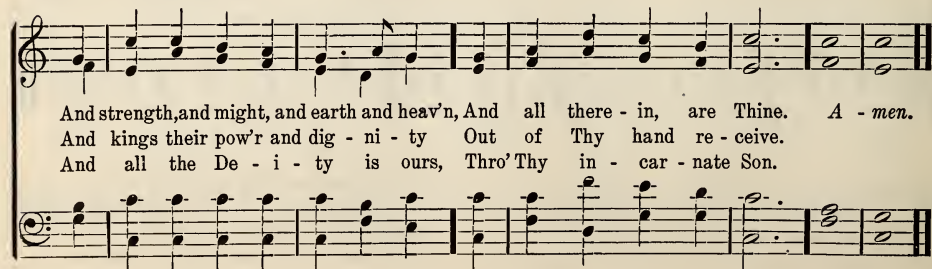
1. Blest be our ev - er - last - ing Lord, Our Fa - ther, God, and King!
 2. The king - dom, Lord, is Thine a - lone, Who dost Thy right main - tain,
 3. Thou hast on us the grace be - stowed Thy great - ness to pro - claim;



Thy sov - 'reign good - ness we re - cord, Thy glo - rious pow'r we sing.
 And, high on Thine e - ter - nal throne, O'er men and an - gels reign.
 And there - fore now we thank our God, And praise Thy glo - rious name.



By Thee the vic - to - ry is giv'n; The maj - es - ty di - vine,
 Rich - es, as seem - eth good to Thee, Thou dost, and hon - or give;
 Thy glo - rious name and na - ture's pow'rs Thou dost to us make known;



And strength, and might, and earth and heav'n, And all there - in, are Thine. A - men.
 And kings their pow'r and dig - ni - ty Out of Thy hand re - ceive.
 And all the De - i - ty is ours, Thro' Thy in - car - nate Son.

There is no name so sweet on earth.

G. W. BETHUNE, 1838.

"THE BLESSED NAME."

J. BARNBY (1838—1896).

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en,
 2. 'Twas Ga - briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth - er,
 3. And when He hung up - on the cross, They wrote, His name a - bove Him,
 4. So now up - on His Fa-ther's throne, Al - might - y to re - lease us

As that be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.
 That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
 That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er - more must love Him.
 From sin and pains, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - iour Je - sus!

Refrain.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus!

For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus! A - men.

What star is this, with beams so bright.

C. COFFIN, 1736. Tr. J. CHANDLER, 1837.

"STAR."

E. G. MONK (1819—).

1. What star is.... this... with beams so bright, Which shame the
 2. 'Tis now ful - fill'd... what God de - creed, "From Ja - cob
 3. While out - ward signs.. the star dis - plays, An in - ward

sun's less ra - diant light? It shines t'an - nounce a new - born
 shall a star pro - ceed;" And lo, the east - ern sa - ges
 light the Lord con - veys, And urg - es them, with force be -

King, Glad ti - dings of our God to bring. A - men.
 stand, To read..... in heaven the Lord's com - mand.
 nigh, To seek..... the giv - er of the sign.

4 True love can brook no dull delay,
 Nor toil nor dangers stop their way;
 Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,
 They leave at once, at God's high call.

5 O Jesus, while the Star of grace
 Invites us now to seek Thy face,
 May we no more that grace repel,
 Or quench that light which shines so well.

Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel.

66

ANON. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.)
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851.

"CAREY'S."

H. CAREY, 1723.

1. Oh come, oh come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. Oh come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's

Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the
tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And give them

Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to
vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to

thee, O Is - ra - el. A - men.
thee, O Is - ra - el.

3 Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

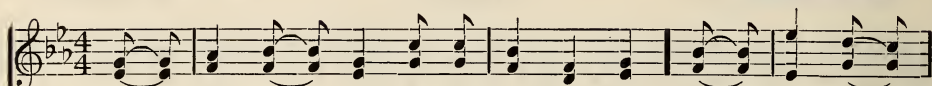
4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Thou didst leave Thy throne.

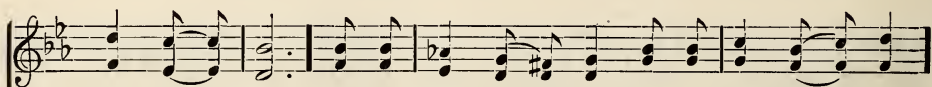
EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, 1864.

"VENI, DOMINE JESU."

J. BARNBY (1838—1896).



1. Thou didst leave Thy... throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou cam - est to
 2. Heav - en's arch - es.... rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim - ing Thy
 3. Thou..... cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should set Thy...
 4. When Heav'n's arch-es shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy com - ing to



earth for... me; But in Beth - le - hem's home there was found no..... room
 roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly..... birth didst Thou come to..... earth,
 peo - ple... free; But with mock - ing.... scorn, and with crown of..... thorn,
 vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say-ing, "Yet there is room,

Refrain.



For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. } Oh, come to my heart, Lord
 And in great hu - mil - i - ty. }
 They bore Thee to..... Cal - va - ry. } *For 4th. verse.*
 There is room at My side for Thee." } And my heart shall re - joice, Lord



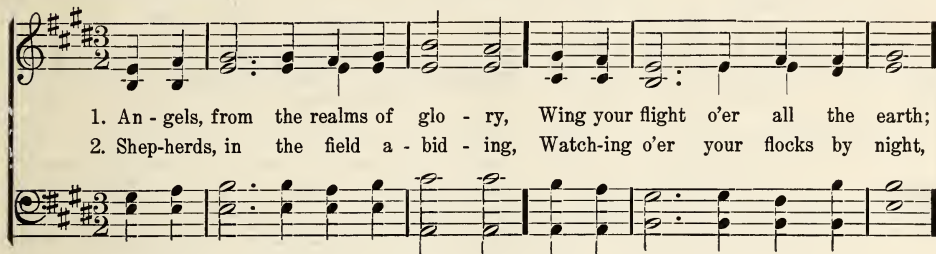
Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee! A - men.
 Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est for me.

Angels, from the realms of glory.

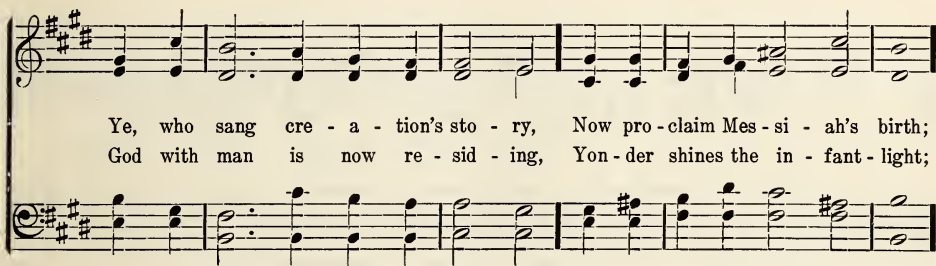
J. MONTGOMERY, 1819.

"WILDERSMOUTH."

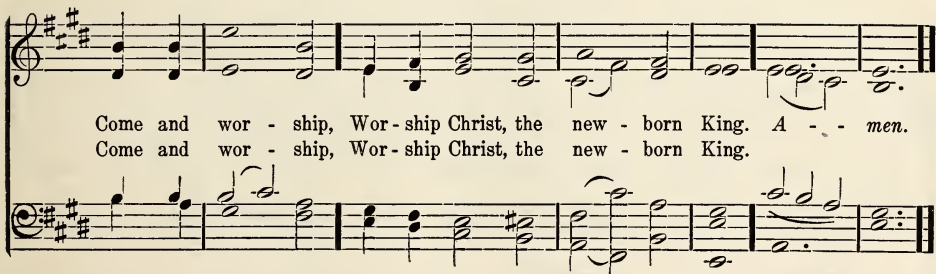
E. J. HOPKINS, 1879.



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shep-herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night,



Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant - light;



Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King. A - - men.
Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

In the field with their flocks abiding.

F. W. FARRAR, 1871.

"IN THE FIELD."

JOHN FARMER, 1871.

Allegretto.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a repeat sign and contains a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a single note followed by a series of sustained chords. The tempo marking 'Allegretto.' is above the first measure of the upper staff, and the performance instruction 'p Sempre legato.' is above the first measure of the lower staff. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is placed below the first measure of the lower staff.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with two staves. The upper staff features a mix of chords and moving eighth-note lines. The lower staff continues with sustained chords and some eighth-note movement. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the first system.

The third system of the musical score includes three lines of lyrics aligned with the melody in the upper staff. The lower staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In the field with their flocks a - - bid - ing,
 2. "To..... you in the cit - y of Da - vid
 3. And the shep - herds..... came to the man - ger,

In the field with their flocks.—Continued.

They lay on the dew - y ground; And glim - 'ring un - der the
A Sav - iour is born to - day;" And sud - den a host of the
And gazed on the Ho - ly Child; And calm - ly o'er that rude

star - light, The sheep lay white a - round; When the light of the Lord stream'd
heav'nly ones Flash'd forth to join the lay. O, nev - er hath sweet - er
cra - dle The Vir - gin Moth - er smiled; And the sky, in the star - lit

o'er..... them, And lo! from the heav'n a - bove An
mes - - sage Thrill'd home to the souls of men, And the
si - - lence, Seem'd full of the an - gel lay: "To

In the field with their flocks.—*Concluded.*

an - gel leaned from the Glo - ry, And sang his song of love:
 heav'ns them - selves had nev - er heard A glad - der choir till then,
 you in the cit - y of Da - vid A Sav - iour is born to - day."

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the vocal melody. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp, containing a second vocal line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp, containing the bass line. The music is in 4/4 time and features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests.

He sang, that first sweet Christ - mas, The song that shall nev - er cease:
 For they sang that Christ-mas car - ol That nev - er on earth shall cease:
 On they sang—and I ween that nev - er The car - ol on earth shall cease:

This system also consists of three staves with the same instrumental and vocal parts as the first system. The lyrics continue across these staves, with the vocal line providing the melody and the instrumental parts providing harmonic support.

"Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good - will and peace."

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp, containing the vocal melody. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp, containing a second vocal line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp, containing the bass line. The music concludes with a final chord. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning of the bottom staff.

Oh come, all ye faithful.

ANON. (Latin, 17th Cent.)
Tr. F. OAKELEY, 1841.

"PORTUGUESE HYMN."

J. READING, 1692.

1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, Oh come ye, oh
 2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab -
 3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ult - a - tion, Sing, all ye
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
 hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ver - y God, Be - got - ten, not cre -
 ci - ti - zens of heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God In the
 Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

After each verse.

An - gels;
 at - ed;
 high - est;
 pear - ing;

Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him,

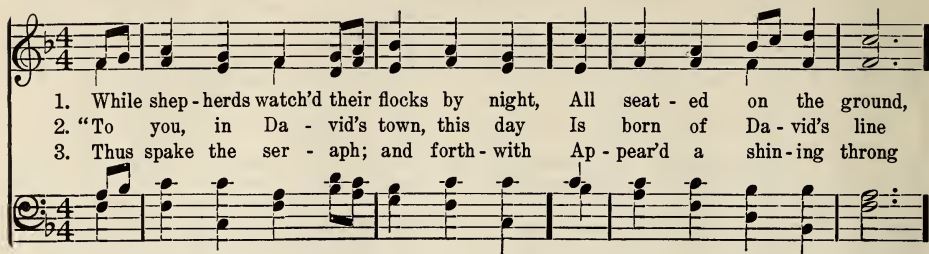
Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - men.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

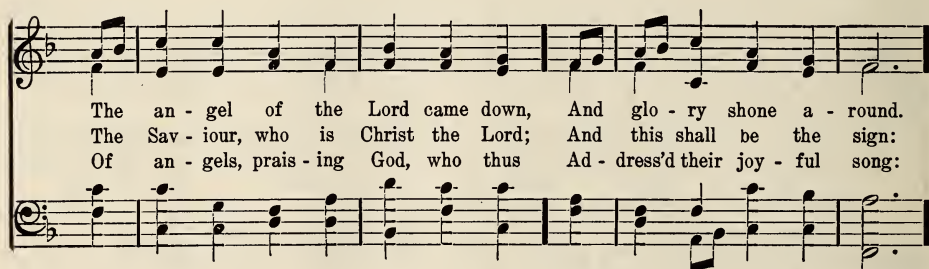
N. TATE, 1702.

"NOEL."

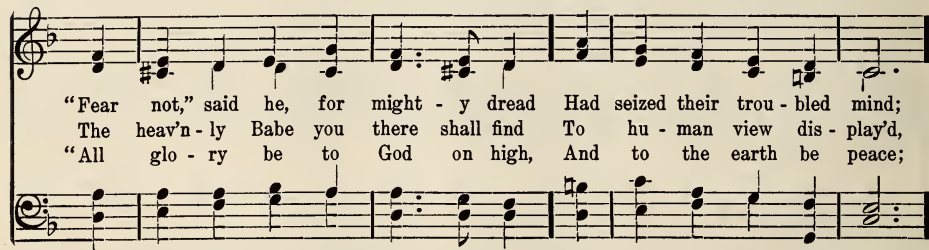
Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN (1842—).



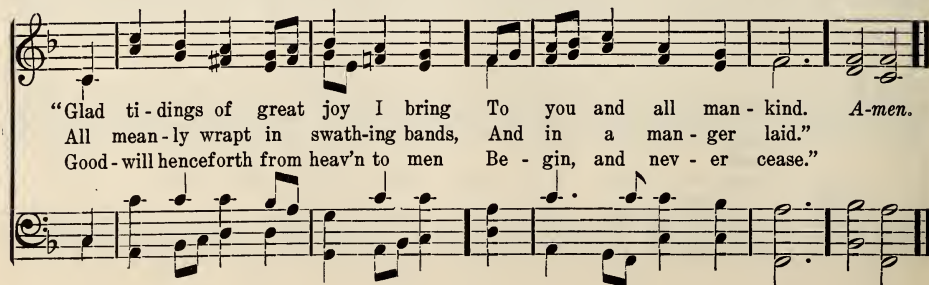
1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
 2. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day Is born of Da-vid's line
 3. Thus spake the ser-aph; and forth-with Ap-pear'd a shin-ing throng



The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.
 The Sav-iour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:
 Of an-gels, prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dress'd their joy-ful song:



"Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind;
 The heav'n-ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-play'd,
 "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;



"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind. A-men.
 All mean-ly wrapt in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid."
 Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men Be-gin, and nev-er cease."

It came upon the midnight clear.

E. H. SEARS, 1850.

"CAROL."

R. STORRS WILLIS, 1849.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - et - bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow;
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King;
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n - ly wing;
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - men.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Holy night! peaceful night!

J. MOHR, 1818.

"HOLY NIGHT"

J. BARNBY, 1868.

1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Through the dark-ness beams a light, Ho - ly night!
 2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark - ness flies, and all is light! Si - lent night!
 3. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light! Si - lent night!
 4. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Won - drous Star, O lend thy light! Si - lent night!

peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness beams a light, Through the dark - ness
 ho - liest night! Dark - ness flies, and all is light! Dark - ness flies, and
 ho - liest night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light! Guid - ing Star, O
 ho - liest night! Won - drous Star, O lend thy light! Won - drous Star, O

beams a light, Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe who, in
 all is light! Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing: "Al - le - lu - ia!
 lend thy light! See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts of hom - age
 lend thy light! With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia!

Rallentando.

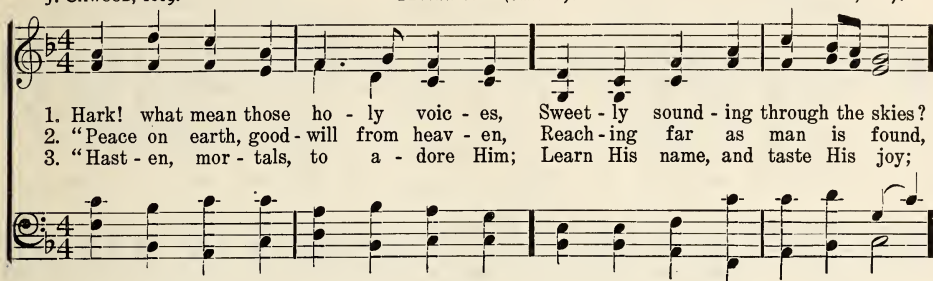
si - lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace. A - men.
 hail the King! Je - sus the Sav-iour is here! Je - sus the Sav-iour is here!"
 to our King! Je - sus the Sav-iour is here! Je - sus the Sav-iour is here!
 to our King! Je - sus the Sav-iour is here! Je - sus the Sav-iour is here!

Hark! what mean those holy voices.

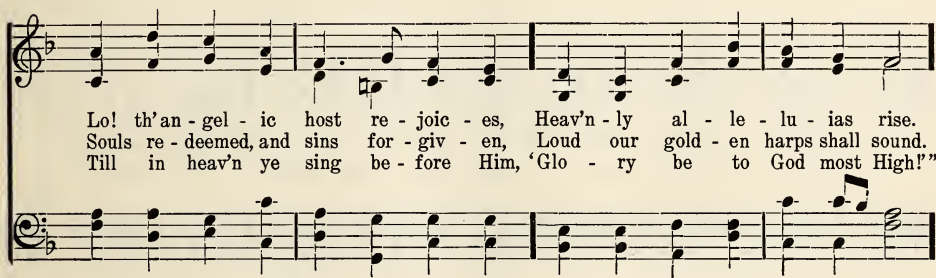
J. CAWOOD, 1819.

"BETHANY." (SMART).

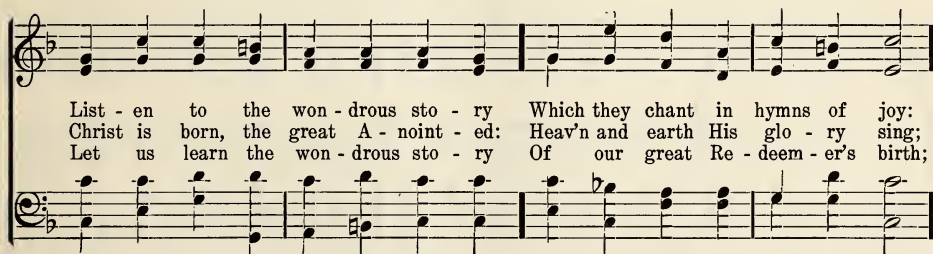
H. SMART, 1867.



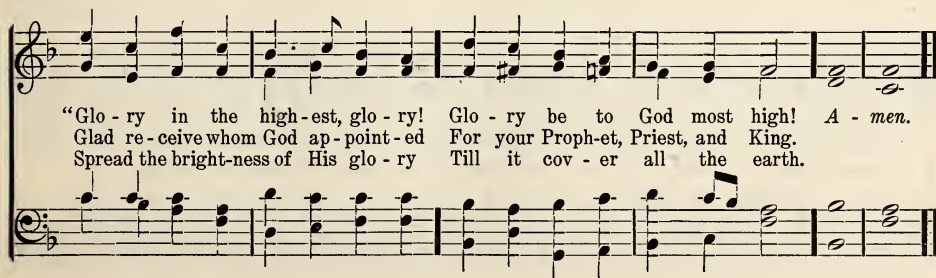
1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?
 2. "Peace on earth, good - will from heav - en, Reach - ing far as man is found,
 3. "Hast - en, mor - tals, to a - dore Him; Learn His name, and taste His joy;



Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n - ly al - le - lu - ias rise.
 Souls re - deemed, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.
 Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore Him, 'Glo - ry be to God most High!'



List - en to the won - drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:
 Christ is born, the great A - noint - ed: Heav'n and earth His glo - ry sing;
 Let us learn the won - drous sto - ry Of our great Re - deem - er's birth;



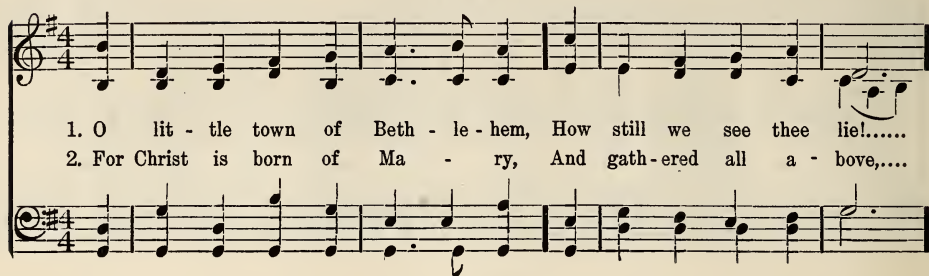
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high! A - men.
 Glad re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Proph - et, Priest, and King.
 Spread the bright - ness of His glo - ry Till it cov - er all the earth.

O little town of Bethlehem.

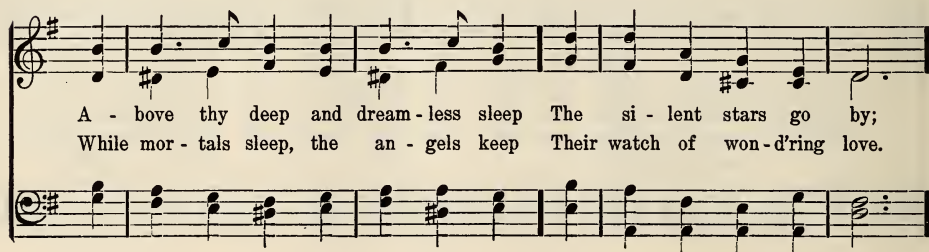
P. BROOKS, 1868.

"BETHLEHEM."

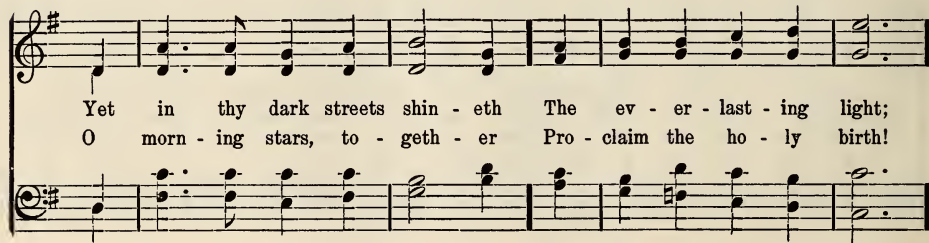
J. BARNBY (1838—1896).



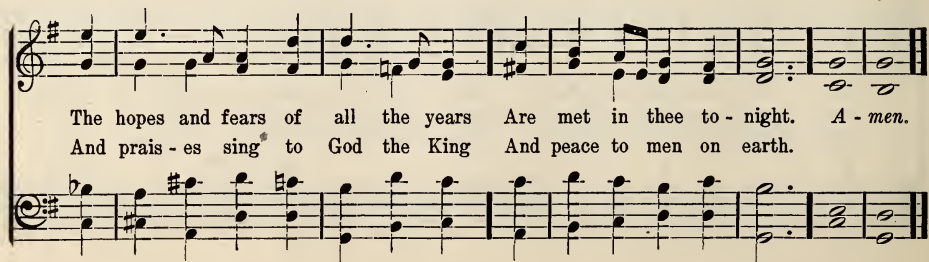
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!.....
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,....



A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.
 And prais - es sing to God the King And peace to men on earth.

O little town of Bethlehem—*Concluded.*

3 How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in;
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

SECOND TUNE.

"ST. LOUIS."

L. H. REDNER, 1868.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;

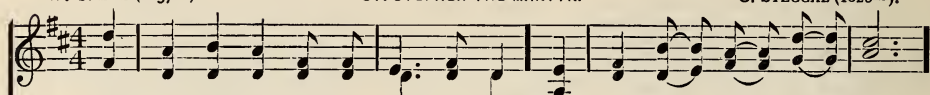
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine.

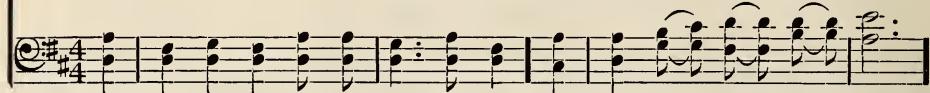
W. C. DIX (1837—).

"ST. STEPHEN THE MARTYR."

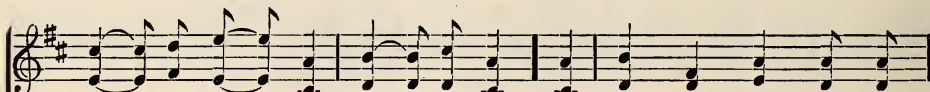
C. STEGGAL (1826—).



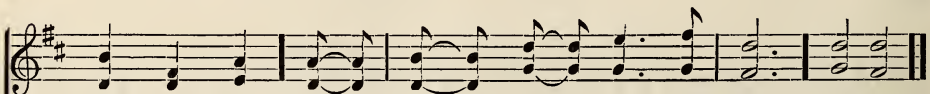
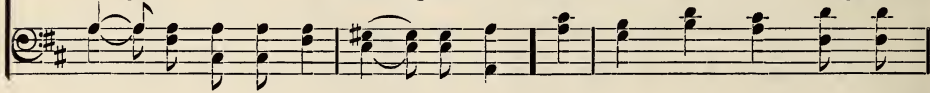
1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling bright;
 4. The stars of heav'n still shine as at first They gleam'd on this wonder - ful night;
 5. Faith sees no lon - ger the sta - ble - floor, The pave - ment of sap - phire is there;



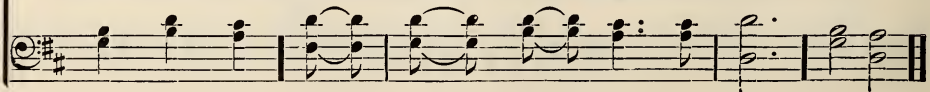
The bells of the cit - y of God ring.... out, For the
 The bells of the cit - y of God peal.... out, And the
 The clear light of heav - en streams out to the world: And the



Son... of Ma - ry was born to - night; The gloom is past, and the
 an - gels' song still rings in.... the height; And love still turns where the
 an - gels of God... are crowding the air; And heav'n and earth, through the



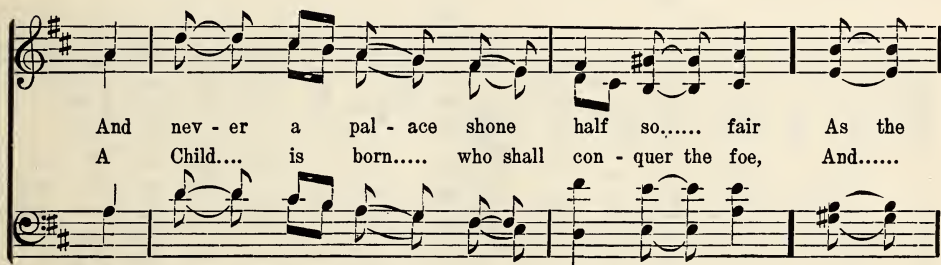
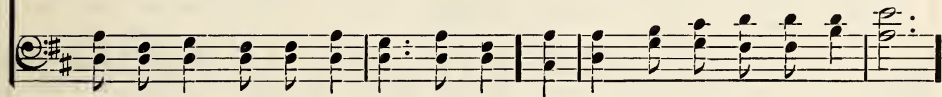
morn at last Is.... com - ing with... o - rient light. A - men.
 God - head burns, Hid.... in Flesh from.. flesh - ly sight.
 spot - less birth, Are at . peace... on this night so fair.



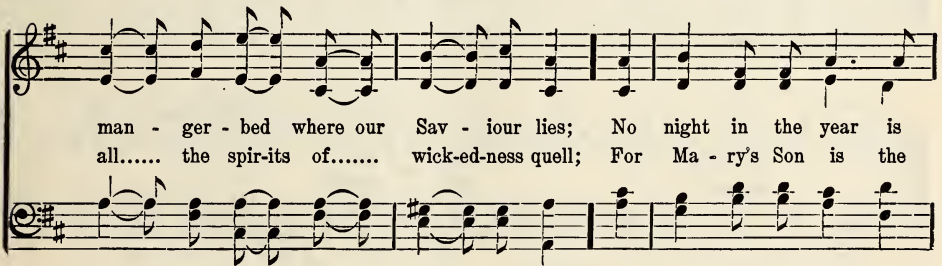
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine.—Concluded.



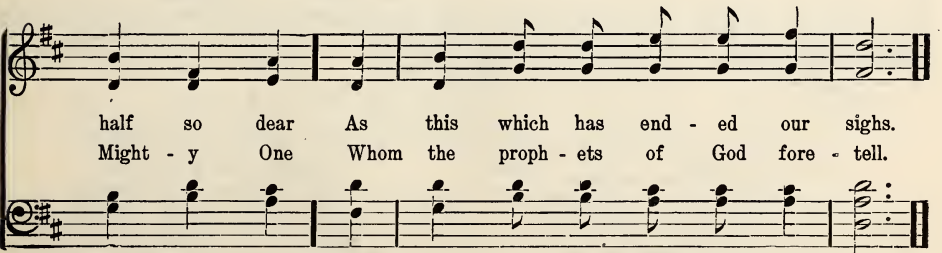
2. Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As those which are fill - ing the skies;
 3. Now a new Pow'r has come on the earth, A match for the ar - mies of hell:



And nev - er a pal - ace shone half so,.... fair As the
 A Child.... is born..... who shall con - quer the foe, And.....



man - ger - bed where our Sav - iour lies; No night in the year is
 all..... the spir - its of..... wick - ed - ness quell; For Ma - ry's Son is the



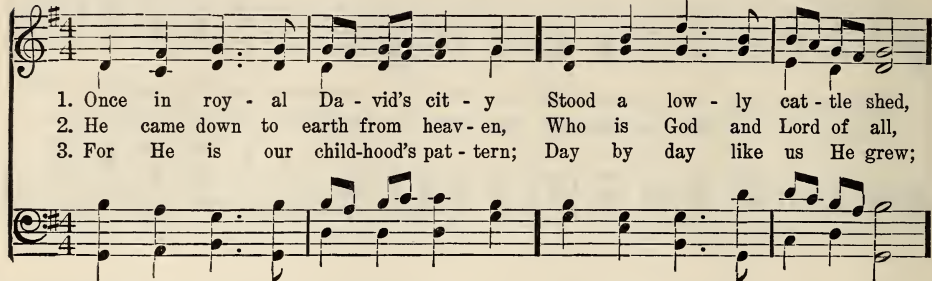
half so dear As this which has end - ed our sighs.
 Might - y One Whom the proph - ets of God fore - tell.

Once in royal David's city.

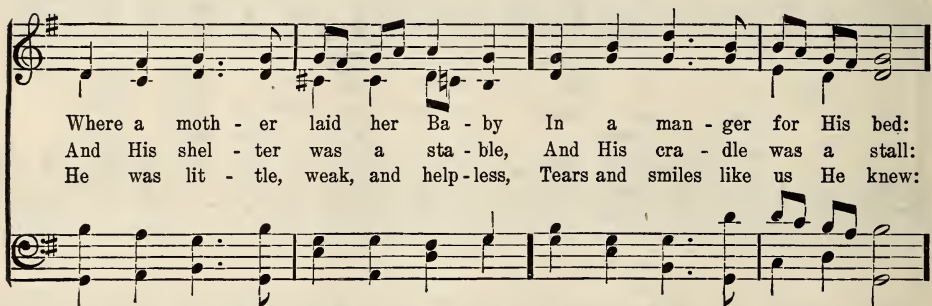
C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

"IRBY."

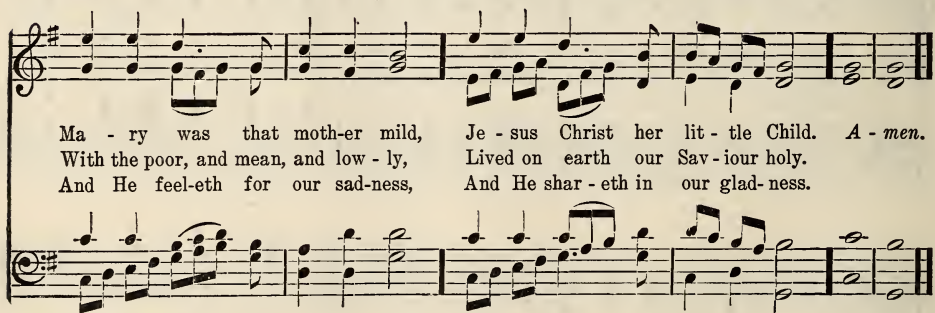
H. J. GAUNTLETT (1805—1876).



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
 2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all,
 3. For He is our child-hood's pat - tern; Day by day like us He grew;



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:
 And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall:
 He was lit - tle, weak, and help - less, Tears and smiles like us He knew:



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.
 With the poor, and mean, and low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour holy.
 And He feel - eth for our sad - ness, And He shar - eth in our glad - ness.

4 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above:
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high:
 When like stars His children crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

Calm on the listening ear of night.

E. H. SEARS, 1834.

"CALM."

E. J. HOPKINS (1818—).

1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
 2. The an - swering hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply;
 3. "Glo - ry to God!" the sound - ing skies Loud with their an - thems ring,

Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.
 And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The day - spring from on high.
 "Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's e - ter - nal King!"

Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
 O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
 Light on Thy hills, Je - ru - sa - lem! The Sav - iour now is born:

And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air. *A - men.*
 And Sha - ron waves, in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.
 More bright on Bethlehem's joy - ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Now join we all with holy mirth.

H. BLUNT.

"HOLY MIRTH."

J. STAINER, 1886.

1. Now join we all with ho - ly mirth, To cel - e - brate the Saviour's birth,
 2. And from the heav - ens all a - round, Broke forth such strange, ce - les - tial sound,
 3. Fear not, O shep - herds! naught but bliss Can come of heav'n - ly throng like this;
 4. "For un - to you this Child is born, His swaddling clothes hold not in scorn,

For He has come from heav'n to earth, In hum - ble guise and low - ly;
 Th'en - tranc - ed shep - herds on the ground Stand spell-bound, in - ly dream-ing;
 The an - gel's gra - cious mes - sage is With sweet - est ac - cents blend - ed:
 Nor Vir - gin Moth - er, so for - lorn, His na - ture He is veil - ing;

The heav'ns the bright - est plan - et lent, That e'er had graced the firm - a - ment,
 If such di - vine, me - lo - dious hymn, Of cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,
 "All glo - ry be to God on high! And peace on earth, for which a sigh
 The Won - der - ful - the Coun - sel - or, The might - y God Him - self is there,

Ped.

And wise men from the east were sent To greet this babe so ho - - ly. A - men.
 These har - mon - ies that round them swim, Are real, or on - ly seem - - ing.
 Hath long been raised, e'en now is nigh, Em - man - uel hath de - scend - - ed."
 Has come your deep - est woes to share—A Sav - iour, all - a - vail - - ing!"

Now join we all with holy mirth.—*Concluded.*

5 Then with the shepherds we will go—
Come young and old, come high and low,
We'll troop to Bethlehem and shew
Our homage by confessing;
We'll cast away our nature's sin,
And seek Thy pardoning grace to win,
We knock, O Jesus! take us in,
To join Thy flock we're pressing.

6 Thus in our ears, life's path along,
Shall linger still the angels' song,
Its theme of comfort, simple, strong,
Till heaven's bright day is dawning;
Nor will we fail with honors meet,
With thankful hearts and carols sweet,
As each year runs its course, to greet
Thine advent, Christmas morning!

Who is He, in yonder stall?

80

B. R. HANBY.

"LOWLINESS."

B. R. HANBY.

1. Who is He, in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shep - herds fall?
2. Who is He, in yon - der cot, Bend - ing to His toil - some lot?
3. Who is He, in deep dis - tress, Fast - ing in the wil - der - ness?
4. Who is He, that stands and weeps At the grave where La - zarus sleeps?

Refrain.

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry!

At His feet we hum - bly fall; Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?
8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

There came three kings, ere break of day.

ANON. 16th Century.

"EPIPHANY."

R. F. SMITH.

1. There came three kings, ere... break of day, All on E -
 2. The star shone bright - ly..... o - ver - head, The air was
 3. An old man knelt at a man - ger low, A Babe lay

pip - a - ny; Their gifts they bare, both... rich and rare, All,
 calm and still, O'er Beth - lehem's fields its..... rays were shed, The
 in the stall; The star - light play'd on the In - fant brow, Deep

all, Lord Christ, for Thee; Gold, frank - in - cense and... myrrh are there,
 dew lay on the hill; We see no throne, no.... pal - ace fair,
 si - lence lay o'er all; A maid - en bent o'er the Babe in prayer,

Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?
 Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?
 There is the King! O there! O there! O there is the King! O there!

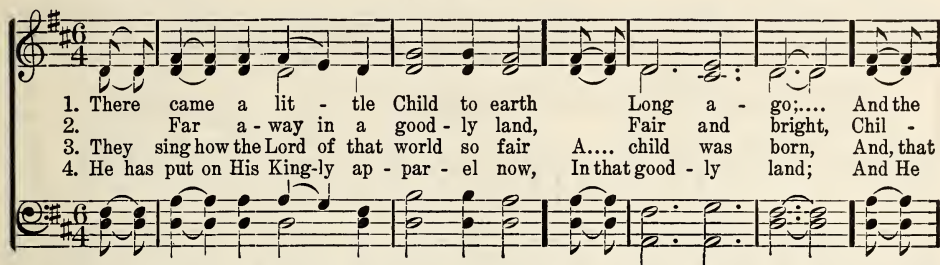
There came a little Child to earth.

82

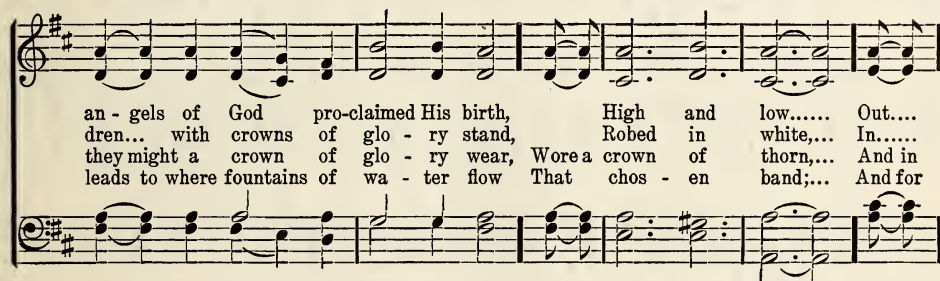
E. E. S. ELLIOTT, 1856.

"BETHLEHEM'S HILL."

H. WALTON.



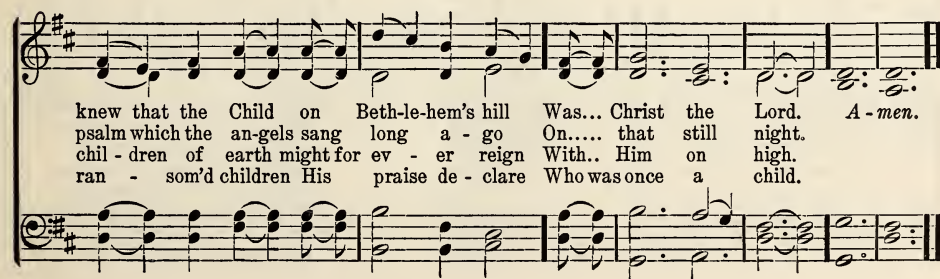
1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go;... And the
 2. Far a - way in a good - ly land, Fair and bright, Chil -
 3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A.... child was born, And, that
 4. He has put on His King-ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land; And He



an - gels of God pro-claimed His birth, High and low..... Out....
 dren... with crowns of glo - ry stand, Robed in white,... In.....
 they might a crown of glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorn,... And in
 leads to where fountains of wa - ter flow That chos - en band;... And for



on the night, so... calm and still, Their song was heard; For they
 white more pure than the spot - less snow; And their tongues u - nite... In the
 mor - tal weakness, in... want and pain, Came forth to die,... That the
 ev - er-more, in their robes most fair And... un - de - filed,.. Those...



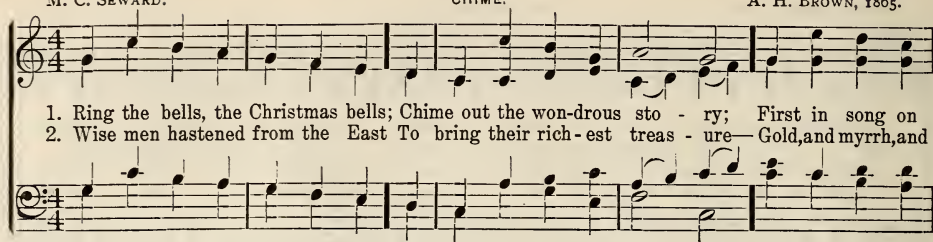
knew that the Child on Beth-le-hem's hill Was... Christ the Lord. A - men.
 psalm which the an-gels sang long a - go On.... that still night.
 chil - dren of earth might for ev - er reign With.. Him on high.
 ran - som'd children His praise de - clare Who was once a child.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.

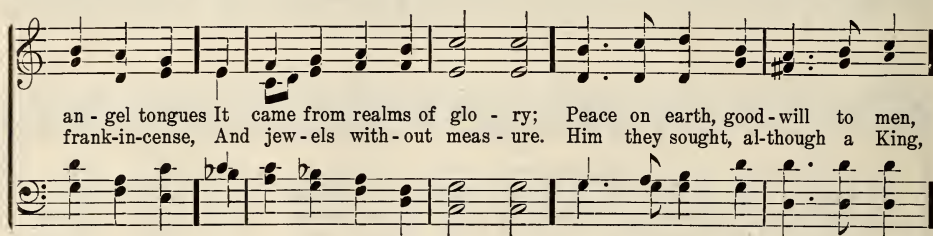
M. C. SEWARD.

"CHIME,"

A. H. BROWN, 1865.



1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the won-drous sto - ry; First in song on
2. Wise men hastened from the East To bring their rich-est treas - ure—Gold, and myrrh, and

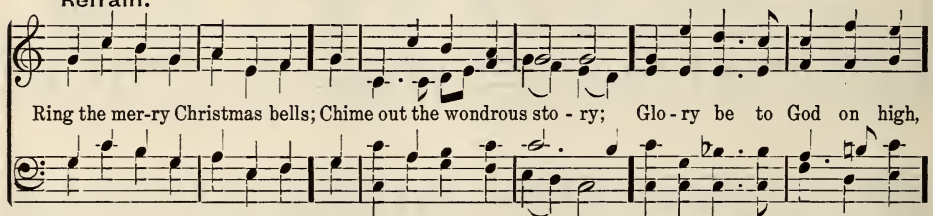


an - gel tongues It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good-will to men,
frank-in-cense, And jew - els with-out meas - ure. Him they sought, al-though a King,

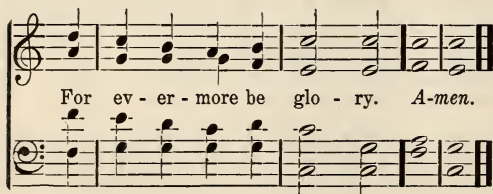


An - gel - ic voic-es ring-ing— Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo-rious mes-sage bring-ing.
They found in birth-place low-ly, There with-in a man-ger lay The babe so pure and ho - ly.

Refrain.



Ring the mer-ry Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry; Glo - ry be to God on high,



For ev - er - more be glo - ry. A-men.

3 Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing,
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthem raises.

We three kings of Orient are.

J. H. HOPKINS, 1862.

"THE MORNING STAR."

E. W. KELLOGG, 1862.

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain,
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty night;
 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom;
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice:

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
 King for ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
 Pray'r and prais - ing all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him God on high.
 Sor - rowing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
 Heav'n sings Al - le - lu - ia; Al - le - lu - ia the earth re - plies.

Refrain.

O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light. A - men.

There's a song in the air.

J. G. HOLLAND, 1872.

"HOLLAND."

THEODORE F. SEWARD, 1899.



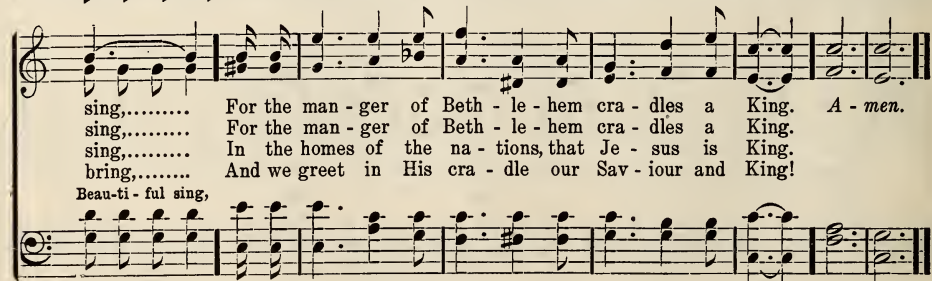
1. There's a song.... in the air;..... There's a star in the sky;....
 2. There's a tu - mult of joy..... O'er the won - der - ful birth,..
 3. In the light.... of that star..... Lie the a - ges im - pearly,
 4. We re - joice.... in the light,.... And we ech - o the song...
 a star in the sky;....



There's a moth - er's deep pray'r, And a ba - by's low cry;.... And the
 For the Vir - gin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.... And the
 And that song from a - far Has swept o - ver the world. Ev - ery
 That comes down through the night From the heav - en - ly throng. Aye, we
 And the



star..... rains its fire..... while the Beau - ti - ful
 star..... rains its fire..... while the Beau - ti - ful
 heart..... is a flame..... while the Beau - ti - ful
 shout..... to the love - ly e - van - gel they
 star rains its fire, while the Beau - ti - ful sing, and the star rains its fire while the



sing,..... For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King. A - men.
 sing,..... For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King.
 sing,..... In the homes of the na - tions, that Je - sus is King.
 bring,..... And we greet in His cra - dle our Sav - iour and King!
 Beau - ti - ful sing,

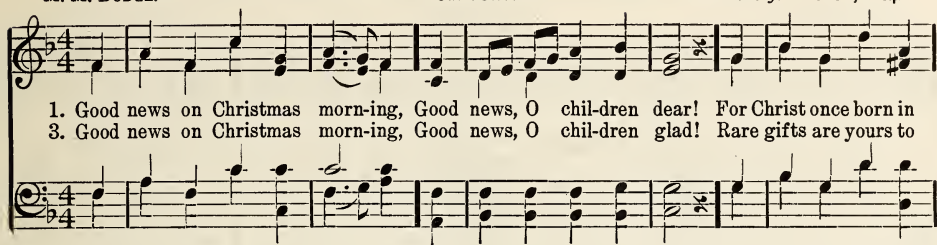
Good news on Christmas morning.

86

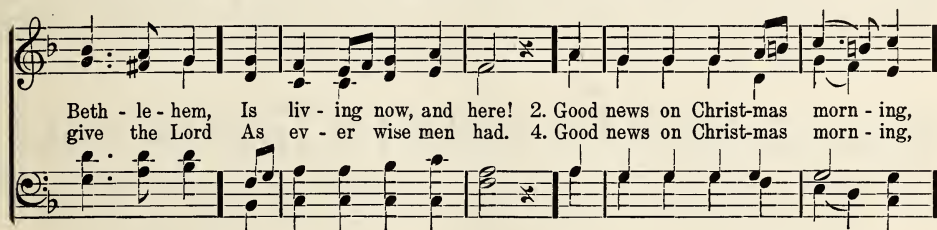
M. M. DODGE.

"CENTURY."

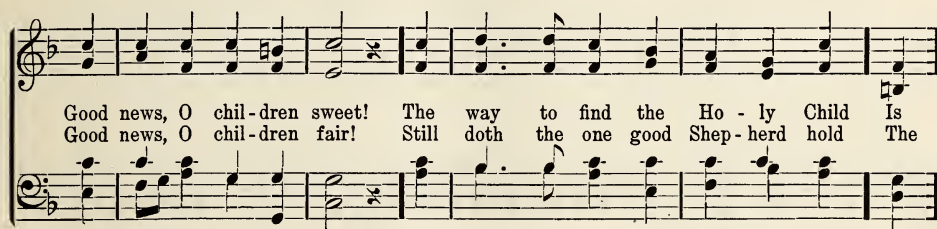
FRANCES J. HATTON, 1884.



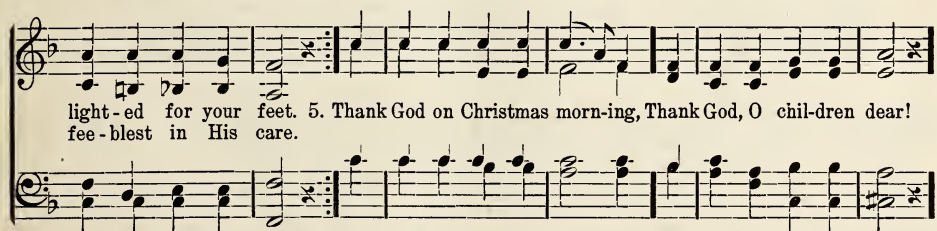
1. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O chil-dren dear! For Christ once born in
3. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O chil-dren glad! Rare gifts are yours to



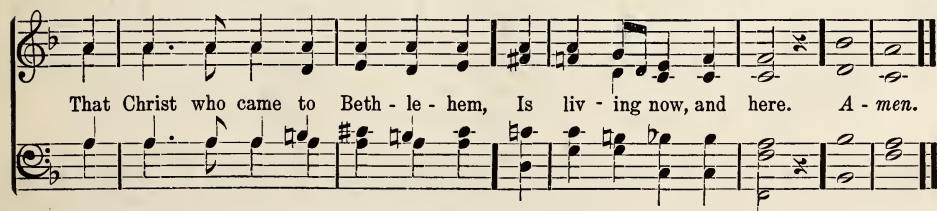
Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here! 2. Good news on Christ-mas morn - ing,
give the Lord As ev - er wise men had. 4. Good news on Christ-mas morn - ing,



Good news, O chil-dren sweet! The way to find the Ho - ly Child Is
Good news, O chil-dren fair! Still doth the one good Shep-herd hold The



light-ed for your feet. 5. Thank God on Christmas morn-ing, Thank God, O chil-dren dear!
fee-blest in His care.



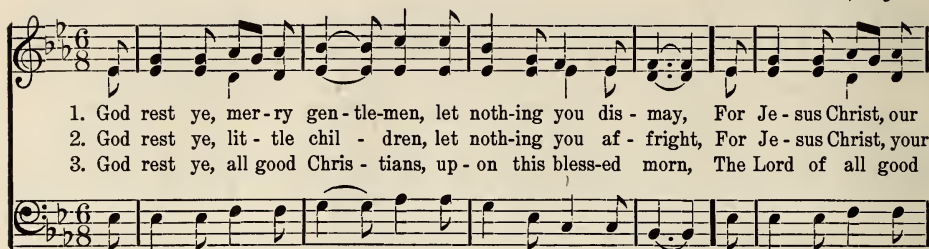
That Christ who came to Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here. A - men.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen.

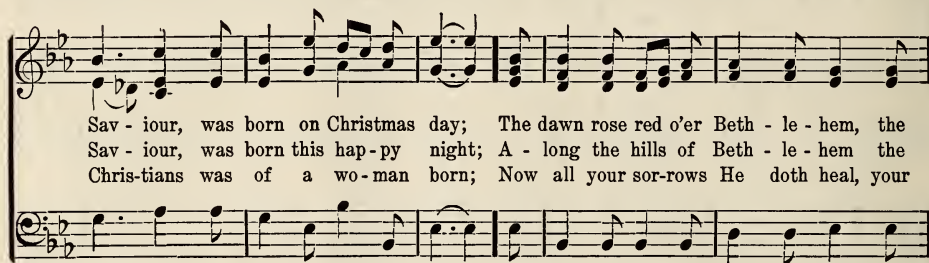
D. M. CRAIK.

"ST. PHILIPS."

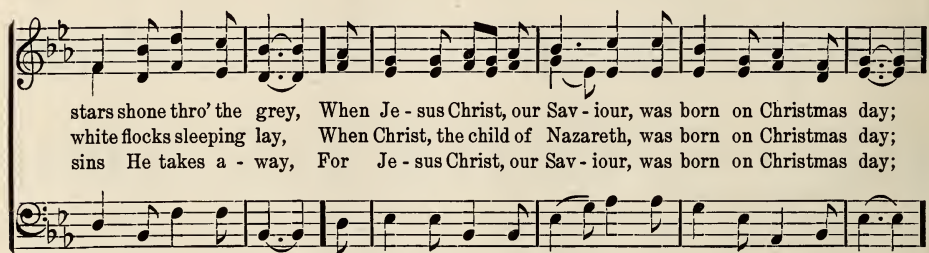
L. H. REDNER, 1865.



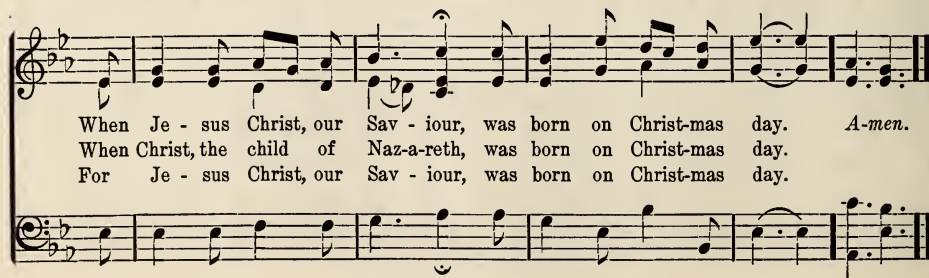
1. God rest ye, mer-ry gen-tle-men, let noth-ing you dis-may, For Je-sus Christ, our
 2. God rest ye, lit-tle chil-dren, let noth-ing you af-fright, For Je-sus Christ, your
 3. God rest ye, all good Chris-tians, up-on this bless-ed morn, The Lord of all good



Sav-iour, was born on Christmas day; The dawn rose red o'er Beth-le-hem, the
 Sav-iour, was born this hap-py night; A-long the hills of Beth-le-hem the
 Chris-tians was of a wo-man born; Now all your sor-rows He doth heal, your



stars shone thro' the grey, When Je-sus Christ, our Sav-iour, was born on Christmas day;
 white flocks sleeping lay, When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day;
 sins He takes a-way, For Je-sus Christ, our Sav-iour, was born on Christmas day;



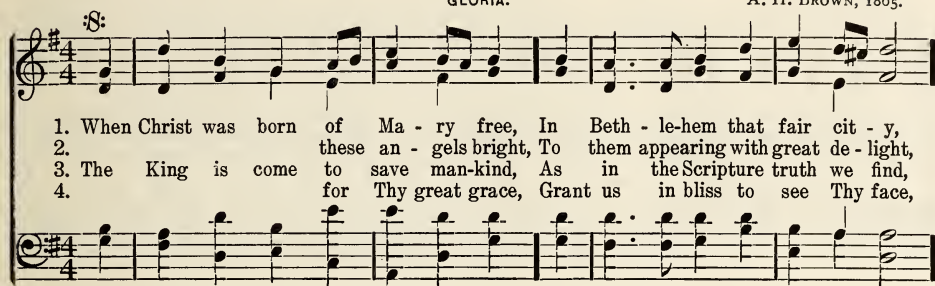
When Je-sus Christ, our Sav-iour, was born on Christ-mas day. *A-men.*
 When Christ, the child of Naz-a-reth, was born on Christ-mas day.
 For Je-sus Christ, our Sav-iour, was born on Christ-mas day.

When Christ was born of Mary free.

"GLORIA."

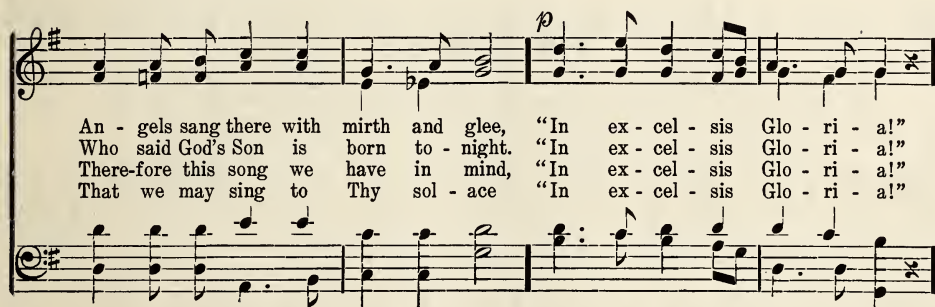
A. H. BROWN, 1865.

8:



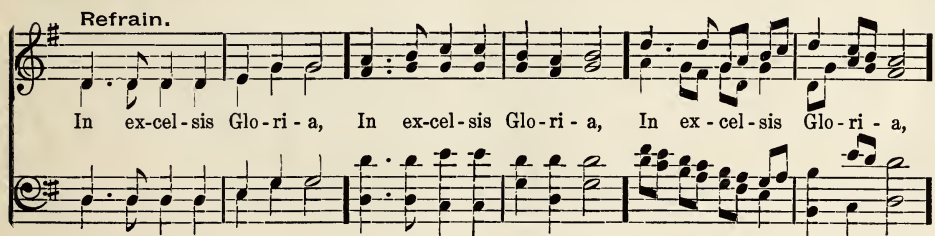
1. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In Beth - le-hem that fair cit - y,
 2. these an - gels bright, To them appearing with great de - light,
 3. The King is come to save man-kind, As in the Scripture truth we find,
 4. for Thy great grace, Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,

p



An - gels sang there with mirth and glee, "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a!"
 Who said God's Son is born to - night. "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a!"
 There-fore this song we have in mind, "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a!"
 That we may sing to Thy sol - ace "In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a!"

Refrain.



In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a, In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a, In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri-a,

2d Verse. 4th Verse.



In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a. Herds-men be-held, &c. Then, dear Lord, &c. A - men.

Hark! the herald angels sing.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

"MENDELSSOHN."

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN, 1840.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
 3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Right-eousness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise,
 hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb: Veiled in flesh the God-head see;
 all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in
 Hail th'In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Em-
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem." } Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King." A - men.
 man - u - el!
 sec-ond birth.

Ped.

Ring out the bells for Christmas.

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ANON.

"BELLS."

J. S. B. HODGES.

1. Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap-py, hap-py day! In win-ter wild, the ho-ly Child
 2. On Bethlehem's qui-et hill-side, In a - ges long gone by, In an-gel notes the Glory floats,
 3. Where'er His sweet lambs gather With-in His gen - tle fold, The Sav-iour dear is waiting near,
 4. Then sing your gladsome car-ols, And hail the new-born Sun; For Christmas light is passing bright,

With - in the cra-dle lay. Oh, won-der-ful! the Sav - iour Is in a man - ger lone;
 Glo - ry to God on high! Yet wakes the sun as joy - ous As when the Lord was born,
 As in the days of old: In each young heart you see Him, In ev - ery guile - less face,
 It smiles on ev - ery one. And feast Christ's little children, His poor, His or - phan call;

Refrain.

His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne.
 And still He comes to greet you On ev - ery Christmas morn. } Ring out the bells for Christmas,
 You see the Ho - ly Je - sus, Who grew in truth and grace. }
 For He who chose the man-ger, He lov - eth one and all.

The hap-py, hap-py day! Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap - py, hap - py day!

Ring merrily! ring merrily!

From "HOME WORDS."

"PELHAM MANOR."

J. W. TREADWELL, 1893.

1. Ring mer - ri - ly! ring mer - ri - ly! O hap - py Christmas bells; And let us hear a -
 2. Ring ten - der - ly! ring ten - der - ly! O ho - ly Christmas bells; For ev - er with your
 3. Ring joy - ous - ly! ring joy - ous - ly! O bless - ed Christmas bells; And show us of the
 4. Ring mer - ri - ly! ring mer - ri - ly! O dear old Christmas bells, And bring all ho - ly

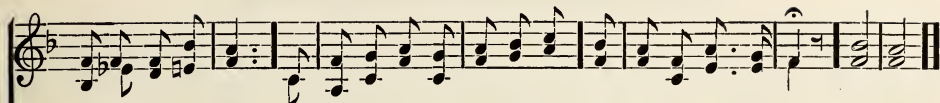
gain the tales Your mu - sic ev - er tells, Your mu - sic ev - er tells:— How
 earth - ly peal A heav'n - ly cho - rus swells, A heav'n - ly cho - rus swells; The
 fu - ture good Your wel - come chime fore - tells, Your wel - come chime fore - tells. We
 bless - ings down From where all mer - cy dwells, From where all mer - cy dwells. Ring

Chris - tian men in oth - er days Made feast with - in their halls, Hung mis - tle - toe and
 an - gels, who were first to bring The wel - come news to men, Still join with us to
 know't will be a min - gled lot Of pleas - ure, pain and strife; That thorns will clus - ter
 out your gen - tle mes - sa - ges, As ye have done of old, To help the wea - ry

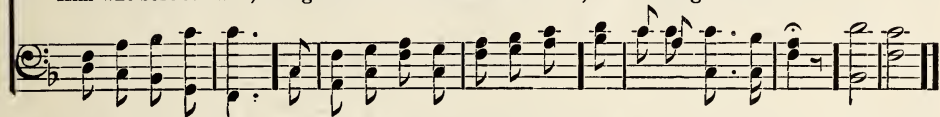
(Org.)

hol - ly wreaths A - round their old oak walls; How rich and poor knelt side by side, At
 cel - e - brate The Sav - iour's birth a - gain; And some whom we have lov'd and lost Sing
 round the flow'rs A - long our path of life; But ye shall sing to us of hope; Of
 and the sad, The weaklings of the fold; And tell a - gain the cheer - ing tale Of

Ring merrily! ring merrily!—Concluded.



call of Christmas chimes; And how the bonds of Christian love Bound up "the good old times." A-men.
car - ols with us now, With all the old love in their hearts, And new light on their brow.
help, of love un - told; Re-mind-ing us of that bright star That tips our clouds with gold.
Him who bore our woe; And gave His own heart's life and love, For breaking hearts below.



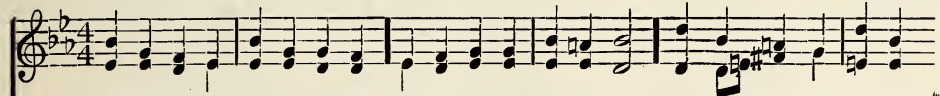
Saw you never, in the twilight.

92

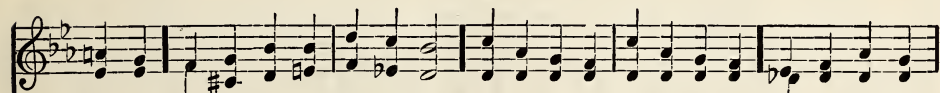
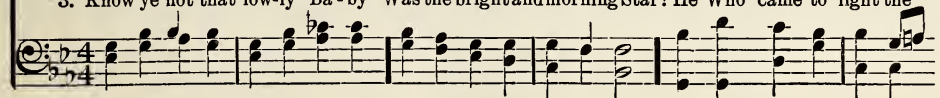
C. F. ALEXANDER, 1853.

"THE WISE MEN."

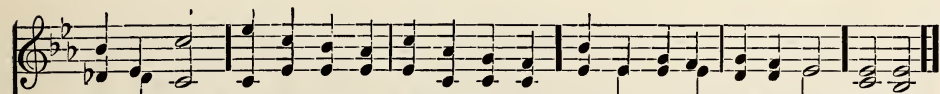
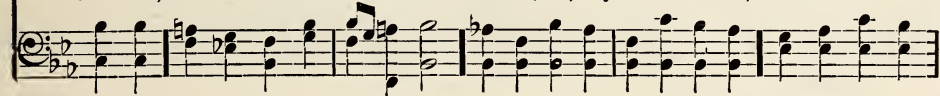
BERTHOLD TOURS (1838—).



1. Saw you nev-er, in the twilight, When the sun had left the skies, Up in heav'n the clear stars
2. Heard you nev-er of the sto-ry How they cross'd the desert wild, Jour-ney'd on by plain and
3. Know ye not that low-ly Ba-by Was the bright and morning Star? He Who came to light the



shin - ing Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes? So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit - tle
mountain, Till they found the Ho - ly Child? How they open'd all their treasure, Kneeling to that
Gen - tles, And the dark-en'd isles a - far? And we, too, may seek His cradle; There our hearts' best



stran-ger star, And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol-low'd it from far. A-men.
in - fant King; Gave the gold and fragrant in-cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer-ing?
treas-ures bring; Love, and faith, and true de - vo - tion, For our Sav-iour, God, and King.



See! amid the winter's snow.

E. CASWALL, 1858.

"AGNUS DEI."

C. P. MORRISON.

Solo.

1. See! a - mid the win - ter's snow,... Born for us on earth be -
 2. Lo! with - in a man - ger lies He who built the star - ry
 3. Sa - cred in - fant! all di - vine!.... What a ten - der love was
 4. Teach, oh teach us, Ho - ly Child!... By Thy face so meek and

low; See! the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years!
 skies: He who throned in height sub - lime.. Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim.
 Thine! Thus to come from high - est bliss.. Down to such a world as this!
 mild; Teach us to re - sem - ble Thee.. In Thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty.

Refrain.

Hail! thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail! Re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn!

See! amid the winter's snow.—*Concluded.*

Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem! A - men.

A shining star.

94

L. A. COONLEY.

"OAK PARK."

W. A. BARTLETT, 1895.

1. A shin - ing star Came from a - far, Up - on a snow - y morn,
 2. Sweet Christ - mas then Was given to men To bless the win - ter wild,
 3. All hail that morn When Christ was born! Wreath hol - ly, pine and bay,

An an - gel near Sang, "Do not fear, Be - hold! a child is born,"
 Since in a stall The Lord of all Be - came a lit - tle child,
 Let chil - dren sing, Let car - ols ring To bless our Christ - mas day,

An an - gel near Sang, "Do not fear, Be - hold a child is born." A - men.
 Since in a stall The Lord of all Be - came a lit - tle child.
 Let chil - dren sing, Let car - ols ring To bless our Christ - mas day.

Now let us sing the Angels' Song.

"THE ANGELS' SONG."

A. RANDEGGER, 1870.

*Well marked.**Majestic.*

1. Now let us sing the

An - gels' Song That rang so sweet and clear, When

heav'n - ly light and mu - sic fell On earth - ly eye and

Now let us sing the Angels' Song.—*Concluded.*

ear, To Him we sing, our Sav - iour King, Who al - ways deigns to

hear:... "Glo - ry to God,... and peace on earth." A - men.

2.

He came to tell the Father's love,
His goodness, truth and grace;
To shew the brightness of His smile,
The glory of His face;
With His own light, so full and bright,
The shades of death to chase.
"Glory to God, and peace on earth."

3.

He came to bring the weary ones
True peace and perfect rest;
To take away the guilt and sin
Which darkened and distressed,
That great and small might hear His call,
And all in Him be blessed.
"Glory to God, and peace on earth."

4.

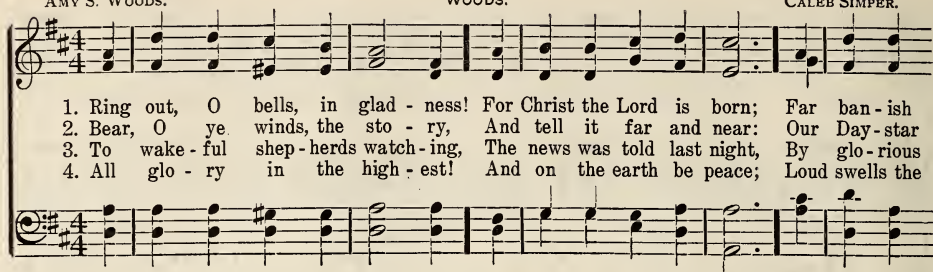
He came to bring a glorious gift,
Good-will to men;—and why?
Because He loved us, Jesus came
For us to live and die:
Then, sweet and long, the Angels' Song,
Again we raise on high:
"Glory to God, and peace on earth."

Ring out, O bells, in gladness!

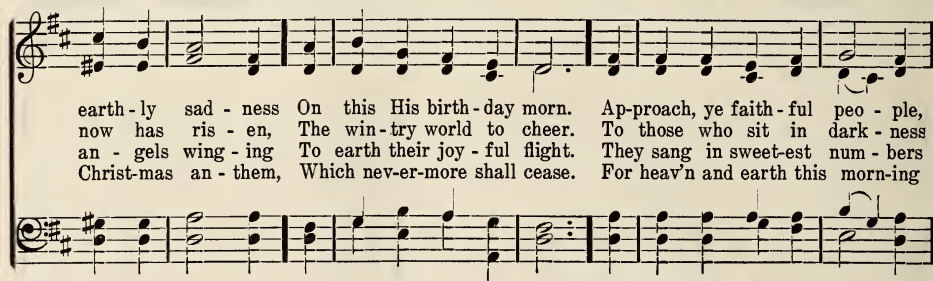
AMY S. WOODS.

"WOODS."

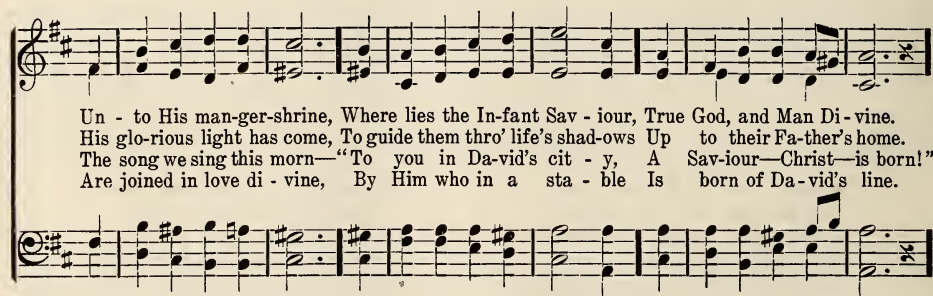
CALEB SIMPER.



1. Ring out, O bells, in glad - ness! For Christ the Lord is born; Far ban - ish
 2. Bear, O ye winds, the sto - ry, And tell it far and near: Our Day - star
 3. To wake - ful shep - herds watch - ing, The news was told last night, By glo - rious
 4. All glo - ry in the high - est! And on the earth be peace; Loud swells the



earth - ly sad - ness On this His birth - day morn. Ap - proach, ye faith - ful peo - ple,
 now has ris - en, The win - try world to cheer. To those who sit in dark - ness
 an - gels wing - ing To earth their joy - ful flight. They sang in sweet - est num - bers
 Christ - mas an - them, Which nev - er - more shall cease. For heav'n and earth this morn - ing



Un - to His man - ger - shrine, Where lies the In - fant Sav - iour, True God, and Man Di - vine.
 His glo - rious light has come, To guide them thro' life's shad - ows Up to their Fa - ther's home.
 The song we sing this morn - "To you in Da - vid's cit - y, A Sav - iour - Christ - is born!"
 Are joined in love di - vine, By Him who in a sta - ble Is born of Da - vid's line.

Refrain.



Ring out, O bells! Ring, tri - umph - ant ring! This is the birth - day

Ring out, O bells, tri - umph - ant ring!

Ring out, O bells.—*Concluded.*

of our King; O bells, tri-umph-ant ring! Ring out, O bells! [*Organ.....*] O

bells, tri-umph-ant ring! Ring out, O bells! Ring, tri-umph-ant ring! *A-men.*

Ring out, O bells, tri-umph-ant ring!

All my heart this night rejoices.

97

P. GERHARDT, 1656,
Tr. C. WINKWORTH, 1858.

"BONN."

J. G. EBELING (c. 1620—1676).

1. All my heart this night re-joice-es, As I hear, far and near, Sweet-est an-gel-voic-es;
2. Hark! a voice from yon-der man-ger, Soft and sweet, doth entreat, "Flee from woe and danger!
3. Come, then, let us hast-en yon-der! Here let all, great and small, Kneel in awe and won-der!
4. Heed-ful-ly my Lord I'll cher-ish, Live to Thee, and with Thee Dy-ing, shall not per-ish;

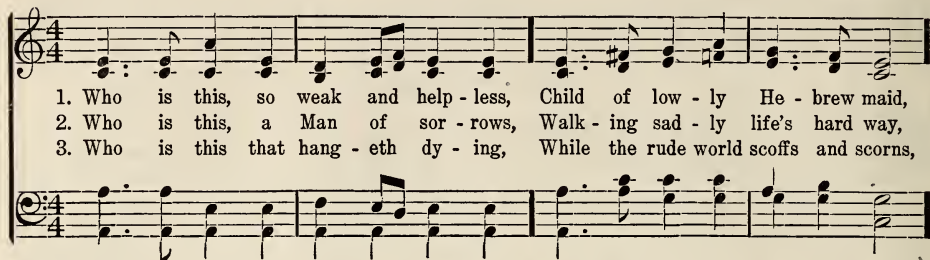
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air ev'-ry-where Now with joy is ring-ing. *A-men.*
Breth-ren, come! from all that grieves you You are freed; all you need I will surely give you."
Love Him who with love is yearn-ing! Hail the Star that from far Bright with hope is burning!
But shall dwell with Thee for ev-er, Far on high, in the joy That can al-ter nev-er.

Who is this, so weak and helpless?

W. W. How, D.D. (1823—, 1867.

"EXALTATION."

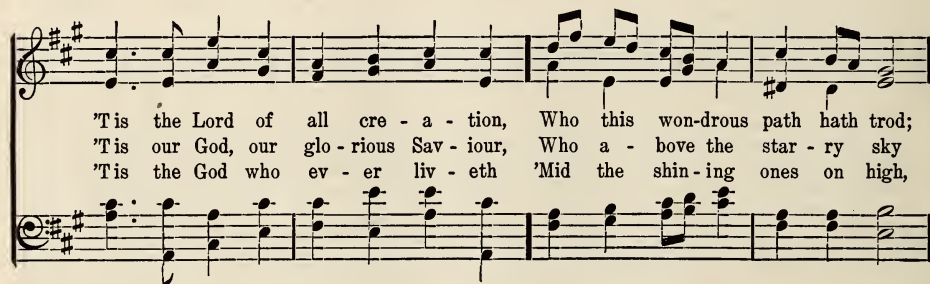
HENRY LESLIE (1822—1896), 1887.



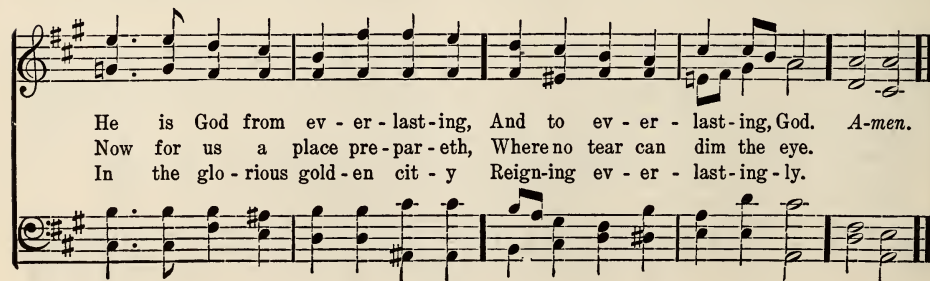
1. Who is this, so weak and help - less, Child of low - ly He - brew maid,
 2. Who is this, a Man of sor - rows, Walk - ing sad - ly life's hard way,
 3. Who is this that hang - eth dy - ing, While the rude world scoffs and scorns,



Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel-ter'd, Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?
 Home - less, wea - ry, sigh - ing, weep - ing, O - ver sin and Sa - tan's sway?
 Num - ber'd with the mal - e - fac - tors, Torn with nails and crown'd with thorns?



'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won-drous path hath trod;
 'Tis our God, our glo - rious Sav - iour, Who a - bove the star - ry sky
 'Tis the God who ev - er liv - eth 'Mid the shin - ing ones on high,



He is God from ev - er - last - ing, And to ev - er - last - ing, God. A-men.
 Now for us a place pre - par - eth, Where no tear can dim the eye.
 In the glo - rious gold - en cit - y Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly.

From the eastern mountains.

"COLYTON."

W. H. MONK, 1881.

1. From the eas - tern moun - tains, Press - ing on they come, Wise men in their
 2. Thou Who in a man - ger Once hast low - ly lain, Who dost now in
 3. Gath - er in the out - casts, All who go a - stray, Throw Thy ra - diance

wis - dom, To His hum - ble home; Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hast - ing
 glo - ry.... O'er all king - doms reign, Gath - er in the hea - then, Who in
 o'er them, Guide them on their way; Those who nev - er knew Thee, Those who

from a - far, Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. *A-men.*
 lands a - far Ne'er have seen the bright - ness Of Thy guid - ing star.
 wan - der far, Guide them by the bright - ness Of Thy guid - ing star.

4 Onward through the darkness
 Of the lonely night,
 Shining still before them
 With Thy kindly light.
 Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
 Homeward from afar,
 Young and old together,
 By Thy kindly star.

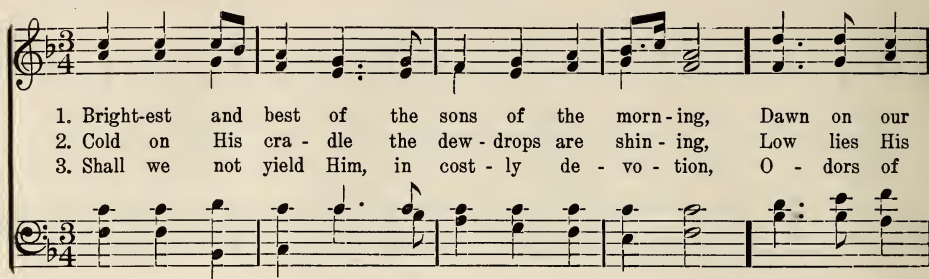
5 Until every nation,
 Whether bond or free,
 'Neath Thy starlit banner,
 Jesus, follows Thee
 O'er the distant mountains,
 To that heavenly home,
 Where no sin nor sorrow
 Evermore shall come.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

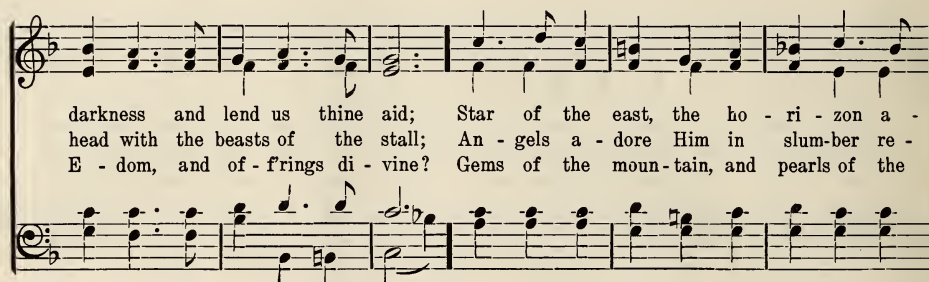
R. HEBER, 1811.

"SANTA LAURA."

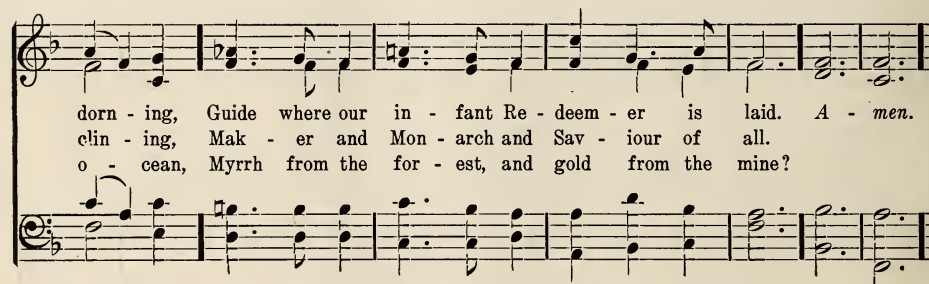
W. A. BARRETT, 1865.



1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His
3. Shall we not yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of



darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in slum-ber re -
E - dom, and of - frings di - vine? Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the



dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.
clin - ing, Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.
o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?

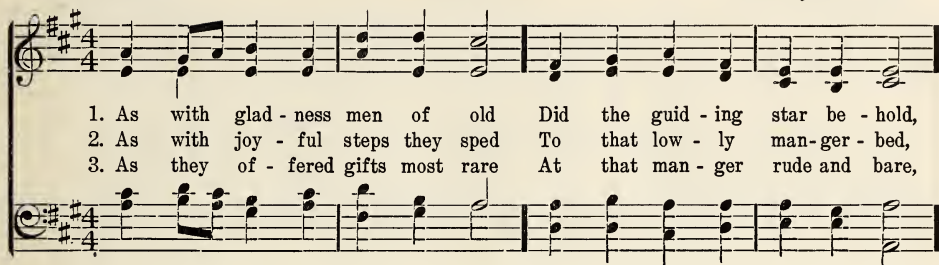
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

As with gladness men of old.

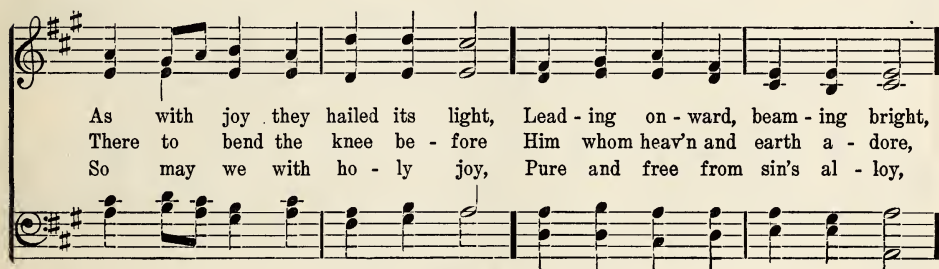
W. C. DIX, 1856.

"DIX."

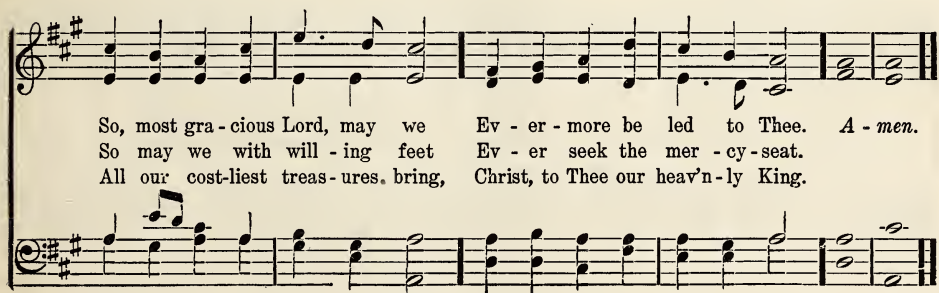
Arr. fr. C. KÖCHER, (1736—1872).



1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold,
 2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed,
 3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger rude and bare,



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright,
 There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore,
 So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,



So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee. A - men.
 So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek the mer - cy - seat.
 All our cost-liest treas - ures bring, Christ, to Thee our heav'n - ly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

O Master, let me walk with Thee.

W. GLADDEN, 1880.

"MARYTON."

H. P. SMITH, 1874.

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win - ning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu - ture's broad - ning way,

Tell me Thy se - cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - men.
 Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong,
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

103

Fairest Lord Jesus.

ANON. (German), 1677.
Tr. R. S. WILLIS, 1850.

"CRUSADERS' HYMN."

GERMAN.
Arr. by R. S. WILLIS, 1850.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son,
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the twink - ling, star - ry host;

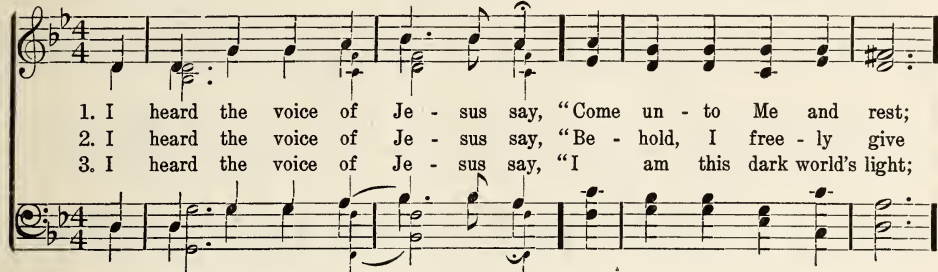
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown. A - men.
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the wo - ful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines brighter, Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

I heard the voice of Jesus say.

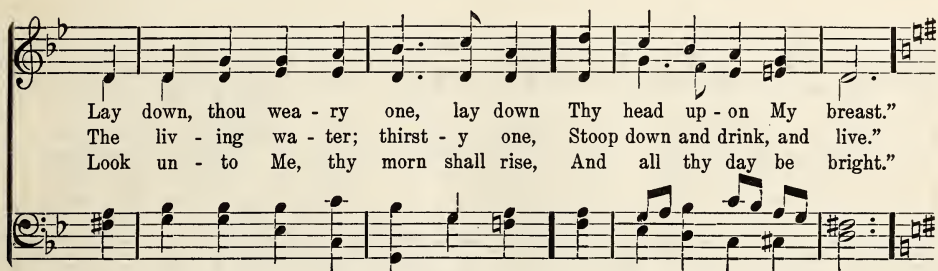
H. BONAR, 1846.

"VOX DILECTI."

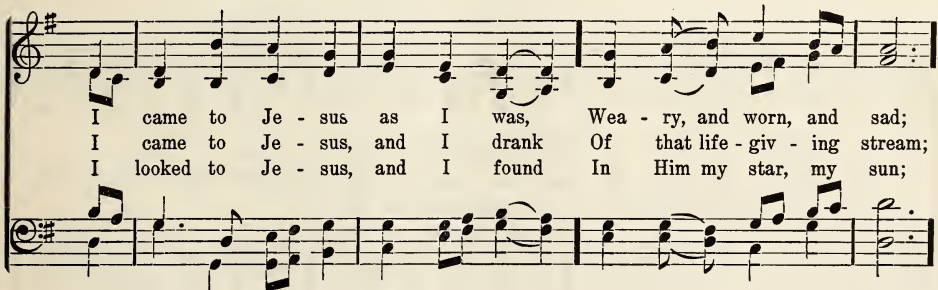
J. B. DYKES, 1868.



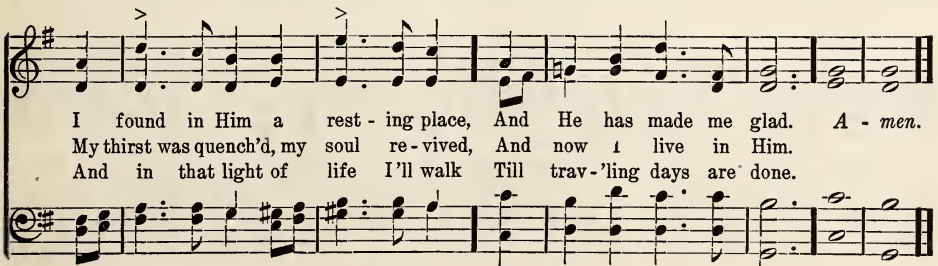
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done.

Jesus, King of Glory.

E. HARLAND, 1863.

"AMBLESIDE."

A. LOWE, 1876.

1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour,
 2. For the lit - tle chil - dren, Who have come to Thee; For the glad, bright spir - its
 3. For Thy faith - ful serv - ants Who have en - tered in; For Thy fear - less sol - diers
 4. When the shad - ows lengthen, Show us, Lord, Thy way; Thro' the dark - ness lead us

Hear Thy chil - dren cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin;
 Who Thy glo - ry see; For the lov'd ones rest - ing In Thy dear em - brace;
 Who have conquer'd sin; For the count - less le - gions, Who have fol - low'd Thee,
 To the heav'n - ly day. When our course is fin - ish'd, End - ed all the strife,

Refrain.

By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n - ly life to win.
 For the pure and ho - ly Who be - hold Thy face,
 Heed - less of the dan - ger, On to vic - to - ry;
 Grant us with the faith - ful, Palms and crowns of life. } Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,

Thron'd a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry. A - men.

I hear a voice, 't is soft and sweet.

R. F. SAMPLE, 1888.

"VOX SALVATORIS."

BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER, 1888.

1. I hear a voice, 't is soft and sweet, It bids my sin - sick soul re-joyce;
 2. When wea - ry with my load of guilt, I'll not for - get that "Christ is all;"
 3. My soul is trou - bled like the sea, The surg - ing bil - lows roll a-round:

The same was heard in Sa - lem's street, And in the moun - tain's cool re - treat,
 For me His pre - cious blood was spilt; He sweet - ly says, "Come, if thou wilt;"
 But he who calmed far Ga - li - lee Doth kind - ly say, "Peace be to thee;"

Refrain.

My Sav - iour's voice. }
 How glad the call! } Sweet - er than chim - ing bells, Soft - er than eve - ning
 How blest the sound! }

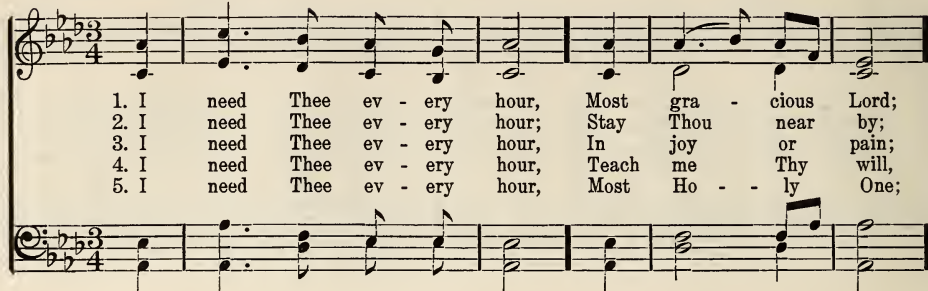
rills, The voice that tells of par - don— Par - don, peace, and heaven. A - men.

I need Thee every hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS, 1872:
Refrain added by R. LOWRY.

"NEED."

R. LOWRY, 1872.

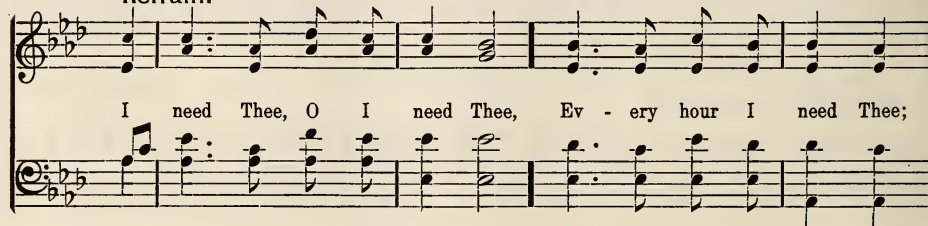


1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee ev - ery hour, In joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Teach me Thy will,
 5. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most Ho - ly One;

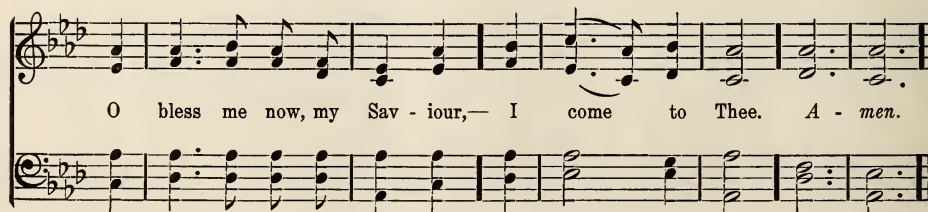


No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly, and a - - bide, Or life is vain.
 And Thy rich prom - is - - es In me ful - fil.
 O make me Thine in - - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

Refrain.



I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;



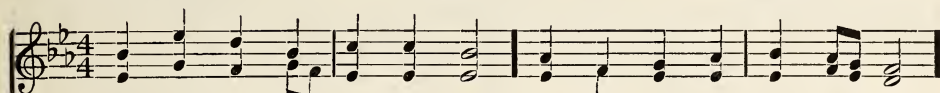
O bless me now, my Sav - iour,— I come to Thee. A - men.

For the beauty of the earth.

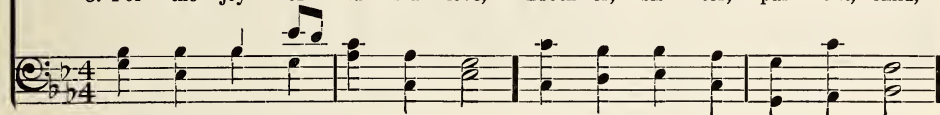
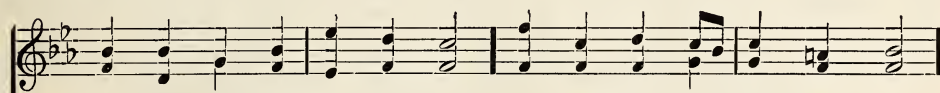
F. S. PIERPOINT, 1864.

"HEATHLANDS."

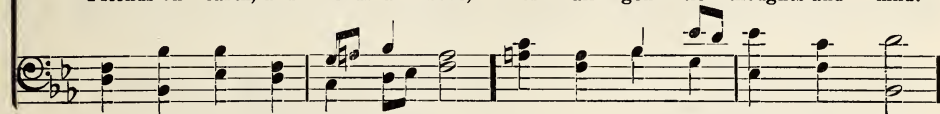

H. SMART (1813-1879).



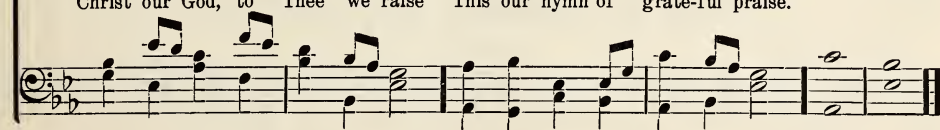
1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
 2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,
 3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle thoughts and mild:

Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A - men.
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.



4 For Thy Church, that evermore
 Lifteth holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her pure sacrifice of love:
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.

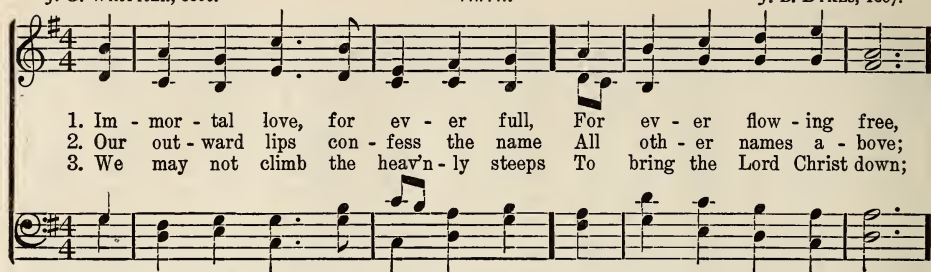
5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
 To our race so freely given,
 For that great, great love of Thine,
 Peace on earth, and joy in heaven;
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.

Immortal love, for ever full.

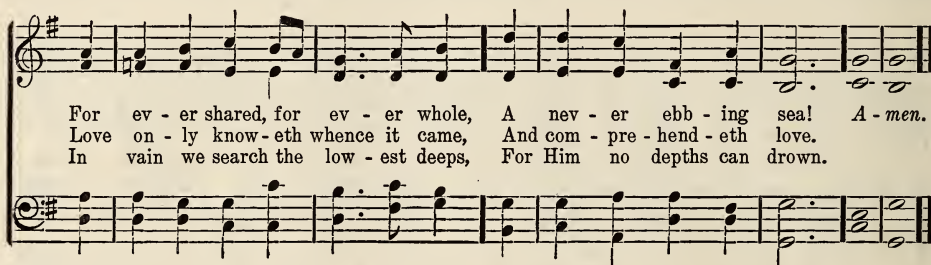
J. G. WHITTIER, 1866.

"FAITH."

J. B. DYKES, 1867.



1. Im - mor - tal love, for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,
 2. Our out - ward lips con - fess the name All oth - er names a - bove;
 3. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;



For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing seal A - men.
 Love on - ly know - eth whence it came, And com - pre - hend - eth love.
 In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

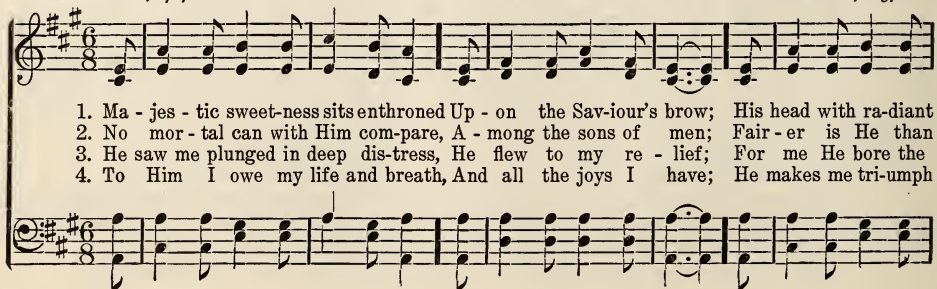
7 O Lord, and Master of us all!
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.

S. STENNETT, 1877.

"ORTONVILLE."

T. HASTINGS, 1837.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with ra-diant
 2. mor - tal can with Him com-pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph

Majestic sweetness.—*Concluded.*

glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. *A - men.*
 all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n-ly train.
 shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love Divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be Thine.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs.

III

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

"AZMON."

Arr. from CARL G. GLÄSER, 1828,
 by LOWELL MASON, 1839.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
 2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
 3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. *A - men.*
 "Wor - thy the Lamb!" our lips rep - ly, "For He was slain for us."
 And bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er Thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.

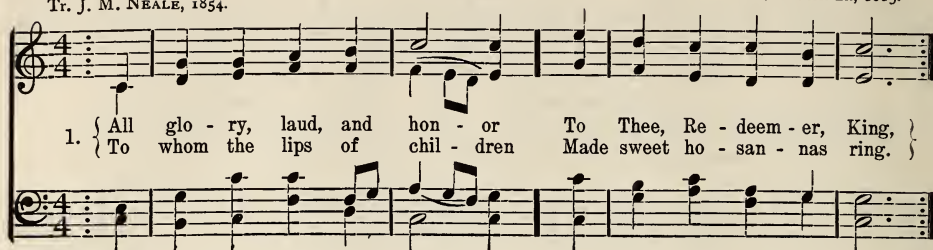
5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

All glory, laud, and honor.

THEODULPH, 820.
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1854.

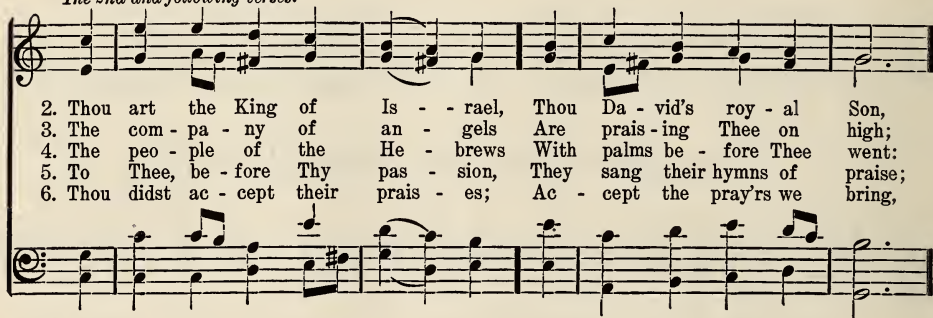
"ST. THEODULPH."

M. TESCHNER, 1615.

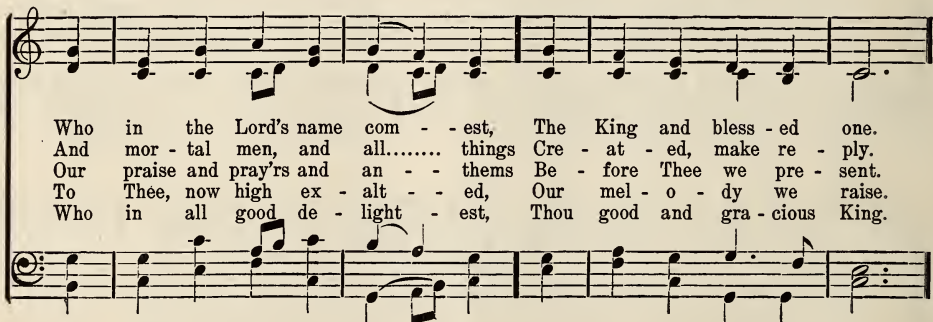


1. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King, }
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

The 2nd and following verses.

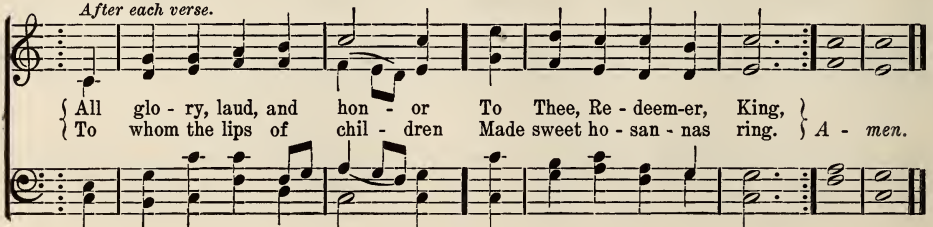


2. Thou art the King of Is - - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
3. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high;
4. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went:
5. To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;
6. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the pray'rs we bring,



Who in the Lord's name com - - est, The King and bless - ed one.
And mor - tal men, and all..... things Cre - at - ed, make re - ply.
Our praise and pray'rs and an - - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

After each verse.



{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King, }
{ To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. } A - men.

Beneath the cross of Jesus.

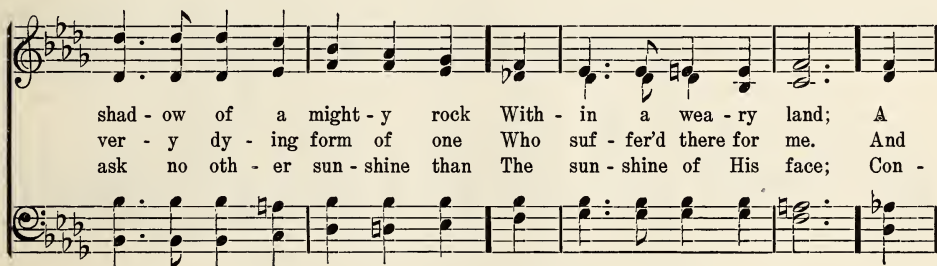
E. C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

"ST. CHRISTOPHER."

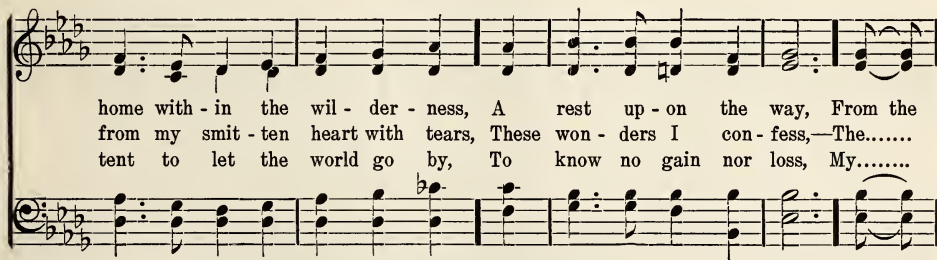
F. C. MAKER, 1881.



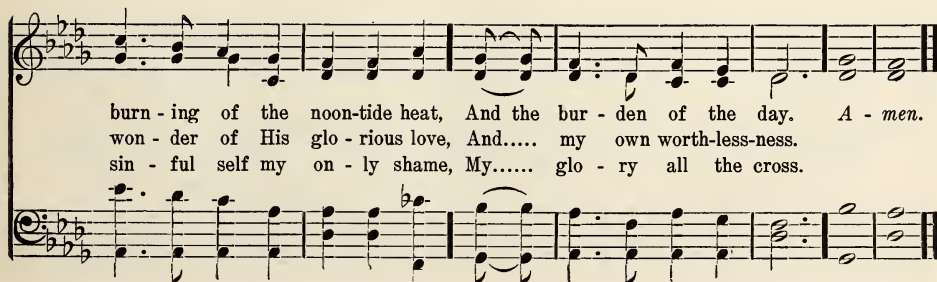
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The
 2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see The
 3. I take, O Cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place; I



shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A
 ver - y dy - ing form of one Who suf - fer'd there for me. And
 ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face; Con -



home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the
 from my smit - ten heart with tears, These won - ders I con - fess, — The.....
 tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss, My.....



burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.
 won - der of His glo - rious love, And..... my own worth-less-ness.
 sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My..... glo - ry all the cross.

There is a green hill far away.

C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

"ILFRACOMB." (LAMBETH.)

S. WEBBE (?) (1740—1816).

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,....
 2. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to make us good,....
 3. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He lov'd! And we must love Him too,....

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all..... A - men.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood....
 And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.....

SECOND TUNE.

"CAROL."

R. S. WILLIS, 1849.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
 2. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to make us good,
 3. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He lov'd! And we must love Him too,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all....
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.
 And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do....

There is a green hill far away.—*Concluded.*

We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,
There was none oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin,
For there's a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fer'd there. *A-men.*
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in....
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all...

Jesus lives! thy terrors now.

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C. F. GELLERT, 1757.

Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841. Alt. Abr.

"ST. ALBINUS."

H. J. GAUNTLETT (1805—1876).

1. Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger, death, ap - pall us; Je - sus
2. Je - sus lives! for us He died; Then, a - lone to Je - sus liv - ing, Pure in
3. Je - sus lives! our hearts know well Naught from us His love shall sev - er, Life, nor
4. Je - sus lives! to Him the throne O - ver all the world is giv - en; May we

lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia! *A-men.*
heart may we a - bide, Glo - ry to our Sav - iour giv - ing. Al - le - lu - ia!
death, nor pow'rs of hell Tear us from His keep - ing ev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!
go where He has gone, Rest and reign with Him in heav - en. Al - le - lu - ia!

Welcome, happy morning!

V. H. C. FORTUNATUS (6th Cent.).
Tr. J. ELLERTON, 1868.

"WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING."

J. B. CALKIN (1827—).

1. Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing! age to age shall say, Hell to - day is
 2. Earth her joy con - fess - es, cloth - ing her for spring, All good gifts re -
 3. Months in due suc - ces - sion, days of length'ning light, Hours and pass - ing

van - quish'd, heav'n is won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing,
 turned with her re - turn - ing King; Bloom in ev - ery mead - ow,
 mo - ments praise Thee in their flight; Bright - ness of the morn - ing,

God for ev - er - more; Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore.
 leaves on ev - ery bough, Speak His sor - row end - ed, hail His tri - umph now.
 sky and fields and sea, Van - quish - er of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.

ff Refrain in unison.
 Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing! age to age shall say, Hell to - day is

Welcome, happy morning!—*Concluded.*

van-quist'd, heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G-flat major (three flats). The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff featuring chords and the bottom staff providing a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the music.

God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore. A-men.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves. The word 'rall.' is written above the first staff and below the middle staff, indicating a change in tempo.

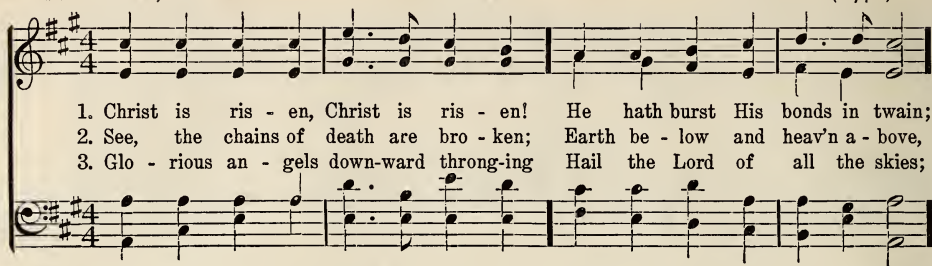
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
 Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.—*Ref.*
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
 Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
 'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!—*Ref.*
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
 All that now is fallen raise to life again;
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
 Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.—*Ref.*

Christ is risen, Christ is risen!

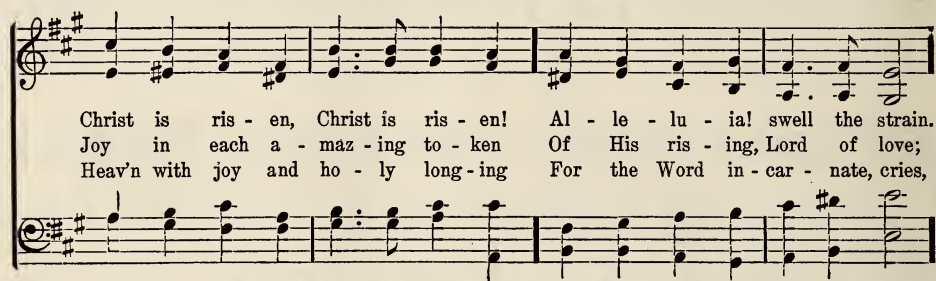
A. T. GURNEY, 1862.

"RESURREXIT."

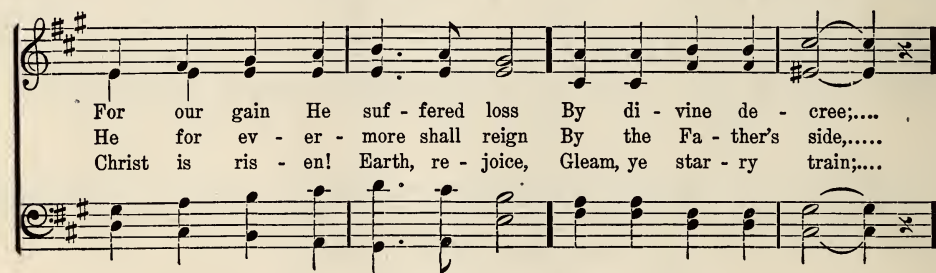
A. S. SULLIVAN (1874-).



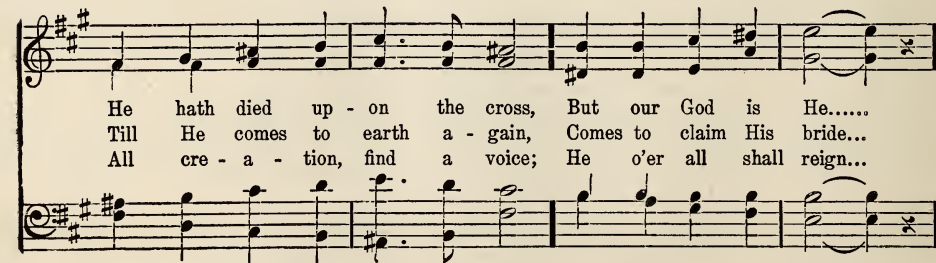
1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 2. See, the chains of death are bro - ken; Earth be - low and heav'n a - bove,
 3. Glo - rious an - gels down-ward throng-ing Hail the Lord of all the skies;



Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain.
 Joy in each a - maz - ing to - ken Of His ris - ing, Lord of love;
 Heav'n with joy and ho - ly long - ing For the Word in - car - nate, cries,



For our gain He suf - fered loss By di - vine de - cree;....
 He for ev - er - more shall reign By the Fa - ther's side;....
 Christ is ris - en! Earth, re - joice, Gleam, ye star - ry train;....



He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.....
 Till He comes to earth a - gain, Comes to claim His bride...
 All cre - a - tion, find a voice; He o'er all shall reign...

Christ is risen, Christ is risen!—*Concluded.*

Refrain.



Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Refrain for last verse.
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;



Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain. A - men.
 Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! O'er the u - ni - verse to reign.

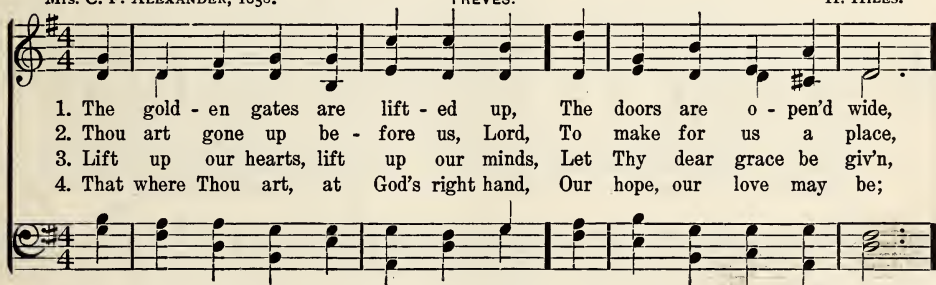
The golden gates are lifted up.

118

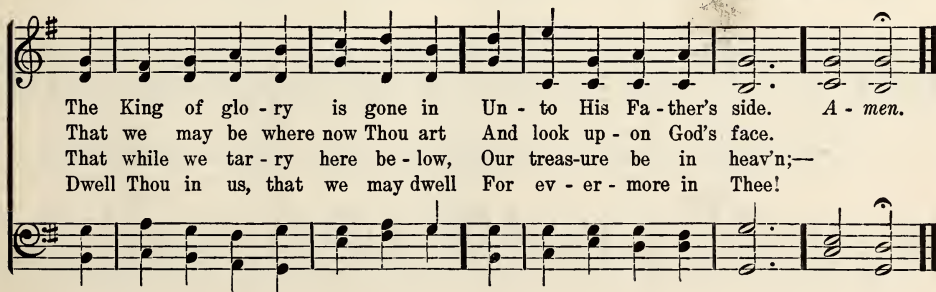
Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1858.

"TREVES."

H. HILES.



1. The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pen'd wide,
 2. Thou art gone up be - fore us, Lord, To make for us a place,
 3. Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be giv'n,
 4. That where Thou art, at God's right hand, Our hope, our love may be;

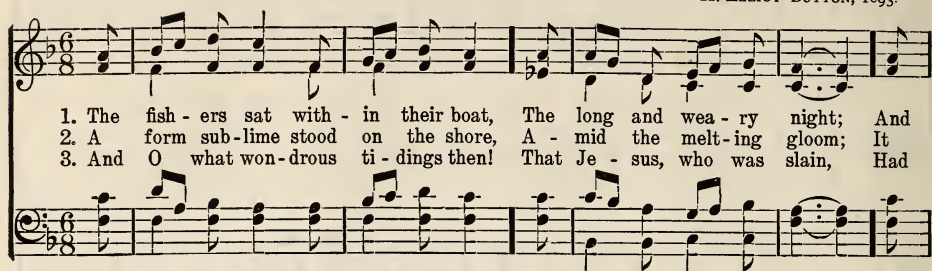


The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Fa - ther's side. A - men.
 That we may be where now Thou art And look up - on God's face.
 That while we tar - ry here be - low, Our treas - ure be in heav'n;—
 Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell For ev - er - more in Thee!

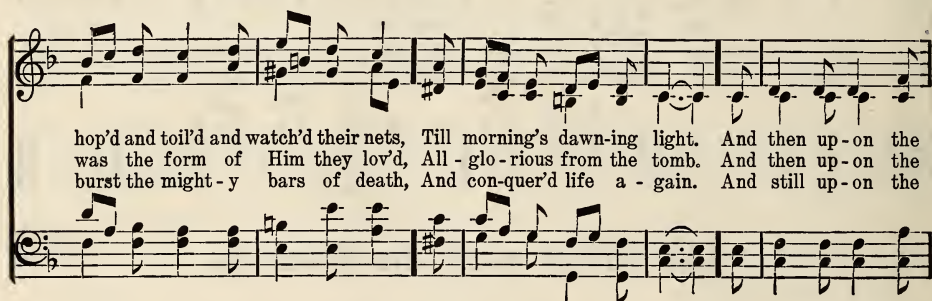
The fishers sat within their boat.

"DAWNING."

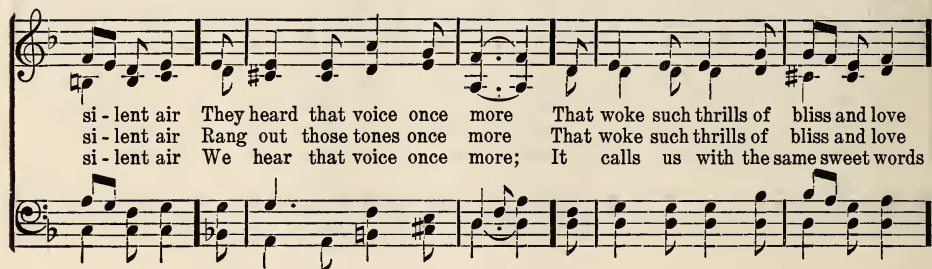
H. ELLIOT BUTTON, 1893.



1. The fish - ers sat with - in their boat, The long and wea - ry night; And
 2. A form sub-lime stood on the shore, A - mid the melt-ing gloom; It
 3. And O what won-drous ti - dings then! That Je - sus, who was slain, Had



hop'd and toil'd and watch'd their nets, Till morning's dawn-ing light. And then up-on the
 was the form of Him they lov'd, All - glo-rious from the tomb. And then up-on the
 burst the might-y bars of death, And con-quer'd life a - gain. And still up-on the



si - lent air They heard that voice once more That woke such thrills of bliss and love
 si - lent air Rang out those tones once more That woke such thrills of bliss and love
 si - lent air We hear that voice once more; It calls us with the same sweet words

Refrain.



In wea - ry hearts be - fore: }
 In wea - ry hearts be - fore: } "Come, chil-dren, toil no lon - ger, Thro' night's long lin-g'ring
 It call'd to them be - fore: }

The fishers sat within their boat.—*Concluded.*

gloom; For morn-ing sweet is dawn-ing O-ver the con-quer'd tomb." *A-men.*

The strife is o'er, the battle done.

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ANON. (Latin). Tr. F. POTT, 1861.

"VICTORY."

Arr. fr. PALESTRINA (1515?—1594).

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org. f

1. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done, The vic-to-ry of life is won;
 2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le-gions hath dis-pers'd;
 3. The three sad days are quick-ly sped, He ris-es glo-rious from the dead;
 4. He clos'd the yawn-ing gates of hell, The bars from heav'n's high por-tals fell;
 5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv-ants free,

The song of tri-umph has be-gun. Al - le - lu - ia! *A - men.*
 Let shout of ho - ly joy out - burst, Al - le - lu - ia!
 All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell. Al - le - lu - ia!
 That we may live and sing to Thee, Al - le - lu - ia!

The day of Resurrection.

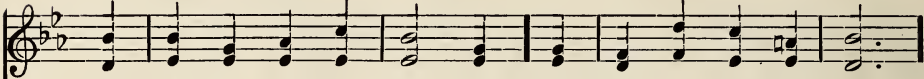
JOHN OF DAMASCUS (8th Cent.).
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

"LANCASHIRE."

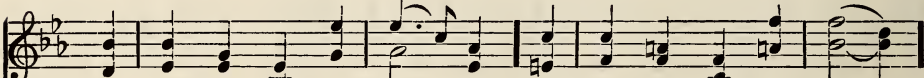
H. SMART, 1866.




1. The day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad,
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil That we may see a - right
3. Now let the heav'n's be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin,



The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of Res - ur - rec - tion light;
Let the round world keep tri - umph, And all that is there - in;



From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,...
And, list - 'ning to His ac - cents, May hear so calm and plain
In - vis - i - ble and vis - i - ble Their notes let all things blend,



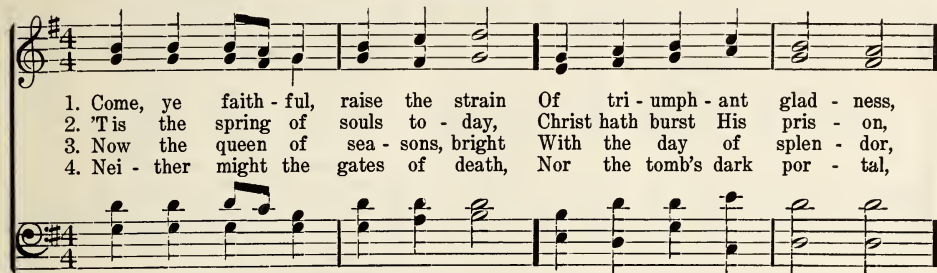
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.
His Own "All hail," and hear - ing May raise the vic - tor strain.
For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

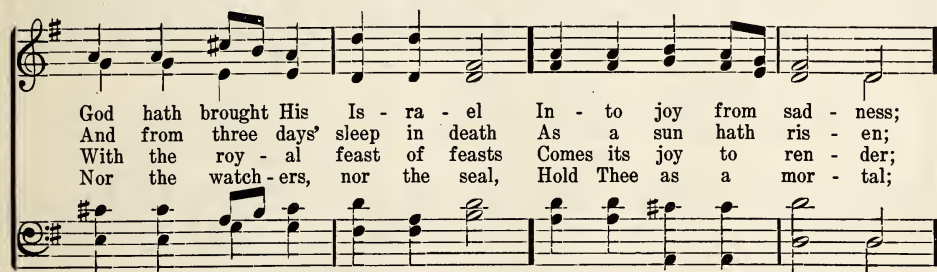
JOHN OF DAMASCUS (8th Cent.).
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1850.

"ST. KEVIN."

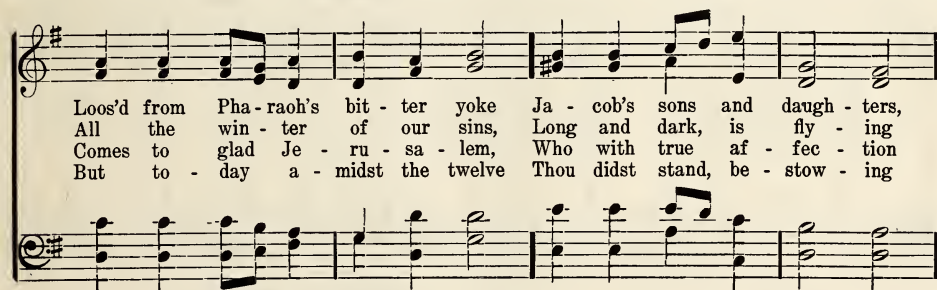
A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



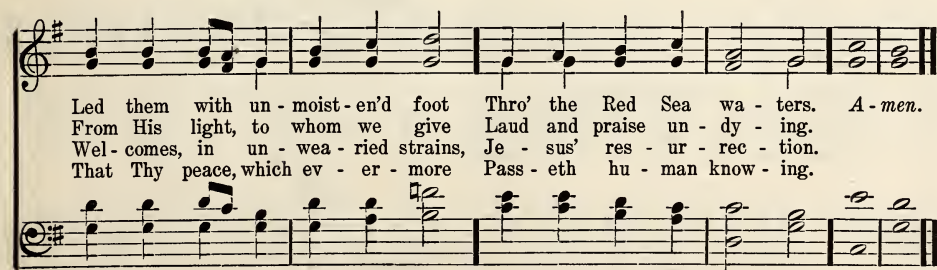
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness,
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day, Christ hath burst His pris - on,
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
4. Nei - ther might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,



God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en;
With the roy - al feast of feasts Comes its joy to ren - der;
Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal, Hold Thee as a mor - tal;



Loos'd from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion
But to - day a - midst the twelve Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing



Led them with un - moist - en'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.
From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
Wel - comes, in un - wea - ried strains, Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
That Thy peace, which ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day.

JESUS CHRIST THE SON.

ANON. (Latin, 14th Cent.).
Tr. TATE AND BRADY.

"WORGAN."

LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day,... Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing.. Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 3. But the pains which He en - dured, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 4. Now be God the Fa - ther praised, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day,... Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly King, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 With the Son, from death up - raised, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 Who - en - dured the cross and grave, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 Now a - bove the sky He's King, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 And the Spir - it, ev - er blest, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - - ia! A - men.
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
 One true God, by all con - fessed. Al - - - le - lu - - ia!

Sweetly the birds are singing.

Miss E. D. CHAPMAN.

"EASTER."

L. DAMROSCH, 1885.

p Unison.

1. Sweet-ly the birds are... sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn, Sweet - ly the
 2. Birds,... for - get not your sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn; Bells, be ye
 3. Buds, ye will soon be.... flow - ers, Cher - ry and white; Snow - storms are
 4. Eas - ter..... buds were.. grow - ing A - ges a - go; Eas - ter

bells are..... ring - ing On Eas - ter morn, And the words that they say On
 ev - er..... ring - ing On Eas - ter morn. In the spring of the year, When
 chang - ing to show - ers, Dark - ness to light. With... wak - 'ning of spring, O
 lil - ies were blow - ing By wa - ter's flow. All..... na - ture was glad, No

Eas - ter - Day Are - "Christ the Lord..... is ris - - - en!" A - men.
 Eas - ter is here, Sing - "Christ the Lord..... is ris - - - en!"
 sweet - ly sing - "Lo! Christ the Lord..... is ris - - - en!"
 creature was sad, For Christ the Lord..... was ris - - - en!"

Christ is risen, Alleluia!

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863: verse 2, 1. 2, alt.

"NOYES."

F. C. MAKER.

1. Christ is ris - en, Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!
 2. Christ is ris - en; all the sad - ness Of His earth - ly life is o'er:
 3. Christ is ris - en; hence-forth nev - er Death or hell shall us en - thrall:

Sing His prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead.
 Thro' the o - pen gates of glad - ness He re - turns to life once more.
 Be we Christ's, in Him for ev - er, We have tri - umphed o - ver all;

Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears,
 Death and hell be - fore Him bend - ing, See Him rise, the Vic - tor now;
 All the doubt - ing and de - jec - tion Of our trem - bling hearts have ceased:

Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
 An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing, Glo - ry round His wound - ed brow.
 'Tis His day of res - ur - rec - tion; Let us rise and keep the feast.

Christ is risen, Alleluia!—Concluded.

Refrain.

Christ is ris - en, Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!

Sing His prais-es, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

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C. WESLEY, 1739: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

"RESURRECTION."

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.

1. "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ has burst the gates of hell:
 3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed Head:
 5. Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n! Praise to Thee by both be giv'n:

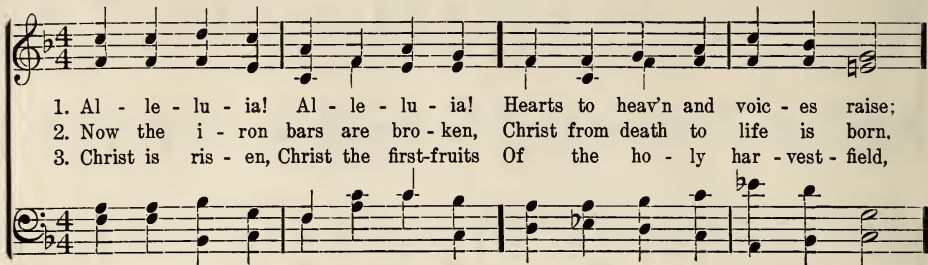
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing ye heav'n's, and earth, re - ply. A - men.
 Death in vain for - bids His rise; Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise.
 Once He died, our souls to save: Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave?
 Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
 Thee we greet tri - umph - ant now: Hail, the Res - ur - rec - tion Thou!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

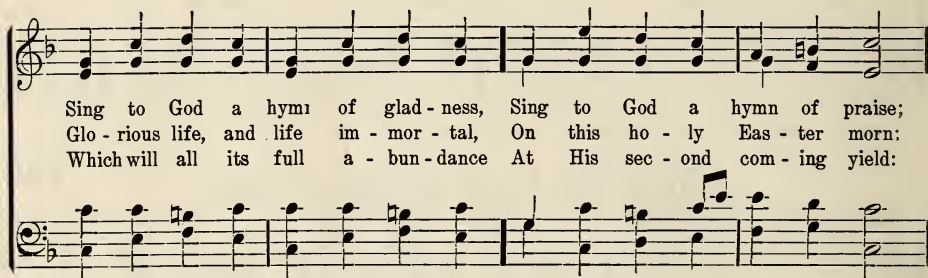
C. WORDSWORTH, 1862. Abr.

"ST. ANDREW."

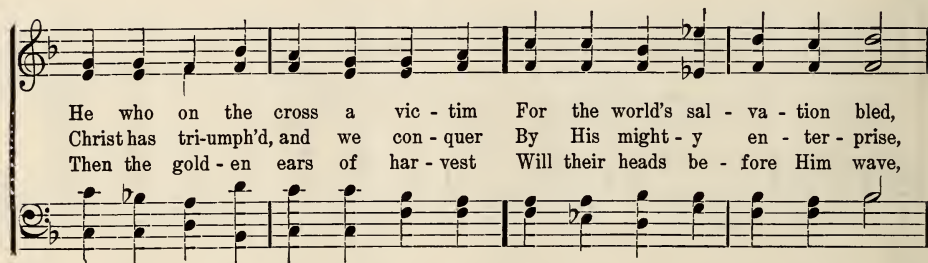
J. BARNBY, 1870.



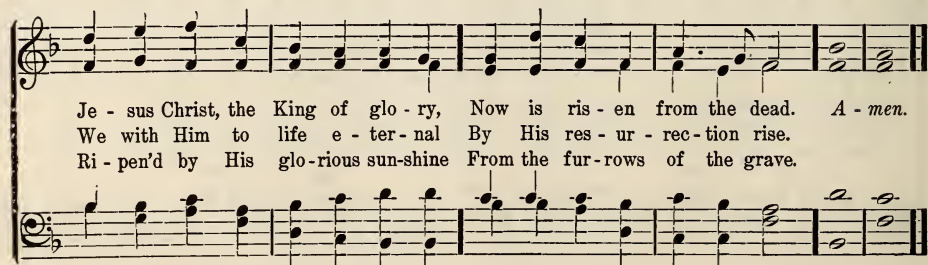
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born.
 3. Christ is ris - en, Christ the first-fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest - field,



Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal, On this ho - ly Eas - ter morn:
 Which will all its full a - bun - dance At His sec - ond com - ing yield:



He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 Christ has tri - umph'd, and we con - quer By His might - y en - ter - prise,
 Then the gold - en ears of har - vest Will their heads be - fore Him wave,



Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His res - ur - rec - tion rise.
 Ri - pen'd by His glo - rious sun - shine From the fur - rows of the grave.

Alleluia! Alleluia!—*Concluded.*

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!

Shed upon us heavenly grace,
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy face;
 That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
 We on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel-hands be gathered,
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory be to God on high;
 Alleluia to the Saviour
 Who has won the victory;
 Alleluia to the Spirit,
 Fount of love and sanctity;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 To the Triune Majesty.

On wings of living light.

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W. W. How, 1872.

"MANSFIELD."

J. BARNBY, 1893.

Vivace.

1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day,
 2. The keep - ers watch - ing near, At that dread sight and sound,
 3. Then rose from death's dark gloom, Un - seen by mor - tal eye,
 4. Ye chil - dren of the light, A - rise with Him, a - rise:
 5. Leave in the grave be - neath The old things pass'd a - way;

Came down the an - gel bright, And roll'd the stone a - way.
 Fell down with sud - den fear, Like dead men, to the ground.
 Tri - um - phant o'er the tomb, The Lord of earth and sky.
 See, how the Day - star bright Is burn - ing in the skies!
 Bur - ied with Him in death, O live with Him to - day.

Your voic - es raise with one ac - cord To bless and praise your ris - en Lord. A-men.

Golden harps are sounding.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

"HERMAS"

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel-voic - es ring, Pearl - y gates are o - pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glo - ry,
 3. Plead - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry,

O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
 At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die;
 Send - ing them His grace, His bright home pre - par - ing, Faith - ful ones, for you,

Refrain.

Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.
 Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. } All His work is end - ed;
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend - ed, Glo - ry to our King! A - men.

Hail the day that sees Him rise.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

"ASCENSION."

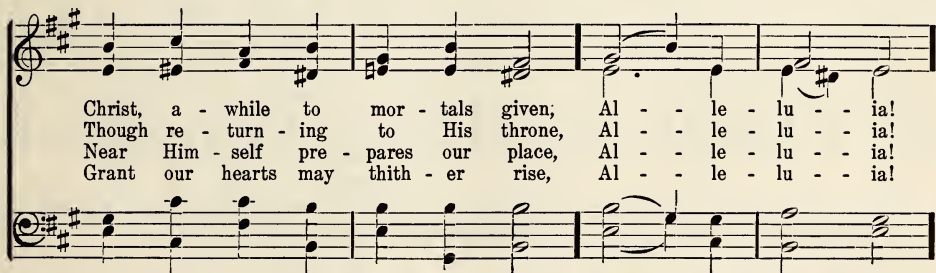
W. H. MONK, 1861.



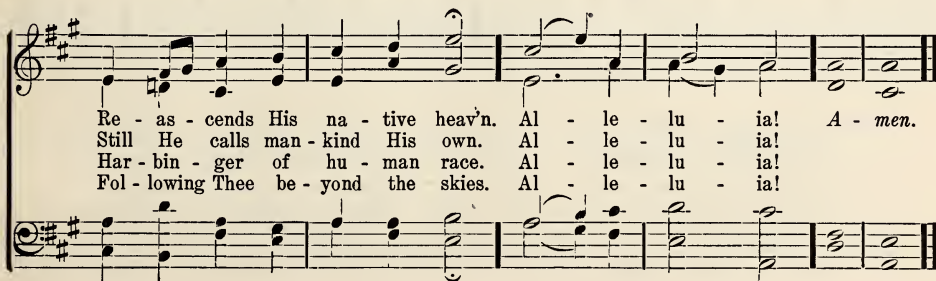
1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 2. Him though high - est heav'n re - ceives, Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 3. Still for us His death He pleads; Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 4. Lord, though part - ed from our sight Al - - le - lu - - ia!



To His throne a - bove the skies. Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 Still He loves the earth He leaves Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 Prev - a - lent He in - ter - cedes; Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 High a - bove yon a - zure height, Al - - le - lu - - ia!



Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 Though re - turn - ing to His throne, Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 Near Him - self pre - pares our place, Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 Grant our hearts may thith - er rise, Al - - le - lu - - ia!



Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n. Al - - le - lu - - ia! A - men.
 Still He calls man - kind His own. Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 Har - bin - ger of hu - man race. Al - - le - lu - - ia!
 Fol - lowing Thee be - yond the skies. Al - - le - lu - - ia!

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.

Verse 1, 2, 4, C. WESLEY, 1758.

Verse 3, J. CENNICK, 1752.

"HOLLYWOOD."

S. WEBBE (1740—1816).

1. Lo! He comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain;
2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty;

Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train:
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierc'd, and nailed Him to the tree,

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign. A - men.
Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

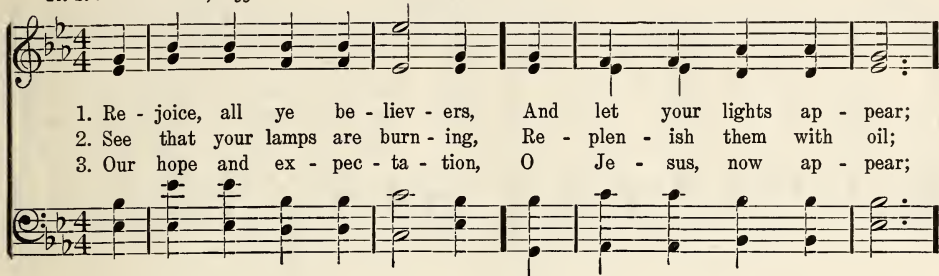
4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

Rejoice, all ye believers.

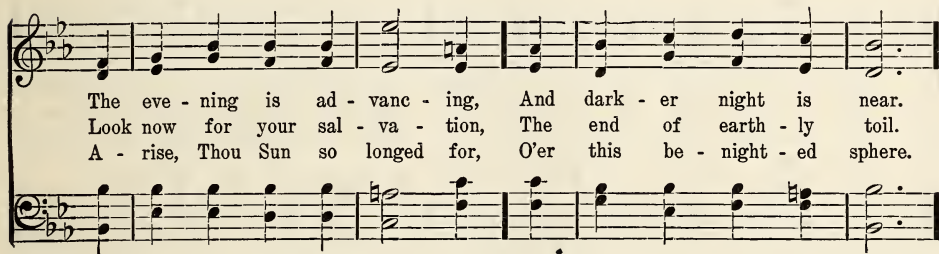
L. LAURENTI, 1700.
Tr. S. B. FINDLATER, 1853.

"GREENLAND."

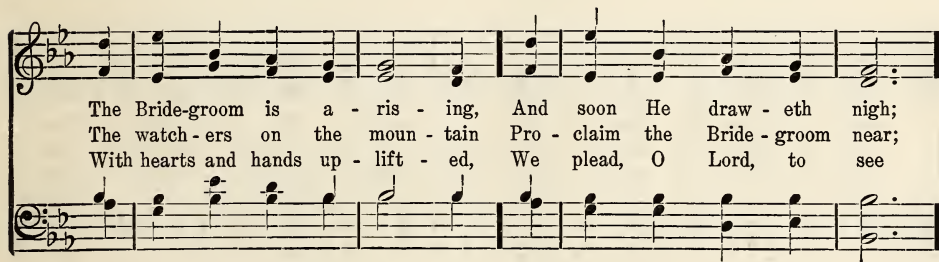
LAUSANNE PSALTER.



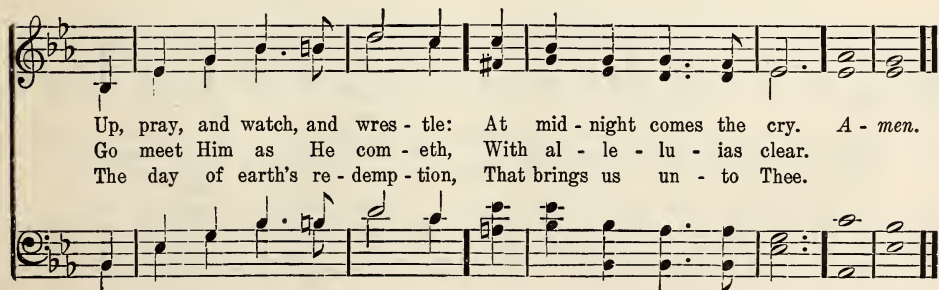
1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
2. See that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - plen - ish them with oil;
3. Our hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;



The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
Look now for your sal - va - tion, The end of earth - ly toil.
A - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere.



The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;
The watch - ers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bride - groom near;
With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see



Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle: At mid - night comes the cry. A - men.
Go meet Him as He com - eth, With al - le - lu - ias clear.
The day of earth's re - demp - tion, That brings us un - to Thee.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus.

W. C. DIX, 1866.

"ALLELUIA."

S. S. WESLEY, 1868.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus; His the scep - tre, His the throne;
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! not as or - phans Are we left in sor - row now;
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of heav - en, Thou on earth our food, our stay!

Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:
 Al - le - lu - ia! He is near us, Faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how.
 Al - le - lu - ia! here the sin - ful Flee to Thee from day to day:

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood;
 Tho' the cloud from sight re - ceived Him, When the for - ty days were o'er,
 In - ter - ces - sor, friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me,

Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion Hath re - deemed us by His blood. A - men.
 Shall our hearts for - get His prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er - more"?
 Where the songs of all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.

Mighty God, while angels bless Thee.

R. ROBINSON (1735—1790).

"KENSINGTON NEW."

J. TILLEARD (1827—1876)

(Or to ALLELUIA, opposite).

1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?
 2. Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,
 3. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture—Grand be - yond a ser - aph's thought;
 4. For Thy prov - i - dence that gov - erns Thro' Thine em - pire's wide do - main,

Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - ery crea - ture's theme;
 Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise.
 For the won - ders of cre - a - tion, Works with skill and kind - ness wrought;
 Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row; Bless - ed be Thy gen - tle reign.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, A - men. A - men.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
 Who can sing that wondrous song?
 Alleluia!
 Alleluia, Amen.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
 Alleluia!
 Alleluia, Amen.

7 From the highest throne of glory
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
 Flow, my praise, forever flow,
 Alleluia!
 Alleluia, Amen.

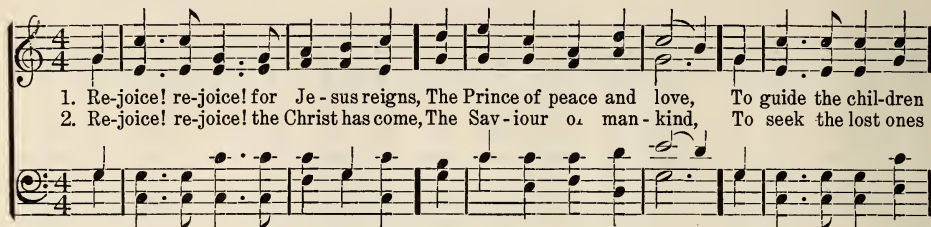
8 Re-ascend, Immortal Saviour,
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy Throne:
 Thence return, and reign for ever:
 Be the kingdom all Thine own!
 Alleluia!
 Alleluia, Amen.

Rejoice! rejoice! for Jesus reigns.

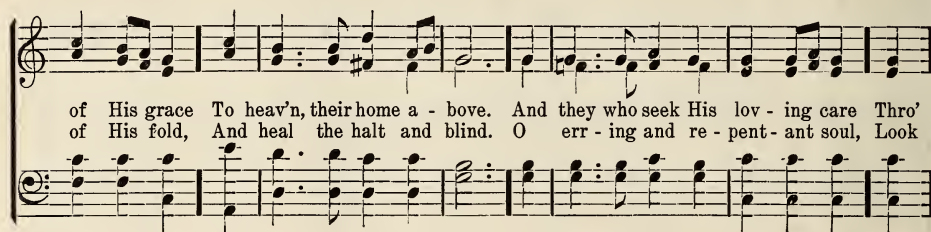
M. E. SERVOS, 1884.

"REJOICE."

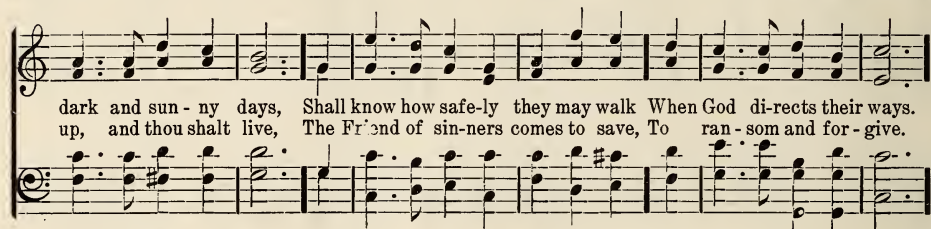
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Re-joyce! re-joyce! for Je - sus reigns, The Prince of peace and love, To guide the chil-dren
2. Re-joyce! re-joyce! the Christ has come, The Sav - iour of man - kind, To seek the lost ones



of His grace To heav'n, their home a - bove. And they who seek His lov - ing care Thro'
of His fold, And heal the halt and blind. O err - ing and re - pent - ant soul, Look

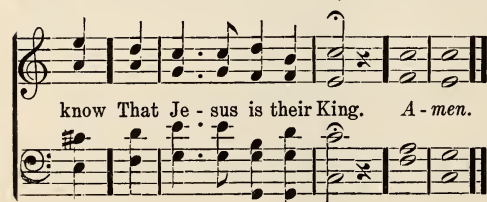


dark and sun - ny days, Shall know how safe-ly they may walk When God di-rects their ways.
up, and thou shalt live, The Fr - iend of sin - ners comes to save, To ran - som and for - give.

Chorus.



Re-joyce! re-joyce for ev - er - more! Em - man - uel's praises sing. They must re-joyce who sure-ly



know That Je - sus is their King. A - men.

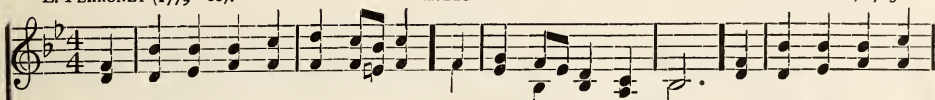
3 Rejoice! rejoice for evermore,
Nor let one soul repine.
Though friends forget, and hearts grow cold,
A Father's love is thine.
And if the world seem dark with frowns,
Just meet them with a smile;
And, with the hope of future bliss,
All present ills beguile.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!

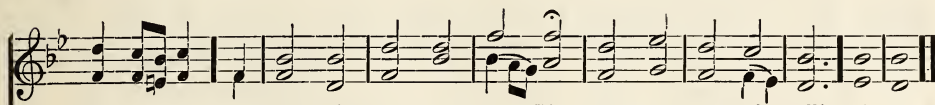
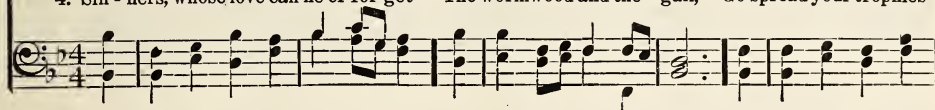
E. PERRONET (1779—80).

"MILES LANE."

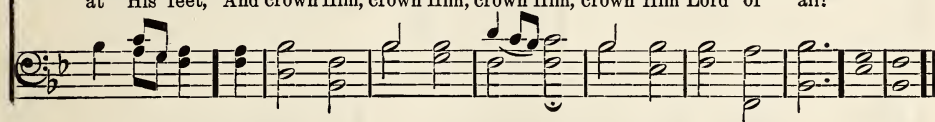
W. SHRÜBSOLE, 1785.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyr's of your God, Who from His al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of
 3. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran - som'd of the fall, Hail Him who saves you
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! A - men.
 Jes - se's rod, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!
 by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!
 at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!



5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

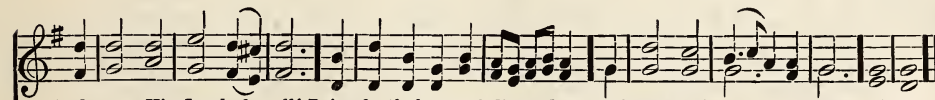
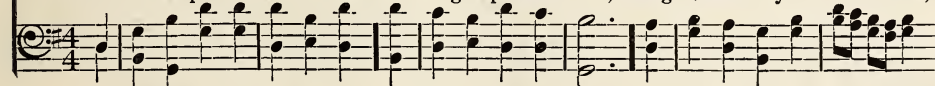
SECOND TUNE.

"CORONATION."

O. HOLBEN, 1793.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,



And crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.



Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

"CHARITY."

J. STAINER, 1863.

1. Gra-cious Spir-it, Ho-ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov-et most Of Thy gifts at Pen-te-cost,
 2. Love is kind, and suffers long, Love is meek, and thinks no wrong, Love than death itself more strong;
 3. Proph-e-cy will fade a-way, Melt-ing in the light of day; Love will ev-er with us stay;

Voices in Unison. rall.

Ho - ly heav'n-ly Love. A - men.
 There-fore, give us Love.
 There-fore, give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
 Hope be emptied in delight;
 Love in heaven will shine more bright;
 Therefore, give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
 Joining hand in hand, agree,
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is Love.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

H. AUBER, 1829.

"ST. CUTHBERT."

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well, A Guide, a Com-fort-
 2. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest, While He can find one
 3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each tho't, that

er, be-queath'd With us to dwell. A - men.
 hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
 calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.

4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see:
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children.

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F. W. FABER, 1854.

"SENOWWILL."

B. TOURS (1838—1897).

Refrain.

* 1. Ho - ly Ghost, come down up - on Thy chil - dren, Give us grace and make us Thine;

Thy ten - der fires with - in us kin - dle, Bless - ed Spir - it, Dove di - vine! A - men.

* The first verse to be sung as refrain after each succeeding verse.

2. For all with - in us, good and ho - ly, Is from Thee, Thy pre - cious gift;
3. For Thou to us art more than fa - ther, More than sis - ter in Thy love,
4. Oh, we have grieved Thee, gra - cious Spir - it! Way - ward, wan - ton, cold are we;
5. Now, if our hearts do not de - ceive us, We would take Thee for our Lord,

In all our joys, in all our sor - rows, Wist - ful hearts to Thee we lift.
So gen - tle, pa - tient, and for - bear - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove!
And still our sins, new ev - ery morn - ing, Nev - er yet have wea - ried Thee.
O dear - est Spir - it, make us faith - ful To Thy least and light - est word.

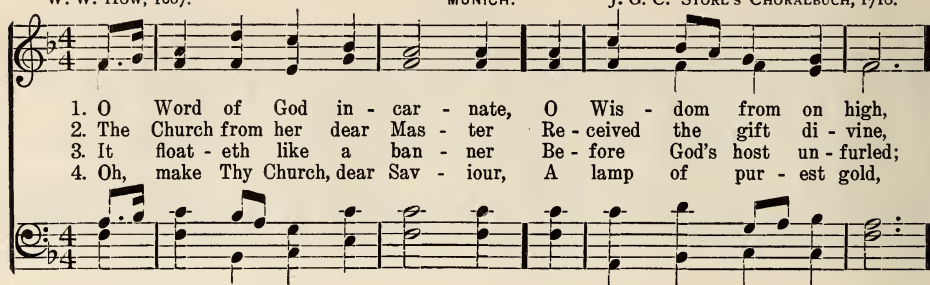
D. C.

O Word of God incarnate.

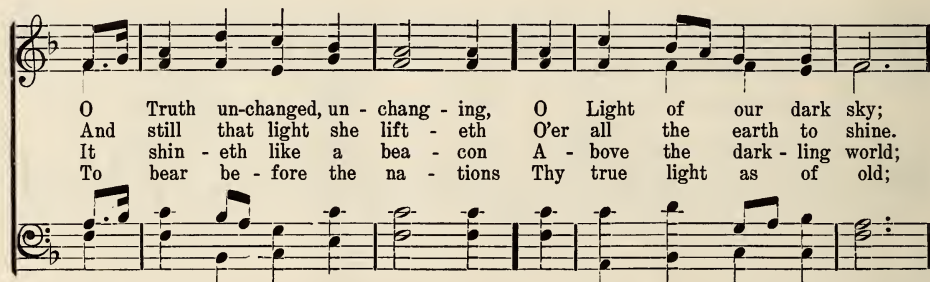
W. W. How, 1867.

"MUNICH."

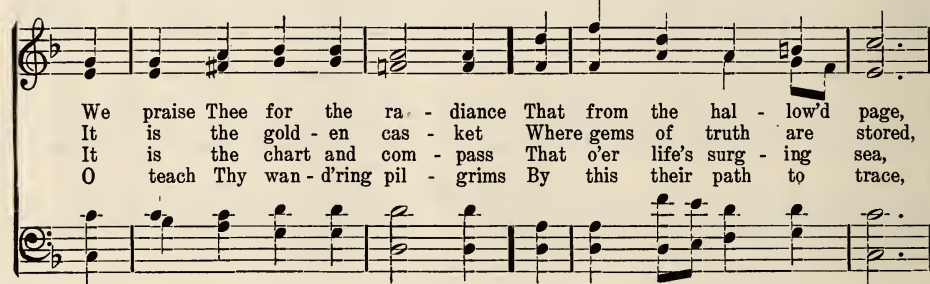
J. G. C. Störl's CHORALBUCH, 1710.



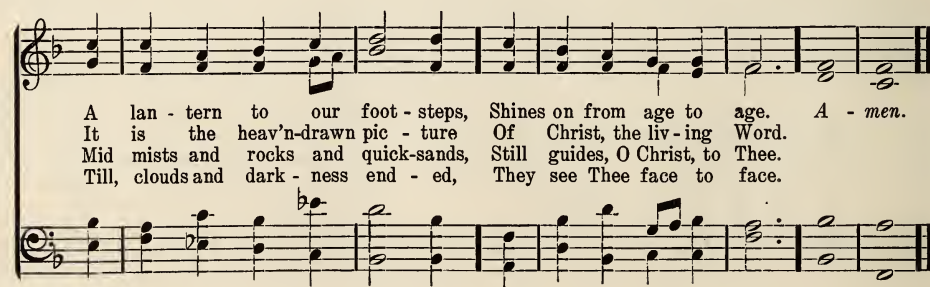
1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled;
 4. Oh, make Thy Church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of pur - est gold,



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
 And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
 It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world;
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old;



We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,
 It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
 O teach Thy wan - d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.
 It is the heav'n-drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
 Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
 Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

Lord, Thy Word abideth.

H. W. BAKER, 1861

"ST. CYPRIAN."

H. R. CHOPE, 1862.

1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth; Who its truth be -
 2. When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us, Word of con - so -
 3. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us, Then its light di -

liev - eth, Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A - men.
 la - tion, Mes - sage of sal - va - tion.
 rect - eth, And our way pro - tect - eth.

4 Word of mercy, giving
 Succor to the living;
 Word of life, supplying
 Comfort to the dying!—

5 O that we, discerning
 Its most holy learning
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,
 Evermore be near Thee!

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord.

E. HODDER 1868.

"TIVERTON."

"GRIGG," IN RIPPON'S COLL., 1806.

1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair;
 2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew - els rich and rare
 3. O may I love Thy pre - cious Word, May I ex - plore the mine;
 4. O may I find my ar - mor there, Thy Word my trust - y sword;

And ev - ery one who seeks may pluck A love - ly nose - gay there. A - men.
 Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - ery search - er there.
 May I its fra - grant flow - ers glean, May light up - on me shine;
 I'll learn to fight with ev - ery foe The bat - tle of the Lord.

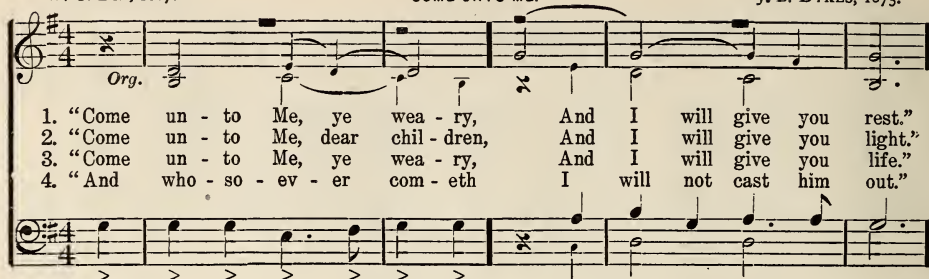
Come unto Me, ye weary.

W. C. DIX, 1867.

"COME UNTO ME."


J. B. DYKES, 1875.

Org.



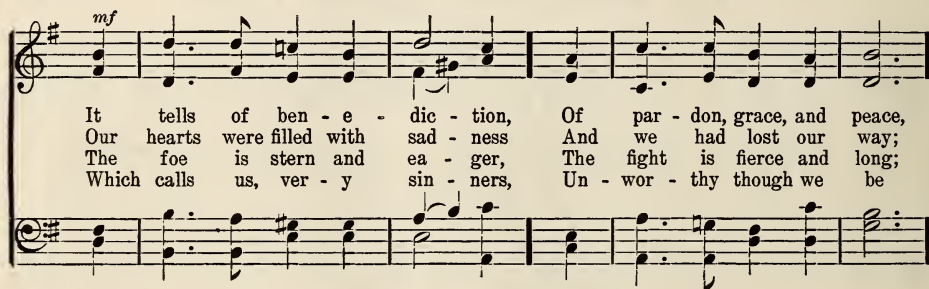
1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
 2. "Come un - to Me, dear chil - dren, And I will give you light."
 3. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you life."
 4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out."

p *cres.*



O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
 O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night.
 O cheer - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to aid our strife,
 O wel - come voice of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt,

mf



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
 Our hearts were filled with sad - ness And we had lost our way;
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
 Which calls us, ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy though we be

f *rall.*



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease. *A - men.*
 But He has brought us glad - ness And songs at break of day.
 But Thou hast made us might - y And stron - ger than the strong.
 Of love so free and bound - less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

Art thou weary, art thou languid.

J. M. NEALE, 1862. Abr.

"STEPHANOS."

H. W. BAKER, 1861.

1. Art. thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress? "Come to Me," saith
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns? "Yea, a crown, in
 4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer-don here? "Many a sor - row,

One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest." A-men.
 hands are wound-prints, And His side."
 ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
 many a la - bor, Many a tear."

- 5 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."
 6 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes"

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1874. Abr.

"BULLINGER."

E. W. BULLINGER, 1877.

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee; Trust-ing Thee for full sal -
 2. I am trust-ing Thee for par-don; At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and ten - der

va - tion, Great..... and free. A - men.
 mer - cy, Trust - - ing now.

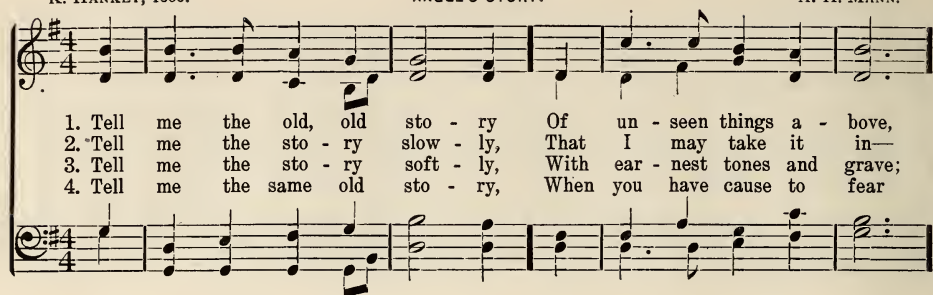
- 3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.
 4 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

Tell me the old, old story.

K. HANKEY, 1866.

"ANGEL'S STORY."

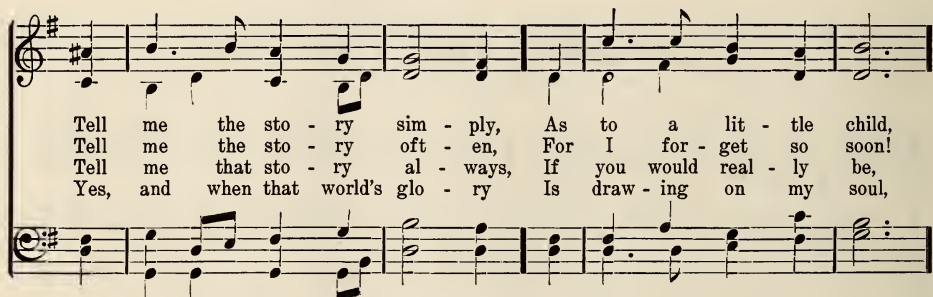
A. H. MANN.



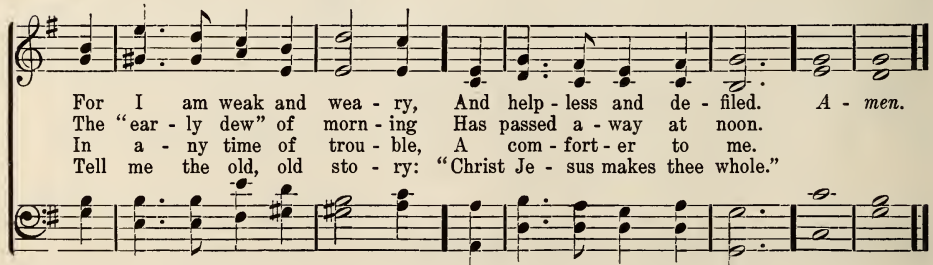
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in—
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave;
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear



Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 That won - der - ful Re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin!
 Re - mem - ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save.
 That this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.



Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
 Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon!
 Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,
 Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is draw - ing on my soul,



For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. A - men.
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
 In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

REF.—Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

There were ninety and nine.

E. C. CLEPHANE, 1874.

"NINETY AND NINE."

A. H. MANN, 1895.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine: Are they not e - nough for
 3. But none of the ran - som'd ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way That mark out the moun - tain's
 5. And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riv'n, And mark up from the rock - y

fold; But one was out on the hills a - way, Far
 Thee?" But the Shep - herd made an - swer: "This of Mine Has
 cross'd, Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through Ere He
 track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the
 steep, There rose a city to the gate of heav'n, "Re -

off from the gates of gold, A - way on the moun - tains
 wan-der'd a way from Me; And al - though the road - be
 found His sheep that was lost. Out in the des - ert He
 Shep-herd could bring Him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so
 joyce, I have found My sheep." And the an - gels ech - oed a

wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care. A - men.
 rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to find My sheep."
 heard its cry, Sick, and help - less, and read - y to die.
 rent and the throne, "They are pierc'd to - night by ma - ny a thorn."
 round the throne, "Re - joyce, for the Lord brings back His own."

Just as I am, without one plea.

C. ELLIOTT, 1836.

"ST. CRISPIN."

G. J. ELVEY (1816-1893).

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Fight-ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down,
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

SECOND TUNE.

C. ELLIOTT, 1836.

"WOODWORTH."

W. B. BRADBURY, 1849.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

O Jesus, Thou art standing.

W. W. How, 1867.

"ST. HILDA."

J. H. KNECHT, 1799,
and E. HUSBAND, 1871.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing, And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:
 O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er more.

Father, I know that all my life.

A. L. WARING, 1580. Alt.

"ST. BEDE."

J. B. DYKES (1823—1876).

1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por - tioned out for me;
 2. I ask Thee for a thought-ful love, Thro' con - stant watch - ing wise,
 3. I would not have the rest - less will That hur - ries to and fro,
 4. Wher - ev - er in the world I am, In what - so - e'er es - tate,

The chang-es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:
 To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, To wipe the weep - ing eyes;
 Seek - ing for some great thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know;
 I have a fel - low - ship with hearts To keep and cul - ti - vate;

I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee. A - men.
 A heart at lei - sure from it - self To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
 I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.
 A work of low - ly love to do For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side,
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
 There are no bonds for me;
 My secret heart is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children free;
 A life of self-renouncing love
 Is one of liberty.

O Lamb of God, still keep me.

J. G. DECK, 1842.

"DAVENPORT."

M. D. BABCOCK, 1896.

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;
 2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing I feel my life se - cure;
 3. Soon shall mine eyes be - hold Thee, With rap - ture face to face;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
 On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing The con - flict can en - dure.
 One half hath not been told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace:

What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!
 Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth O'er ev - ery hurt - ful foe;
 Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won - ders of Thy love,

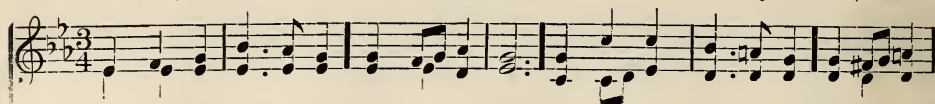
The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean. A - men.
 Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.
 Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all Thy saints a - bove.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

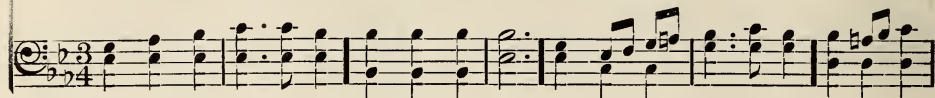
S. F. ADAMS, 1841.

"HORNBURY."

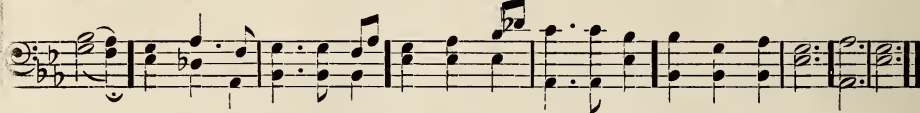
J. B. DYKES, 1861.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth
 2. Though like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send'st to me In mer-cy



- me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.
 stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!



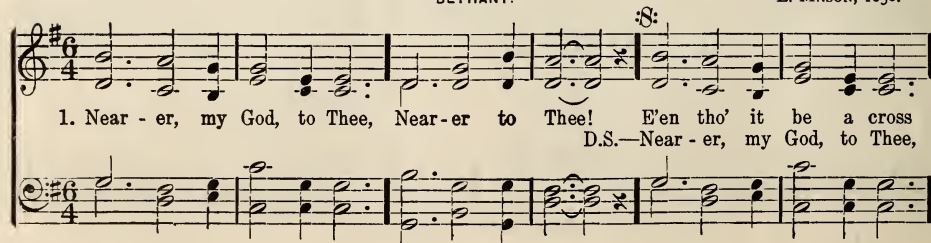
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

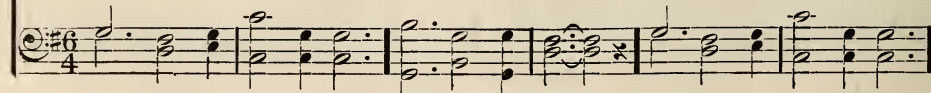
(SECOND TUNE).

"BETHANY."

L. MASON, 1856.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,



Nearer, my God, to Thee.—*Concluded.*

D.S.

That rais - eth me;... Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, A - men.
Near - er to Thee!..

Nearer, O God, to Thee!

153

W. W. How, 1864.

"PROPIOR DEO."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. Near - er, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou my prayer; E'en though a heav - y cross
2. If where they led my Lord, I too am borne, Plant - ing my steps in His,
3. If Thou the cup of pain Giv - est to drink, Let not my trem - bling lip
4. And when Thou, Lord, once more Glo - rious shalt come, Oh, for a dwell - ing - place,

Faint - ing I bear; Still all my pray'r shall be, Near - er, O
Wea - ry and worn; There e - ven let me be Near - er, O
From the draught shrink; So by my woes to be Near - er, O
In Thy bright home! Through all e - ter - ni - ty Near - er, O

God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!... Near - er to Thee! A - men.
God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!... Near - er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!... Near - er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!... Near - er to Thee!

My faith looks up to Thee.

R. PALMER, 1830.

"ST. AMBROSE."

W. H. MONK (1823-1889).

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire, As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

SECOND TUNE.

"OLIVET."

L. MASON, 1832.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray,

My faith looks up to Thee.—*Concluded.*

Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

I lift my heart to Thee.

155

C. E. MUDIE, 1873.

"BUDLEIGH."

T. M. MUDIE (1809—1876).

1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine, For Thou art all to
 2. To Thee, Thou bleed - ing Lamb, I all things owe; All that I have and
 3. How can I, Lord, with - hold life's bright - est hour From Thee; or gath - er
 4. I pray Thee, Sav - iour, keep me in Thy love, Un - til death's ho - ly

me, and I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos - er bond than
 am, and all I know. All that I have is now no lon - ger
 gold, or a - ny pow'r? Why should I keep one pre - cious thing from
 sleep shall me re - move To that fair realm, where, sin and sor - row

this, That "my Be - lov - ed's mine and I am His"? A - men.
 mine, And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
 Thee, When Thou hast giv'n Thine dear self for me?
 o'er, Thou and Thine own are one for ev - er - more.

Thy life was given for me.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1858.

"FALCONER."

A. C. FALCONER (1850—)

1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 2. Long years were spent for me In wea - ri - ness and woe,
 3. Thy Fa - ther's home of light, Thy rain - bow - cir - cled throne,

That I might ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead.
 That through e - ter - ni - ty Thy glo - ry I might know.
 Were left for earth - ly night, For wan - d' rings sad and lone.

Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A - men.
 Long years were spent for me: Have I spent one for Thee?
 Yea, all was left for me: Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
 Down from Thy home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love.
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
 What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent!
 Thou gavest Thyself for me;
 I give myself to Thee.

Saviour, Thy dying love.

S. D. PHELPS, 1867.

"EDEN."

S. S. WESLEY (1810-1876).



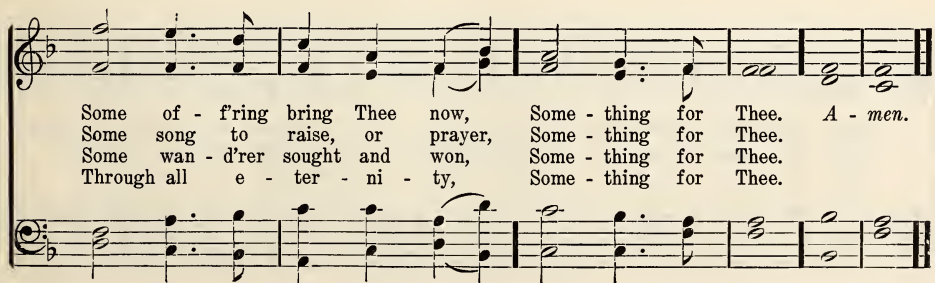
1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,
 2. O'er the blest mer - cy - seat Plead - ing for me,
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee,
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free,



Nor should I aught with - hold, My Lord, from Thee;
 My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee.
 That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see
 In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord, for Thee!



In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare,
 Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done,
 And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be,

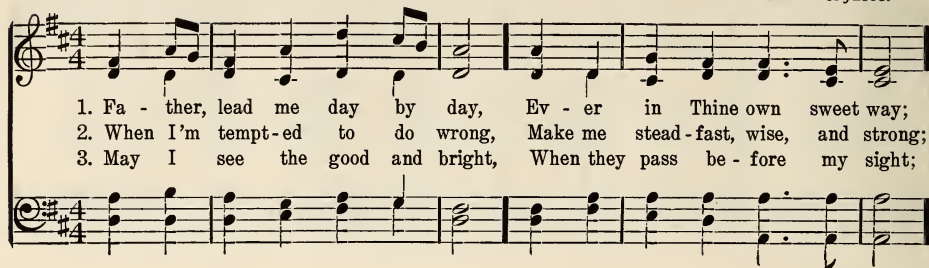


Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee. A - men.
 Some song to raise, or prayer, Some - thing for Thee.
 Some wan - d'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

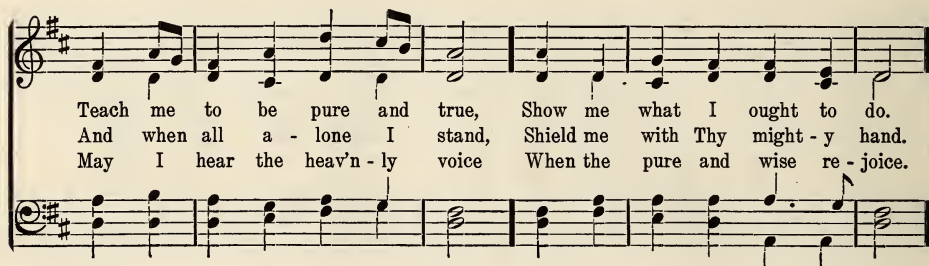
Father, lead me day by day.

J. P. HOPPS, 1877.

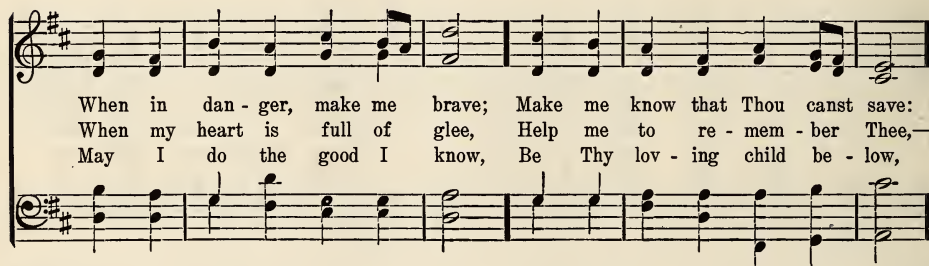
"TICHFIELD."

J. RICHARDSON, 1853.
From "CROWN of JESUS."


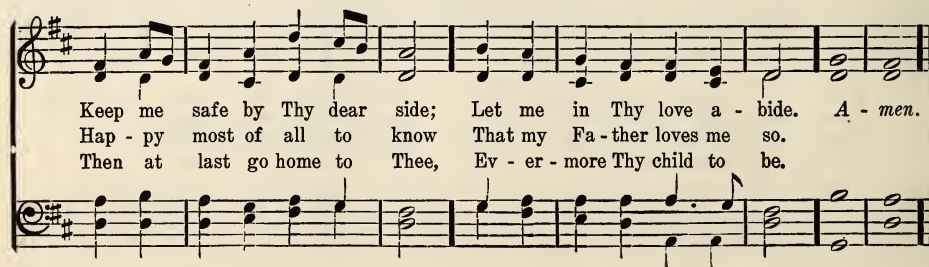
1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
2. When I'm tempt-ed to do wrong, Make me stead-fast, wise, and strong;
3. May I see the good and bright, When they pass be - fore my sight;



Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
May I hear the heav'n - ly voice When the pure and wise re - joice.



When in dan - ger, make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save:
When my heart is full of glee, Help me to re - mem - ber Thee,
May I do the good I know, Be Thy lov - ing child be - low,



Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a - bide. A - men.
Hap - py most of all to know That my Fa - ther loves me so.
Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thy child to be.

Saviour! teach me, day by day.

J. E. LEESON, 1842.

"EMMELAR."

Arr. from A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Sav - iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
 2. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Learn - ing how to love from Thee; Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
 Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. A - men.
 Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.

H. COOKE, 1881.

"SHEPHERD."

S. P. WARREN, 1887.

p Andante.

1. Je - sus, Shep-herd of the sheep, Who Thy Fa-ther's flock dost keep, Safe we wake and

The melody is the same for all the verses.

safe we sleep, Guard-ed still by Thee. 2. In Thy prom-ise firm we stand, None can

mf
pluck us from Thy hand, Speak,—we hear; at Thy com-mand We will fol-low Thee.

p
3. By Thy blood our souls were bought, By Thy life sal - va-tion wrought, By Thy Word our

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.—Concluded.

feet are taught, Lord, to fol - low Thee. 4. Fa - ther, draw us to Thy Son,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

We with joy will fol - low on, Till the work of grace is done, And, from sin set

The second system continues the melody and harmony. It includes dynamic markings: *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are written below the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

free— 5. We in robes of glo - ry dress'd Join th' as - sem - bly of the blest,

The third system continues the melody and harmony. It includes a dynamic marking: *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are written below the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

Gath - er'd to e - ter - nal rest, In the fold with Thee.....

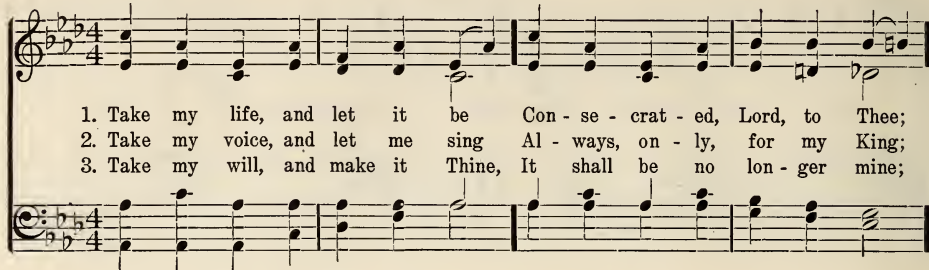
The fourth system concludes the piece. It includes a dynamic marking: *rit.* (ritardando). The lyrics are written below the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

Take my life, and let it be.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1874.

"CEASELESS PRAISE."

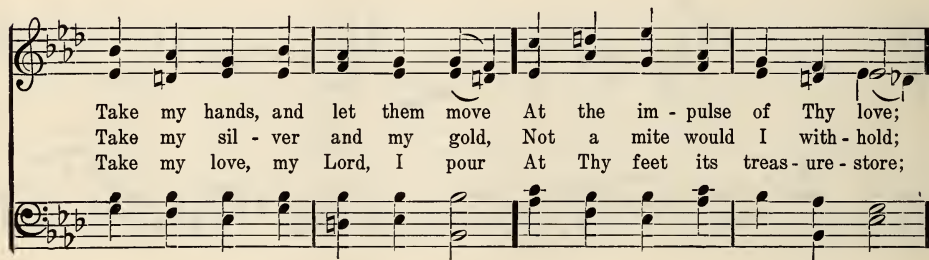
ANON.



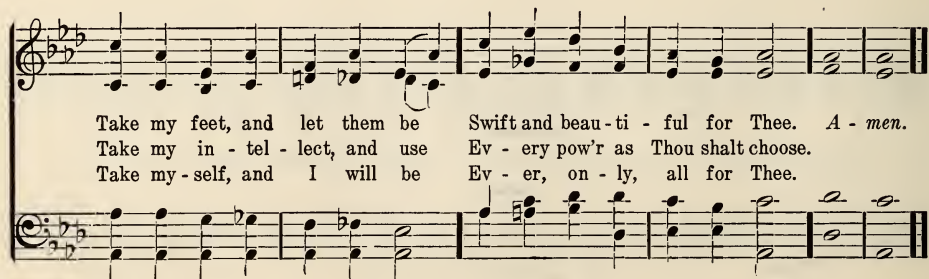
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 3. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;



Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;
 Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sag - es from Thee;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
 Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;

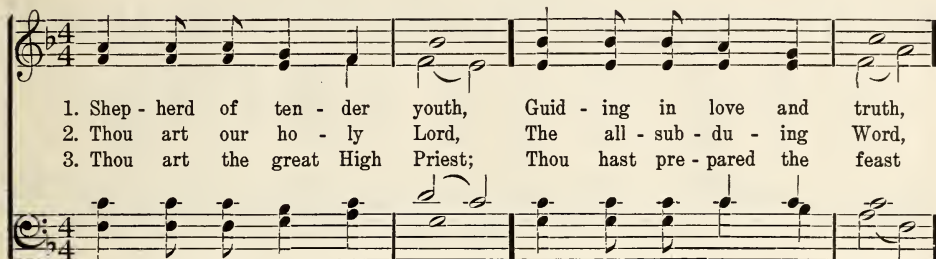


Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. A - men.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

Shepherd of tender youth.

"KIRBY BEDON."

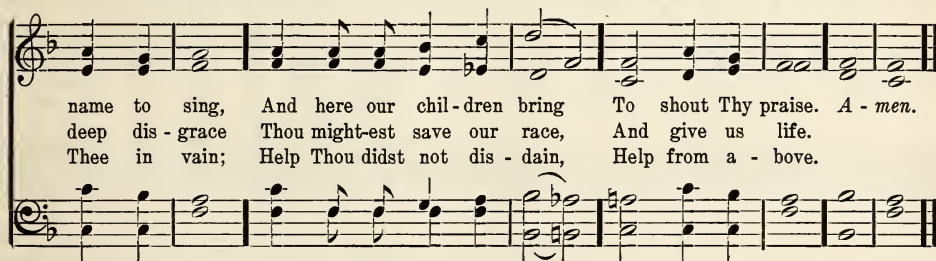
E. BUNNETT, 1837.



1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth,
 2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word,
 3. Thou art the great High Priest; Thou hast pre - pared the feast



Through de - vious ways; Christ our tri - umph - ant King, We come Thy
 Heal - er of strife; Thou didst Thy-self a - base, That from sin's
 Of heav'n - ly love: In all our mor - tal pain None call on



name to sing, And here our chil - dren bring To shout Thy praise. A - men.
 deep dis - grace Thou might-est save our race, And give us life.
 Thee in vain; Help Thou didst not dis - dain, Help from a - bove.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
 Our shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song;
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thy perennial word,
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing;
 Let all the holy throng
 Who to Thy church belong,
 Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King!

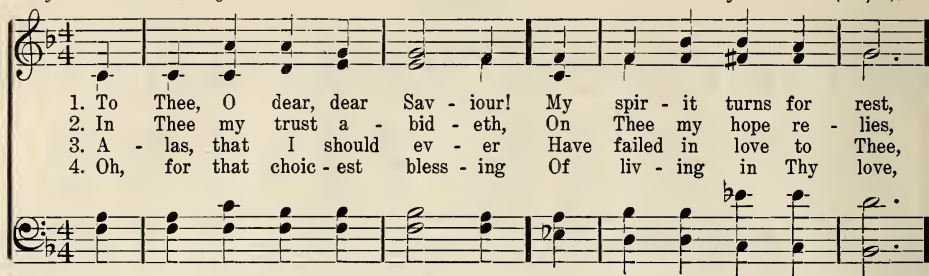
This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church. About 200. Tr. H. M. Dexter, 1846.

To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!


J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

"SAVOY CHAPEL."

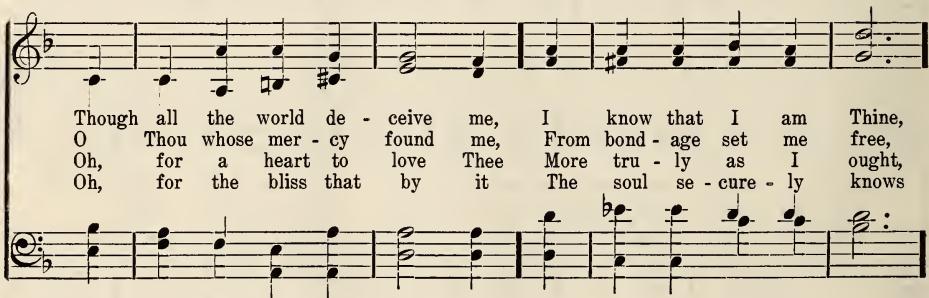
J. B. CALKIN (1827—).



1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My spir - it turns for rest,
 2. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,
 3. A - las, that I should ev - er Have failed in love to Thee,
 4. Oh, for that choic - est bless - ing Of liv - ing in Thy love,



My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;
 O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies;
 The on - ly One who nev - er For - got or slight - ed me!
 And thus on earth pos - sess - ing The peace of heav'n a - bove;



Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,
 O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bond - age set me free,
 Oh, for a heart to love Thee More tru - ly as I ought,
 Oh, for the bliss that by it The soul se - cure - ly knows



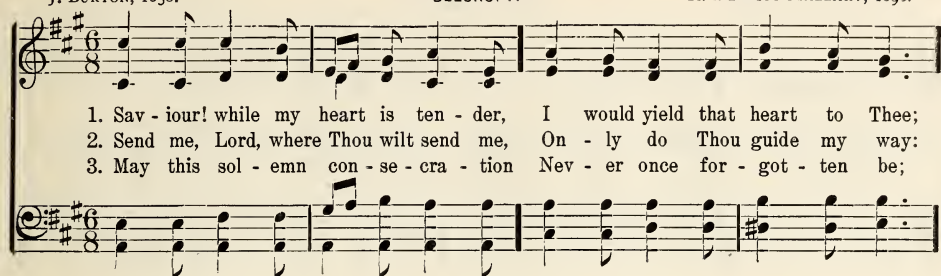
And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - men.
 And then for ev - er bound me With three-fold cords to Thee.
 And noth - ing place a - bove Thee In deed, or word, or thought.
 The ho - ly calm and qui - et Of faith's se - rene re - pose!

Saviour! while my heart is tender.

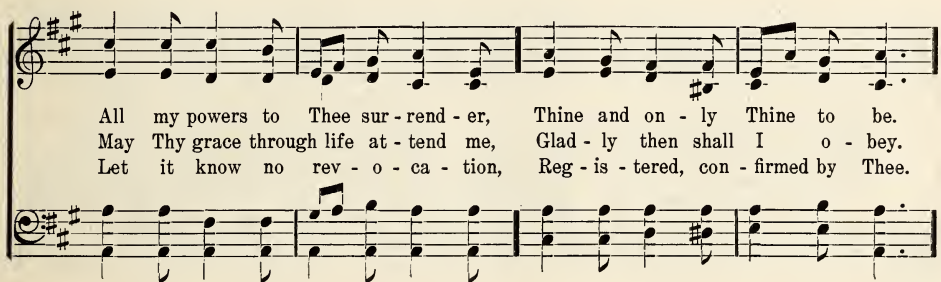
J. BURTON, 1850.

"BEECROFT."

R. DEWITT MALLARY, 1890.



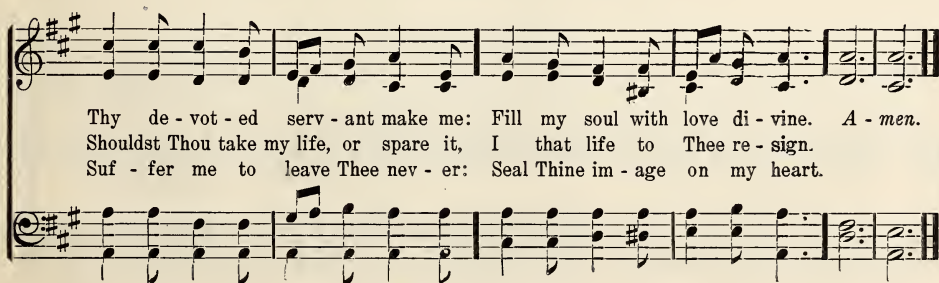
1. Sav - iour! while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee;
 2. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou guide my way:
 3. May this sol - emn con - se - cra - tion Nev - er once for - got - ten be;



All my powers to Thee sur - rend - er, Thine and on - ly Thine to be.
 May Thy grace through life at - tend me, Glad - ly then shall I o - bey.
 Let it know no rev - o - ca - tion, Reg - is - tered, con - firmed by Thee.



Take me now, Lord Je - sus! take me, Let my youth - ful heart be Thine:
 Let me do Thy will, or bear it, I would know no will but Thine;
 Thine I am, O Lord, for ev - er To Thy serv - ice set a - part;



Thy de - vot - ed serv - ant make me: Fill my soul with love di - vine. A - men.
 Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign.
 Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev - er: Seal Thine im - age on my heart.

Rock of ages, cleft for me.

A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

"GETHSEMANE."

R. REDHEAD, 1853.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne;

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die?
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

SECOND TUNE.

"TOPLADY."

T. HASTINGS, 1830.

FINE. D.C.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

Tr E. CASSWALL, 1843.

"ST. AGNES."

J. B. DYKES, 1866.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame Nor can the memory find, A sweeter sound than Thy blest
 3. O hope of ev - ery con-trite heart, O joy of all the meek, To those who fall, how kind Thou

see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - men.
 name, O Sav - iour of man-kind.
 art, How good to those who seek.

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this,
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize shalt be;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

Children of the heavenly King.

J. CENNICK, 1742. Abr.

"PLEYEL'S HYMN."

I. J. PLEYEL, 1790.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 2. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fathers trod: They are hap-py now, and we
 3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi-on's cit - y is in sight: There our endless homes shall be,

Glo-rious in His works and ways. A - men.
 Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

When, His salvation bringing.

J. KING.

"HOMELAND."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1867.

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still,
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name.
 Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill,
 The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him; But, as He rode a - long,
 We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne,
 But should we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

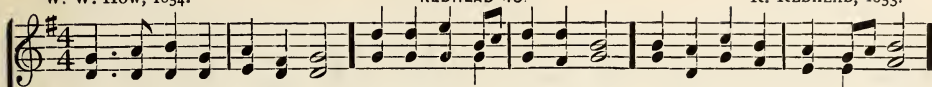
He let them still at - tend Him, And smil'd to hear their song. A - men.
 And raise a loud ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son.
 No, while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, should be the Lord's.

Jesus, name of wondrous love.

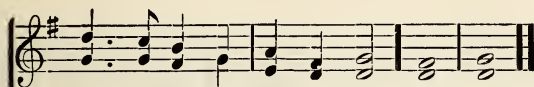
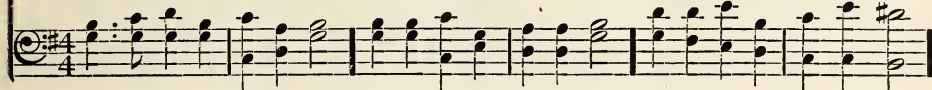
W. W. How, 1854.

"REDHEAD 45."

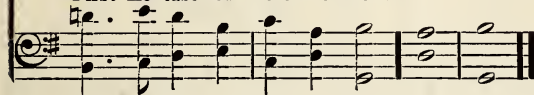
R. REDHEAD, 1853.



1. Je - sus, name of wondrous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove! Unto which must ev - ery knee
2. Je - sus, name decreed of old, To the maid - en moth - er told, Kneeling in her low - ly cell,
3. Je - sus, name of priceless worth To the fall - en sons of earth, For the promise that it gave,
4. Je - sus, name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child, When the cup of hu - man woe



Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.
 By the an - gel Ga - bri - el.
 "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."
 First He tast - ed here be - low.



5 Jesus, only name that's given
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

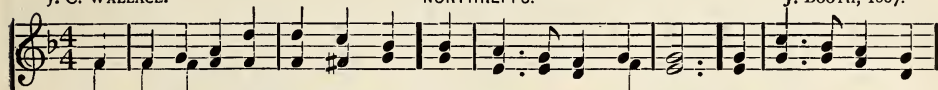
6 Jesus, name of wondrous love,
 Human name of God above:
 Pleading only this we flee,
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

There is an eye that never sleeps.

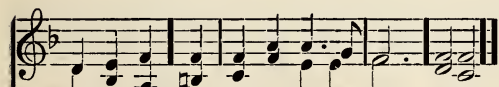
J. C. WALLACE.

"NORTHPREPS."

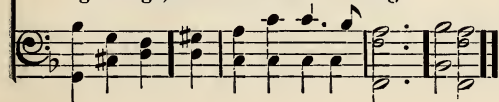
J. BOOTH, 1887.



1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps, Be - neath the wing of night; There is an ear that
2. There is an arm that nev - er tires, When human strength giv's way; There is a love that
3. That eye is fixed on ser - aph throngs; That arm up - holds the sky; That ear is fill'd with



never shuts When sink the beams of light. A - men.
 nev - er fails When earthly loves de - cay.
 angel - songs; That love is thron'd on high.



4 But there's a power which man can wield
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.

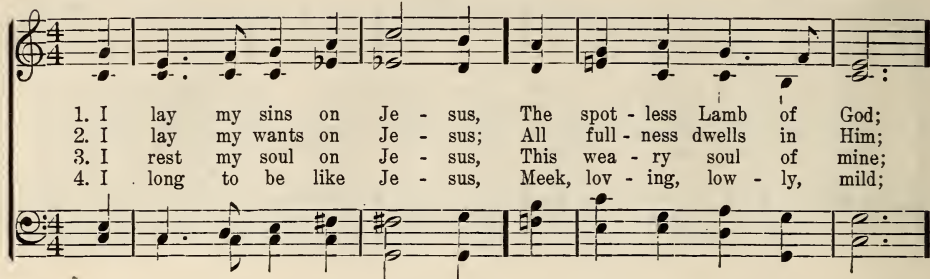
5 That power is prayer, which soars on high
 Through Jesus to the throne,
 And moves the hand which moves the world,
 To bring salvation down.

I lay my sins on Jesus.

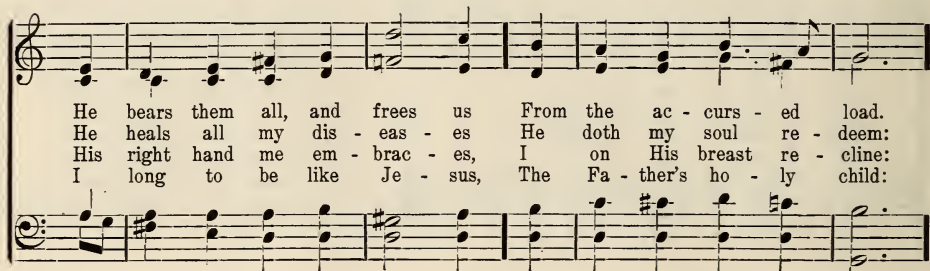
H. BONAR, 1843.

"ELIM." (MOSCOW).

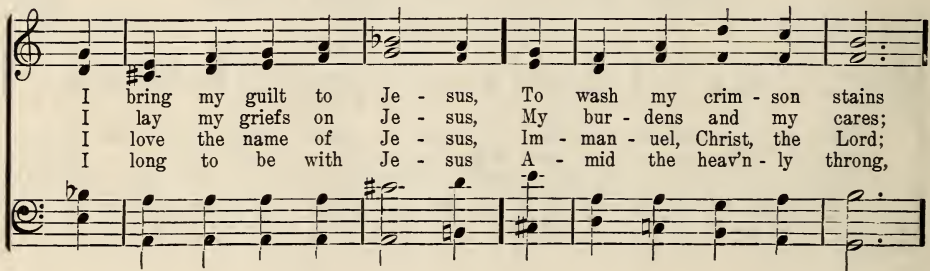
J. B. CALKIN, 1867.



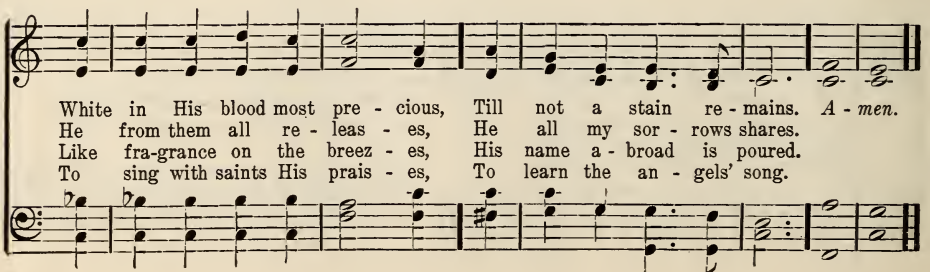
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;
 3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;
 4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
 He heals all my dis - eas - es He doth my soul re - deem:
 His right hand me em - brac - es, I on His breast re - cline:
 I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child:



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
 I love the name of Je - sus, Im - man - uel, Christ, the Lord;
 I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav'n - ly throng,



White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains. A - men.
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
 Like fra-grance on the breez - es, His name a - broad is poured.
 To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

I need Thee, precious Jesus.

F. WHITFIELD, 1855.

"FRANKSCOT."

J. BARNEY, 1883.

1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
 2. I need Thee, bless - ed Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
 3. I need Thee, bless - ed Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee,
 4. I need Thee, bless - ed Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;
 A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.
 A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me.
 En - cir - cled with the rain - bow And seat - ed on Thy throne:

I need the cleans - ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
 I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,
 There, with Thy blood-bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea. A - men.
 To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
 To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.
 To sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Hushed was the evening hymn.

J. D. BURNS, 1856.

"SAMUEL."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark;... The
 2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael, slept;... His
 3. Oh! give me Sam - uel's ear, The o - pen ear, O Lord, ... A -
 4. Oh! give me Sam - uel's heart, A low - ly heart that waits, ... Where
 5. Oh! give me Sam - uel's mind, A sweet un - murmuring faith, ... O -

lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den -
 watch the tem - ple - child, The lit - tle Le - vite, kept; And what from
 live and quick to hear Each whis - per of Thy word, Like him to
 in Thy house Thou art, Or watch - es at Thy gates By day and
 be - dient and re - signed To Thee in life and death, That I may

ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.
 E - li's sense was sealed, The Lord to Han - nah's son re - vealed.
 an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.
 night, a heart that still Moves at the breath - ing of Thy will.
 read with child - like eyes Truths that are hid - den from the wise.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.

J. H. NEWMAN, 1833.

"LUX BENIGNA."

J. B. DYKES (1823—1876).

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom,... Lead Thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou..... Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now.. Lead Thou me on.
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till.. The night is gone;

cres.
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
 I loved the gar - - ish day, and, spite of fears,.....
 And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,.....

The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me..... A - men.
 Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not.... past years...
 Which I have loved long since, and lost... a - while...
dim. *p*

When the weary, seeking rest.

H. BONAR, 1866. Abr.

"INTERCESSION, NEW."

W. W. CALCOTT, 1867.
Last 2 l. fr. MENDELSSOHN, 1846.

1. When the wea-ry, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy - la - den cast
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod-i - gal looks back
3. When the stranger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hungry crav-eth food,
4. When the child, with loving heart, Youth, or maiden fair; When the a - ged, trusting still,

All their load on Thee; When the trou-bled, seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call;
To his Fa-ther's love; When the proud man, from his pride, Stoops to seek Thy face;
And the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave Bows the fer - vent knee;
Seek Thy face in pray'r; When the wid - ow weeps to Thee, Sad and lone and low;

When the sin - ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:..... Hear then in
When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace:..... Hear then in
When the sol-dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee:..... Hear then in
When the or - phan brings to Thee All his or - phan woe:..... Hear then in

love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing - place on high. A-men.

Go when the morning shineth.

J. C. SIMPSON, 1831.

"CRATHIE."

J. F. BRIDGE, 1895.

1. Go when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go when the moon is bright,
 2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;
 3. But if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray;
 4. O, not a joy or bless - ing With this can we com - pare,

Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night:
 Pray too for those that hate thee, If a - ny such there be;
 Should ho - ly thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way;
 The pow'r that He hath giv'n us To pour our souls in pray'r.

Go with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling earth - ly thoughts a - way,
 Then for thy - self in meek - ness A bless - ing hum - bly claim,
 E'en then the si - lent breath - ing Of thy spir - it raised a - bove
 When - e'er thou pin'st in sad - ness, Be - fore His foot - stool fall;

And in thy cham - ber, kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray. A - men.
 And link with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re - deem - er's Name.
 Shall reach His throne of glo - ry, Of mer - cy, truth, and love.
 Re - mem - ber in thy glad - ness His love Who gave thee all.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all.

H. COLLINS, 1854.

"ADORE."

J. BARNEY, 1872.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,
 2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought: How can I love Thee
 3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me, That Thou hast dealt so
 4. Je - sus, of Thee shall be my song, To Thee my heart and

when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place
 as I ought? And how ex - tol Thy match - less fame,
 lov - ing - ly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 soul be - long: All that I have or am is Thine,

Slower.
 Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - sus, my Lord, I
 The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name? Je - sus, my Lord, I
 So far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought. Je - sus, my Lord, I
 And Thou, blest Sav - iour, Thou art mine. Je - sus, my Lord, I

Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord!

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1862.

"MONSELL."

J. BARNBY, 1866.

1. Sweet is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be - fore Thy mer-cy - seat My soul, a-dor-ing, pleads Thy word,
 2. My need, and Thy de-sires, Are all in Christ complete; Thou hast the jus-tice truth requires
 3. Where'er Thy name is blest, Where'er Thy peo-ple meet, There I de-light in Thee to rest,

And owns Thy mer - cy sweet. A - men.
 And I Thy mer - cy sweet.
 And find Thy mer - cy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
 Lead Thou my weary feet,
 That while I stay on earth I may
 Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
 Hear all my songs repeat,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Searcher of hearts, from mine erase.

G. P. MORRIS, 1838.

"GRATITUDE."

J. B. DYKES, 1875.

1. Searcher of hearts, from mine e - raise All thoughts that should not be,
 2. Hear - er of pray'r, O guide a - right Each word and deed of mine;
 3. Giv - er of all - for ev - ery good In the Re - deem - er came—
 4. Fa - ther, and Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Thou glo - rious Three in One.

And in its deep re - cess - es trace My grat - i - tude to Thee. A - men.
 Life's bat-tle teach me how to fight, And be the vic - t'ry Thine.
 For rai-ment, shel - ter, and for food, I thank Thee in His Name.
 Thou knowest best what I need most, And let Thy will be done.

Love divine, all loves excelling.

C. WESLEY, 1746.

"LOVE DIVINE."

G. F. LE JEUNE, 1872.

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
 2. Breathe, oh breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast;
 3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er! Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
 4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest;
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave.
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee,

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove;
 Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A - men.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

The King of love my Shepherd is.

H. W. BAKER, 1868. Abr.

"DOMINUS REGIT ME."

J. B. DYKES, 1868.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
 2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-som'd soul He lead-eth.
 3. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
 5. And so through all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev-er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er. A-men.
 And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-lestial feed-eth.
 And on His shoul-der gen-tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
 Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
 Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for ev-er.

SECOND TUNE.

C. WESLEY, 1746.

"BEECHER."

J. ZUNDEL, 1870.

1. Love di-vine, all loves excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,

ALL THY FAITHFUL MERCIES CROWN. JESUS, THOU ART ALL COMPASSION, PURE, UNBOUNDED LOVE THOU ART; A-MEN.
 Enter every trembling heart.

Sometimes a light surprises.

W. COWPER, 1779.

"BENTLEY."

J. HULLAH, 1867.

1. Some - times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue
 3. It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through;
 4. Though vine, nor fig - tree nei - ther, Their wont - ed fruit shall bear,

It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings,
 The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;
 Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple too;
 Though all the field should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;

When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
 Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
 Be - neath the spread - ing heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice,

A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain. A - men.
 E'en let th' un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
 And He who feeds the ra - vens, Will give His chil - dren bread.
 For, while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice.

Dear Jesus, ever at my side.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

"AUDIENTES."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1875

Voices in unison.

Organ.

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be
 2. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand With press - ure light and mild,
 3. And when, dear Sav - iour, I kneel down, Morn - ing and night, to pray'r,

To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me!
 To check me, as my moth - er did When I was but a child.
 Some-thing there is with - in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.

Voices in harmony.

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;
 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts Fight - ing with sin for me;
 Yes, when I pray, Thou pray - est too; Thy prayer is all for me:

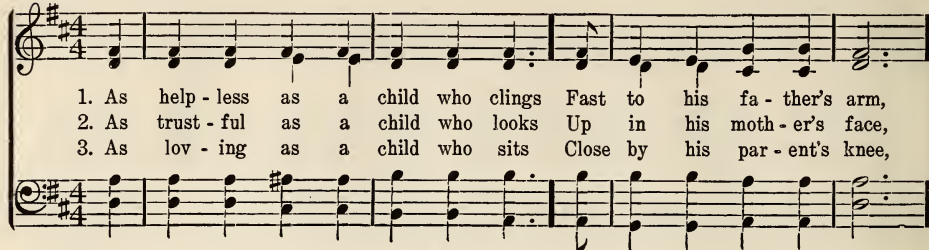
The sweet - ness of Thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear. A - men.
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet - ness is from Thee.
 But when I sleep, Thou sleep - est not, But watch - est pa - tient - ly.

As helpless as a child who clings.

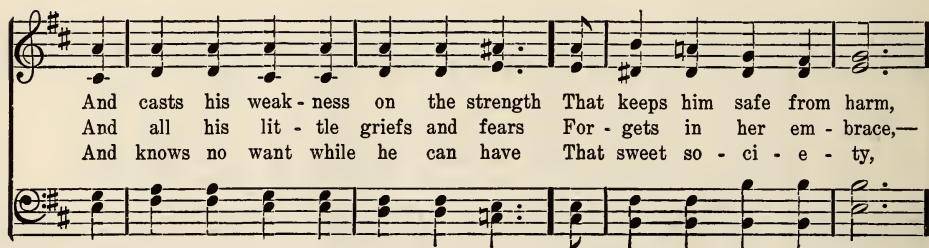
J. D. BURNS, 1856.

"FATHERHOOD."

J. B. CALKIN (1827—).



1. As help - less as a child who clings Fast to his fa - ther's arm,
 2. As trust - ful as a child who looks Up in his moth - er's face,
 3. As lov - ing as a child who sits Close by his par - ent's knee,



And casts his weak - ness on the strength That keeps him safe from harm,
 And all his lit - tle griefs and fears For - gets in her em - brace,—
 And knows no want while he can have That sweet so - ci - e - ty,



So I, my Fa - ther, cling to Thee, And thus I ev - ery hour
 So I to Thee, my Sav - iour, look, And in Thy face di - vine,
 So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would all its love out - pour,



Would link my earth - ly fee - ble - ness To Thine Al - might - y pow'r. A - men.
 Can read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.
 And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more.

I've found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL, 1886.

"CONSTANCE."

A. S. SULLIVAN (1842—).

1. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him!
 2. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
 3. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him:
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er.

And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which nought can sev - er,
 Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
 From Him, Who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er. A - men.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell? No! I am His for - ev - er.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind.

J. G. WHITTIER, 1872.

"ELTON."

F. C. MAKER (1844—).

1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our fe-v'rish ways; Re-clothe us in our
 2. In sim-ple trust like theirs who heard, Be-side the Sy-rian sea, The gra-cious call-ing
 3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i-lee! O calm of hills a-bove! Where Je-sus knelt to

right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise. *A-men.*
 of the Lord, Let us, like them, with-out a word, Rise up and fol-low Thee.
 share with thee The si-lence of e-ter-ni-ty, In-ter-pret-ed by love.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
 Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm!

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1755.

"CHRISTMAS."

Arr. fr. G. F. HÄNDEL, 1728.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on;... A
 2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur-vey;.. For-
 3. 'Tis God's all an-i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis
 4. That prize with peer-less glo-ries bright, Which shall new lus-tre boast, When
 5. Blest Sav-iour, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun;.. And,

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.—*Concluded.*

heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. *A-men.*
 get the steps al-read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
 His own hand presents the prize To thine up-lift-ed eye, To thine up-lift-ed eye:
 victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust, Shall blend in com-mon dust.
 crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

Rejoice, ye pure in heart.

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E. H. PLUMPTRE, 1865. Abr.

"MARION."

A. H. MESSITER, 1883.

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing; Your fes-tal ban-ner wave on high,
 2. Bright youth and snow-crown'd age, Strong men and maidens meek, Raise high your free, exulting song,
 3. With voice as full and strong As o-cean's surging praise, Send forth the hymns our fathers lov'd,
 4. Yes on, thro' life's long path, Still chanting as ye go; From youth to age, by night and day,

Refrain.

The cross of Christ your King.
 God's wondrous praises speak.
 The psalms of an-cient days.
 In glad-ness and in woe.

Re-joyce, re-joyce, Rejoice, give thanks and sing. *A - men.*

Re-joyce, re-joyce,

5 Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array,
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.

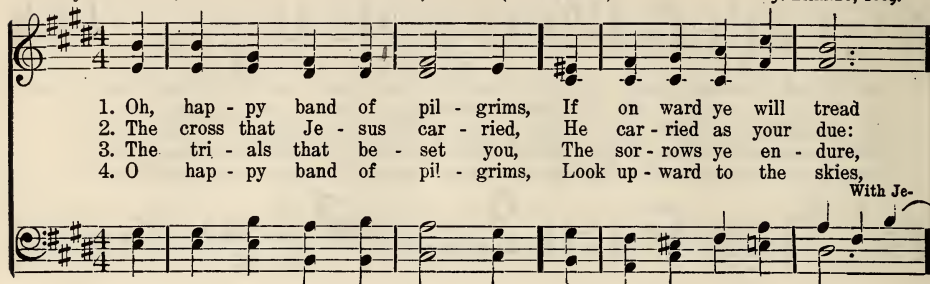
6 At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest.

Oh, happy band of pilgrims.

Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

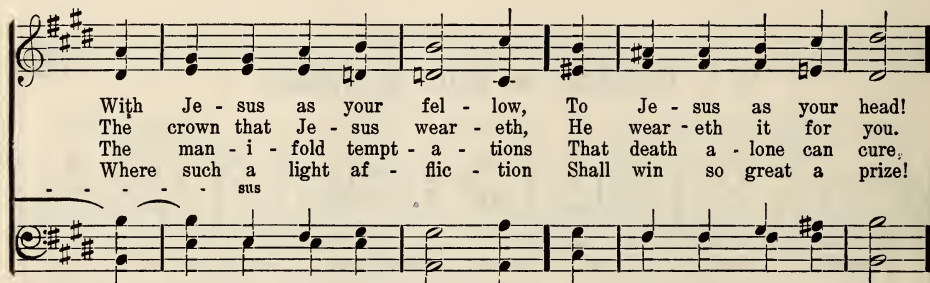
"GLADNESS, No. 1." (ST. ANSELM.)

J. BARNEY, 1869.



1. Oh, hap - py band of pil - grims, If on ward ye will tread
 2. The cross that Je - sus car - ried, He car - ried as your due:
 3. The tri - als that be - set you, The sor - rows ye en - dure,
 4. O hap - py band of pil - grims, Look up - ward to the skies,

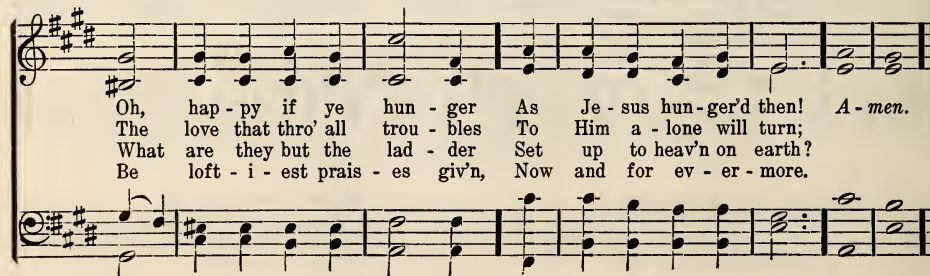
With Je-



With Je - sus as your fel - low, To Je - sus as your head!
 The crown that Je - sus wear - eth, He wear - eth it for you.
 The man - i - fold tempt - a - tions That death a - lone can cure,
 Where such a light af - flic - tion Shall win so great a prize!



Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!
 The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn,
 What are they but His jew - els, Of right ce - les - tial worth?
 To Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, The God whom we a - dore,



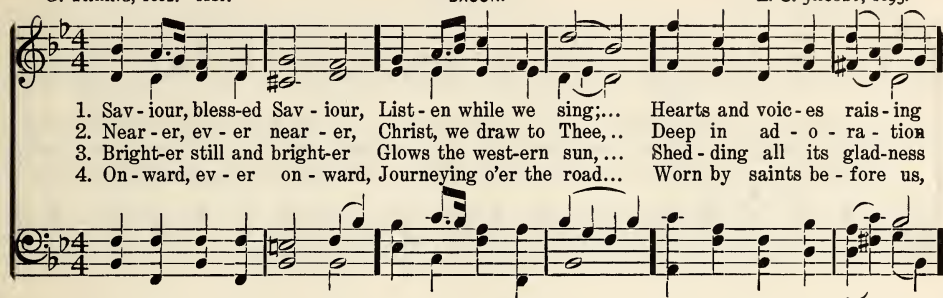
Oh, hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hun - ger'd then! A - men.
 The love that thro' all trou - bles To Him a - lone will turn;
 What are they but the lad - der Set up to heav'n on earth?
 Be loft - i - est prais - es giv'n, Now and for ev - er - more.

Saviour, blessed Saviour.

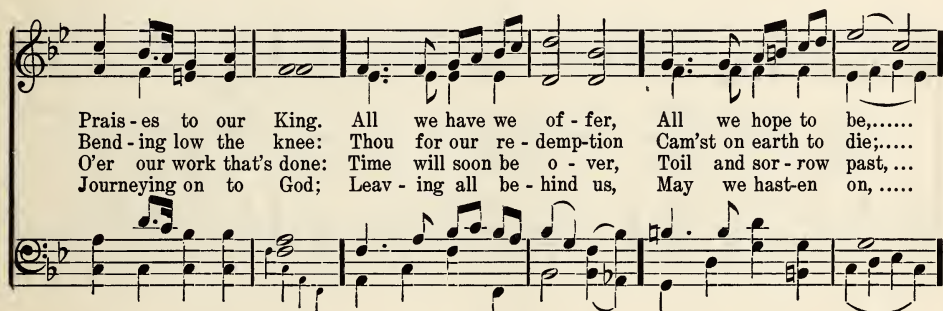
G. THRING, 1862. Abr.

"BACON."

L. C. JACOBY, 1895.

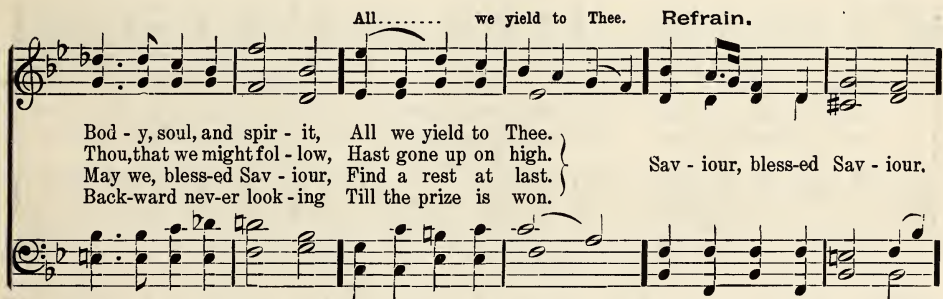


1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing;... Hearts and voic-es rais-ing
 2. Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to Thee, .. Deep in ad-o-ra-tion
 3. Bright-er still and bright-er Glows the west-ern sun, ... Shed-ding all its glad-ness
 4. On-ward, ev-er on-ward, Journeying o'er the road... Worn by saints be-fore us,



Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be,.....
 Bend-ing low the knee: Thou for our re-demption Cam'st on earth to die;.....
 O'er our work that's done: Time will soon be o-ver, Toil and sor-row past, ...
 Journeying on to God; Leav-ing all be-hind us, May we hast-en on,

All..... we yield to Thee. Refrain.



Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. } Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour.
 Thou, that we might fol-low, Hast gone up on high. }
 May we, bless-ed Sav-iour, Find a rest at last. }
 Back-ward nev-er look-ing Till the prize is won.



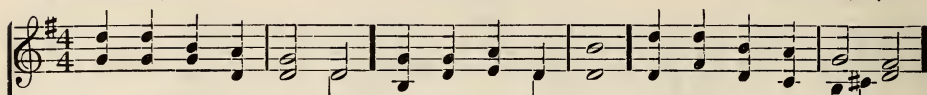
List-en while we sing; Hearts and voic-es rais-ing Prais-es to our King. A-men.

Forward! be our watchword.

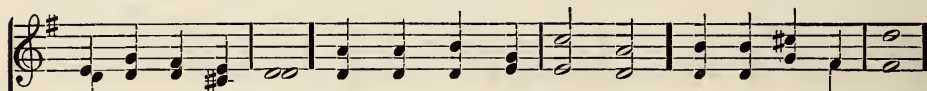
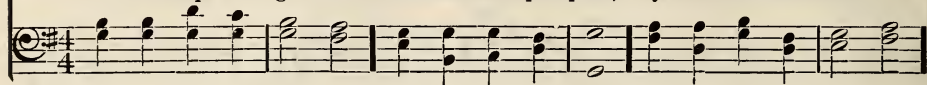
H. ALFORD, 1871. Abr.

"WATCHWORD."

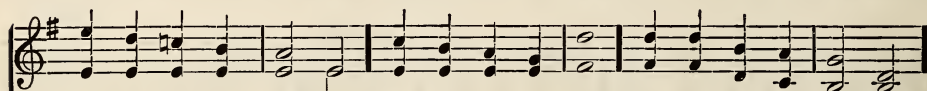
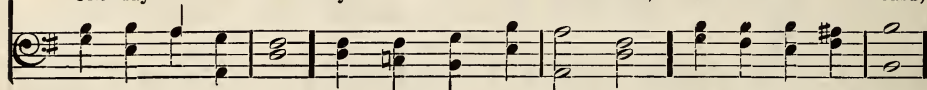
H. SMART, 1872.



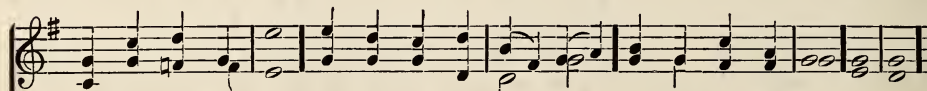
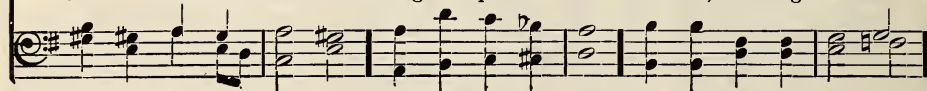
Part I. 1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voic-es join'd; Seek the things be - fore us,
 2. Forward, when in child-hood Buds the in-fant mind; All thro' youth and man-hood,
 3. Glo-ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God pre-par'd, By the souls that love Him



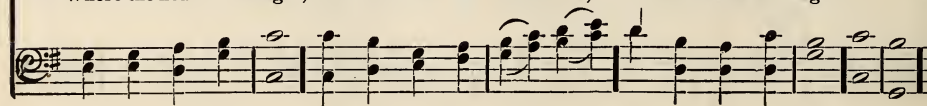
Not a look be - hind. Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
 Not a thought be - hind: Speed thro' realms of na - ture, Climb the steps of grace;
 One day to be shar'd: Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard;



Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des - ert,
 Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Fa-ther's face. For-ward, all the life - time,
 Nor of these have ut - ter'd Thought or speech a word. For-ward, marching east - ward



Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be - fore us; Zi - on beams with light. A - men.
 Climb from height to height, Till the head be hoar - y, Till the eve be light.
 Where the heav'n is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight.

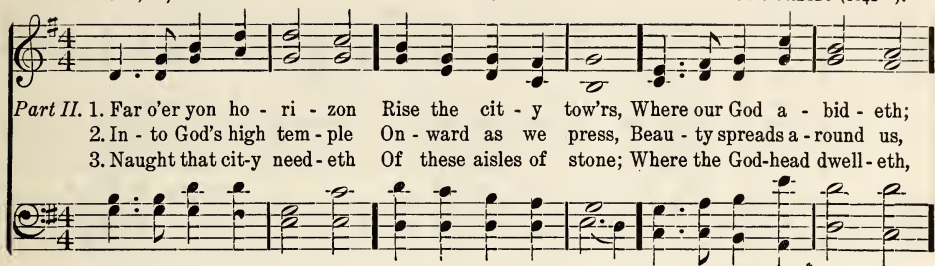


Far o'er yon horizon.

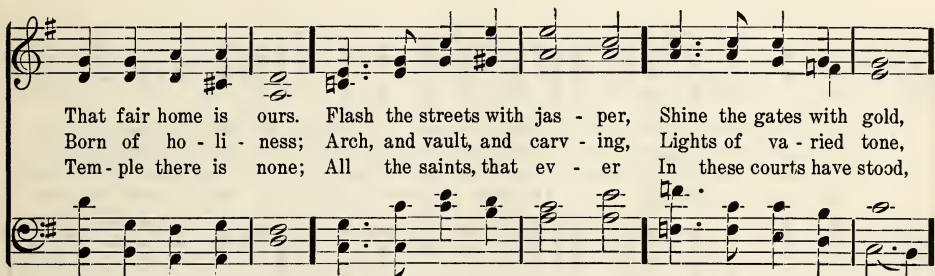
H. ALFORD, 1871. Abr.

"BONIFACE."

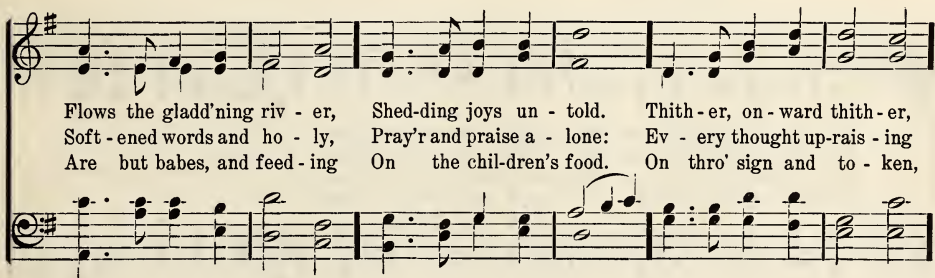
H. R. GADSBY (1842—).



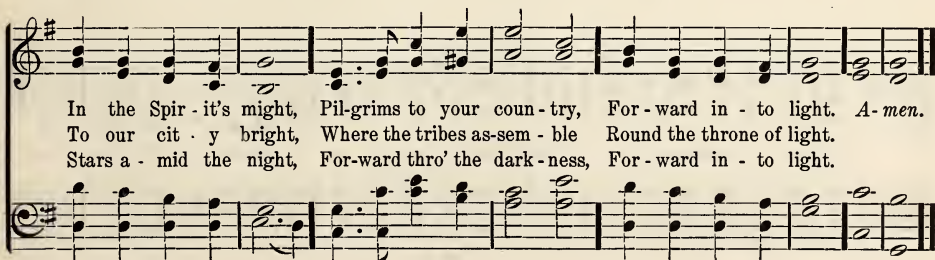
Part II. 1. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a - bid - eth;
 2. In - to God's high tem - ple On - ward as we press, Beau - tyspreads a - round us,
 3. Naught that cit-y need - eth Of these aisles of stone; Where the God-head dwell - eth,



That fair home is ours. Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold,
 Born of ho - li - ness; Arch, and vault, and carv - ing, Lights of va - ried tone,
 Tem - ple there is none; All the saints, that ev - er In these courts have stood,



Flows the gladd'ning riv - er, Shed-ding joys un - told. Thith - er, on - ward thith - er,
 Soft - ened words and ho - ly, Pray'r and praise a - lone: Ev - ery thought up-rai - sing
 Are but babes, and feed - ing On the chil-dren's food. On thro' sign and to - ken,



In the Spir - it's might, Pil-grims to your coun - try, For - ward in - to light. A - men.
 To our cit - y bright, Where the tribes as - sem - ble Round the throne of light.
 Stars a - mid the night, For - ward thro' the dark - ness, For - ward in - to light.

I love to tell the story.

K. HANKEY, 1870.

"HANKEY."

W. G. FISCHER, 1869.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true;
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have never heard
 To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song.

Refrain.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry,
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

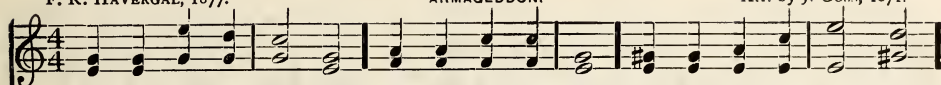
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.

Who is on the Lord's side?

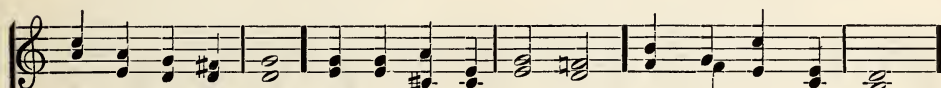
F. R. HAVERGAL, 1877.

"ARMAGEDDON."

Arr. by J. Goss, 1871.

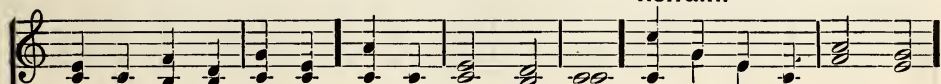


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palms, En - ter we the ar - my,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood,
 4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my

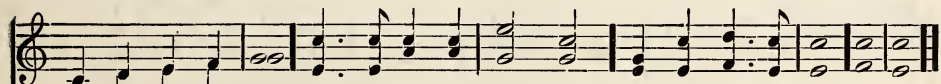


Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war - rior psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee;
 None can o - ver - throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - tory is se - cure;

Refrain.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing



By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine. A - men.

Courage, brother! do not stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD, 1857.

"TRUSTING."

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Cour - age, broth - er! do not stum - ble, Though thy path be
2. Per - ish pol - i - cy and eun - ning, Per - ish all that

dark as night; There's a star to guide the hum - ble:
fears the light! Wheth - er los - ing, wheth - er win - ning,

'Trust in God, and do the right.' Let the road be rough and drear - y,
Trust in God, and do the right. Trust no par - ty, sect, or fac - tion;

And its end far out of sight, Foot it brave - ly; strong or wea - ry,
Trust no lead - ers in the fight; But in ev - ery word or ac - tion

Courage, brother! do not stumble.—*Concluded.*



3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
 Friends may look like angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee:
 Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble:
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

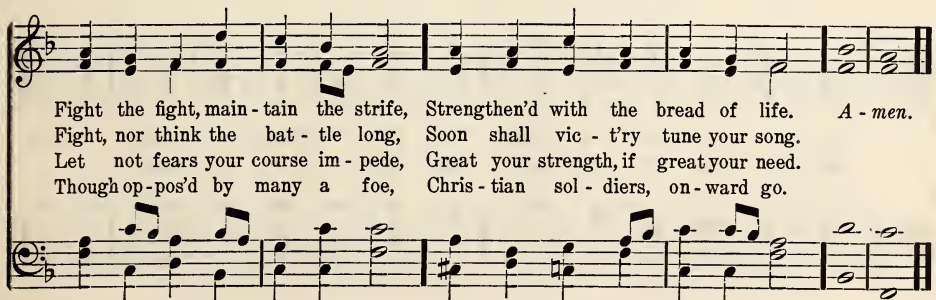
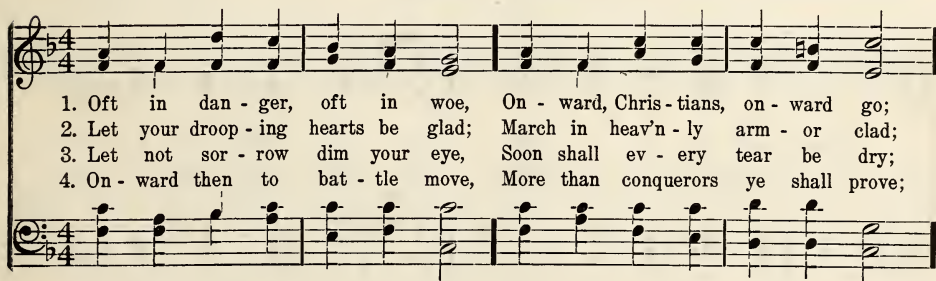
Oft in danger, oft in woe.

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H. K. WHITE, 1806.

"UNIVERSITY COLLEGE."

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.



There is a blessed home.

H. W. BAKER, 1861.

"BLESSED HOME."

J. STAINER, 1875.

1. There is a bless - ed home..... Be - yond this land of woe,
2. There is a land of peace..... Good an - gels know it well;

Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Glad songs that nev - er cease With - in its por - tals swell;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,
A round its glo - rious throne Ten thou - sand saints a - dore

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A - men.
Christ, with the Fa - ther One, And Spir - it, ev - er - more.

There is a blessed home.—*Concluded.*

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

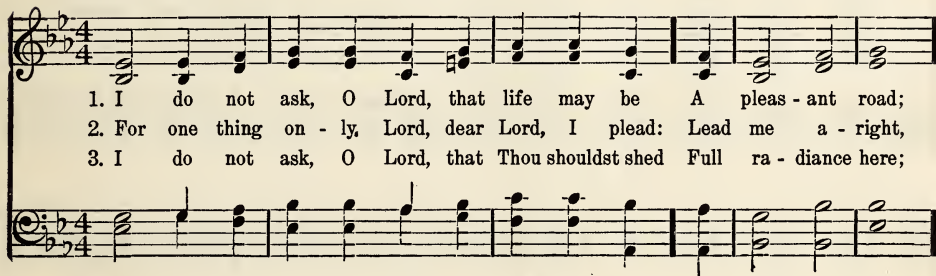
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be.

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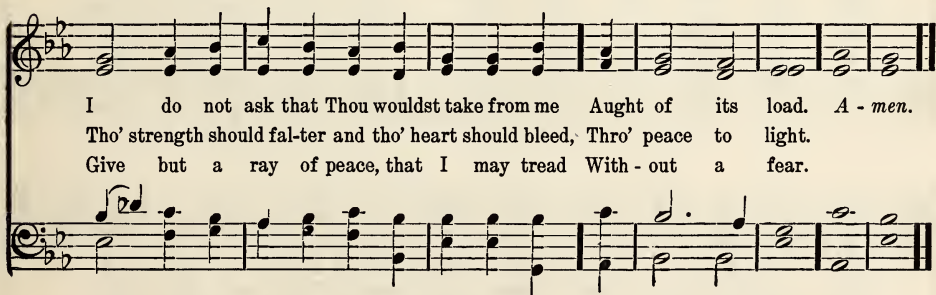
A. A. PROCTER, 1862.

"SUBMISSION, No. 2."

A. L. PEACE, 1889.



1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;
2. For one thing on - ly, Lord, dear Lord, I plead: Lead me a - right,
3. I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed Full ra - diance here;



I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load. A - men.
Tho' strength should fal-ter and tho' heart should bleed, Thro' peace to light.
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread With - out a fear.

4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

5 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

In the hour of trial.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1834.

"MARY MAGDALENE."

J. B. DYKES, 1862.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me,
 2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;
 Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;
 When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;

When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
 Bring to my re mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;
 On Thy truth re ly - ing, Through that mor - tal strife,

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.
 Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross-crown'd Cal - va - ry.
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

(Or to PENITENCE, opposite.)

Purer yet and purer.

J. W. VON GOETHE, 1858.

"PENITENCE."

S. LANE, 1873.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
 2. Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain,
 3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night,
 4. Swift - er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run,

Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - ery du - ty find;...
 Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;..
 Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light,—
 Firm - er yet and firm - er Step as I go on....

Hop - ing still, and trust - ing God with - out a fear,...
 Suf - f'ring still and do - ing, To His will re - sign'd..
 Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,...
 Oft these earn - est long - ings Swell with - in my breast;

rall.
 Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A - men.
 And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
 Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.
 Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex - press'd.

Jesus, lover of my soul.

C. WESLEY, 1740.

"HOLLINGSIDE."

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find:
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!

(Or to ST. FABIAN, opposite.)

God of mercy, throned on high.

HENRY NEALE, Pub. 1829.

"ST. FABIAN."

J. BARNEY, 1866.

1. God of mer - cy, thron'd on high, List - en from Thy loft - y seat;
 2. Je - su, Lov - er of the young, Cleanse us with Thy blood di - vine;
 3. Let us ev - er hear Thy voice, Ask Thy coun - sel ev - ery day;

Hear, O hear our fee - ble cry; Guide, O guide our wan - d'ring feet.
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong, Save us, Lord, and keep us Thine.
 Saints and an - gels will re - joice, If we walk in wis - dom's way.

Young and err - ing trav - lers, we All our dan - gers do not know;
 When per - plex'd in dan - ger's snare, Thou a - lone our Guide canst be;
 Sav - iour, give us faith, and pour Hope and love on ev - ery soul!

Scarce - ly fear the storm - y sea, Hard - ly feel the temp - est blow. A - men.
 When op - press'd with woe and care, Whom have we to trust but Thee?
 Hope, till time shall be no more! Love, while end - less a - ges roll!

My God, I thank Thee.

A. A. PROCTER, 1838. Abr.

"WENTWORTH."

F. C. MAKER, 1876.

1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splen-dor and of joy,
 2. I thank Thee too that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound; So ma - ny gen-tle thoughts and deeds
 3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store; We have e-nough, yet not too much
 4. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though amply blest, Can nev - er find, al-though they seek,

Beau - ty and light; So ma - ny glo-rious things are here, No - ble and right. A-men.
 Cir - cling us round, That in the dark-est spot of earth Some love is found.
 To long for more: A yearn-ing for a deep-er peace, Not known be - fore.
 A per - fect rest; Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast.

Lead us, heavenly Father.

J. EDMESTON, 1821.

"FARMER."

H. FARMER, 1893.

1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes-tuous sea;
 2. Sav - iour, breathe for - give-ness o'er us; All our weak - ness Thou dost know;
 3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with heav'n-ly joy;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
 Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us; Thou didst feel its keen - est woe;
 Love with ev - ery pas - sion blend - ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy:

Lead us, heavenly Father.—*Concluded.*

Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.
 Lone and drear - y, Faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go.
 Thus pro - vid - ed, Par - doned, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

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E. HOPPER, 1871.

"PILOT."

J. E. GOULD, 1871.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll... Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Bois - trous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
 'Twill twist me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - men.
 Won - drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

G. DUFFIELD, 1858.

"WEBB."

G. J. WEBB, 1830.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
 4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day;
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r,
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!

Go forward, Christian soldier.

L. TUTTIETT, 1861.

"BERTHOLD."

B. TOURS, 1872.

1. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true;
 2. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe;
 3. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace - ful rest,
 4. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Fear not the gath - 'ring night;

The Lord Him - self, thy lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
 Far more o'er thee are watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know.
 Till Sa - tan's host is van - quished And heav'n is all pos - sessed;
 The Lord has been thy shel - ter; The Lord will be thy light.

His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need;
 Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;
 Till Christ him - self shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by,
 When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past:

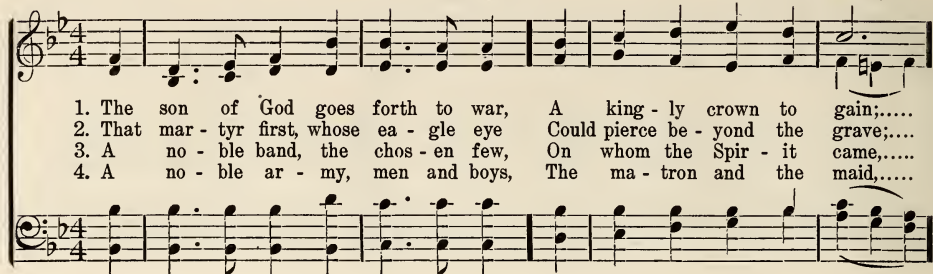
He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed. A - men.
 Heed not the treach'rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
 And wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
 Oh, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last!

The Son of God goes forth to war.

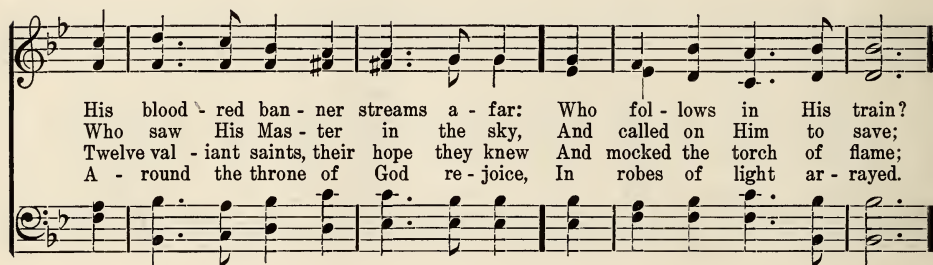
R. HEBER, 1827.

"ALL SAINTS."

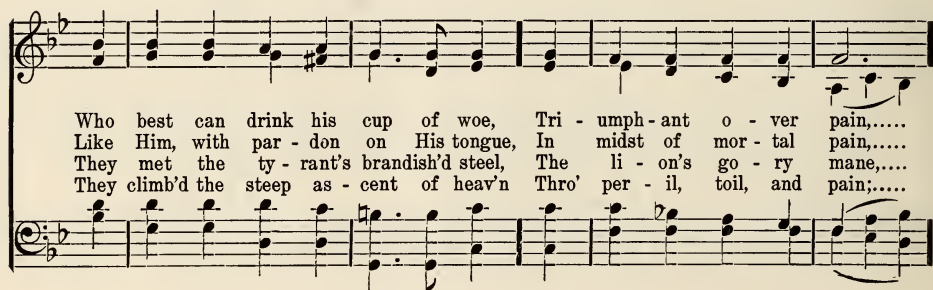
H. S. CUTLER, 1872.



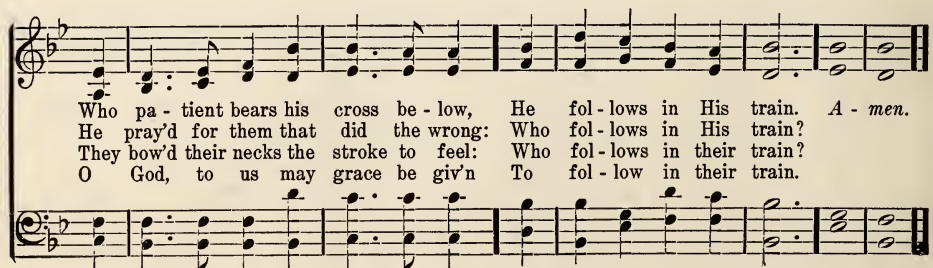
1. The son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;....
 2. That mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;....
 3. A no - ble band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came,....
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,....



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw His Mas - ter on the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the torch of flame;
 A - round the throne of God re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,....
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,....
 They met the ty - rant's brandish'd steel, The li - on's go - ry mane,....
 They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain;....



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

Onward, Christian soldiers.

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S. BARING-GOULD, 1865.

"ST. GERTRUDE."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1871.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread-ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng! Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
 In the tri - umph song! Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

Refrain.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail. } On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.
 war, With the cross of
 With the cross of

Christian, dost thou see them.

Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

"ST. ANDREW OF CRETE."

J. B. DYKES (1823—1876).

1. Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
 2. Chris - tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?...
 3. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O my serv - ant true;...

How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
 "Al - ways fast and vig - il? Al - ways watch and pray'r?"
 Thou art ver - y wea - ry, I was wea - ry too;

Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
 Chris - tian, an - swer bold - ly: "While I breathe I pray:"
 But that toil shall make thee Some day all Mine own,

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A - men.
 Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
 And the end of sor - row Shall be near My throne."

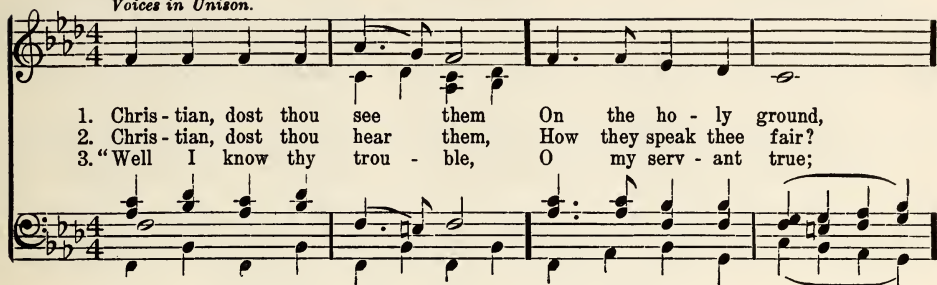
SECOND TUNE.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, 700.
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

"HOLY WAR."

J. BOOTH (1852—).

Voices in Unison.



1. Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
2. Chris - tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
3. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O my serv - ant true;



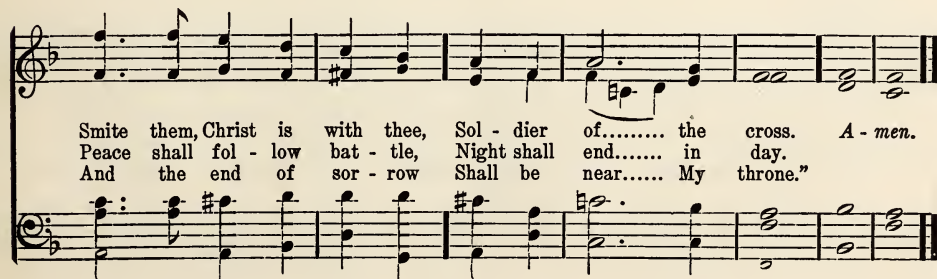
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
"Al - ways fast and vig - il? Al - ways watch and pray'r?"
Thou art ver - y wea - ry, I was wea - ry too;

Harmony.



f
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Chris - tian, an - swer bold - ly: "While I breath and pray:"
But that toil shall make thee Some day all Mine own,

Organ Ped.



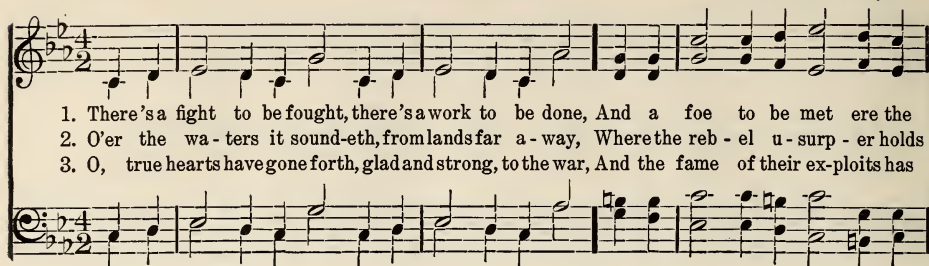
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of..... the cross. A - men.
Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end..... in day.
And the end of sor - row Shall be near..... My throne."

There's a fight to be fought.

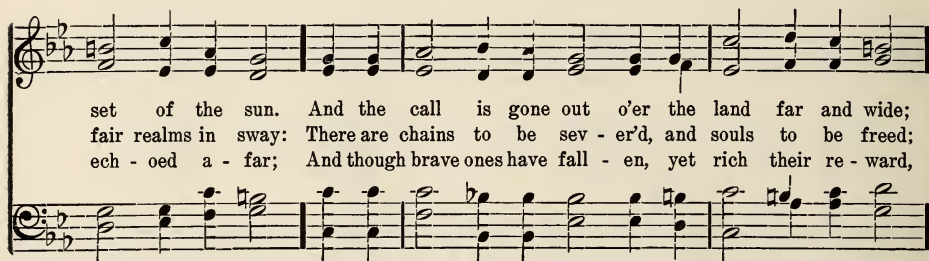
SARAH G. STOCK, 1883.

"WATCHWORD."

A. L. PEACE, 1890.



1. There's a fight to be fought, there's a work to be done, And a foe to be met ere the
 2. O'er the wa-ters it sound-eth, from lands far a-way, Where the reb-el u-surp-er holds
 3. O, true hearts have gone forth, glad and strong, to the war, And the fame of their ex-ploits has

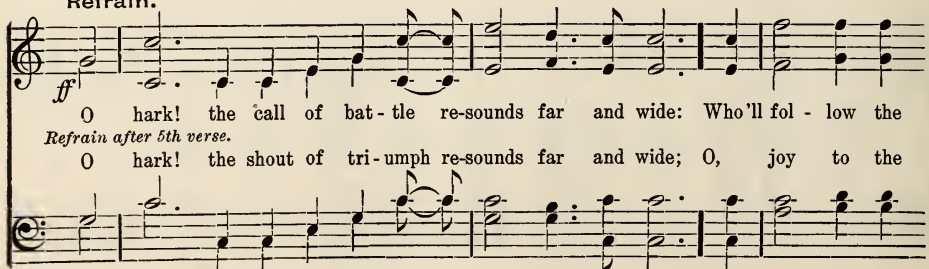


set of the sun. And the call is gone out o'er the land far and wide;
 fair realms in sway: There are chains to be sev-er'd, and souls to be freed;
 ech-oed a-far; And though brave ones have fall-en, yet rich their re-ward,

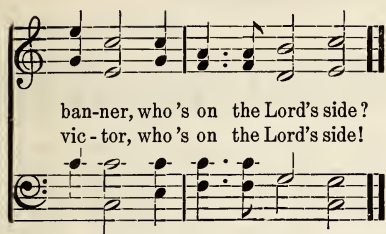


Who'll fol-low the ban-ner, who's on the Lord's side?
 Our Cap-tain is call-ing, Him - - - self takes the lead.
 Who dies is crown'd vic-tor by (Omit.....) Je-sus our Lord.

Refrain.



O hark! the call of bat-tle re-sounds far and wide: Who'll fol-low the
Refrain after 5th verse.
 O hark! the shout of tri-umph re-sounds far and wide; O, joy to the

There's a fight to be fought.—*Concluded.*

- 4 'Tis not each one is called in the front rank to fight,
And there's room for us all though our strength may be slight,
And the weakest and poorest some succor may bring,
If only he follows the flag of his King.—REF.
- 5 When the warfare is finished, the long struggle o'er,
And the name of our Master all nations adore,
Then the glad shout of triumph shall ring far and wide;
O, joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!—REF.

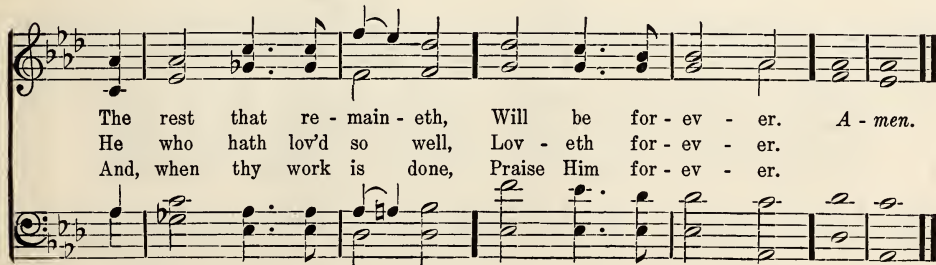
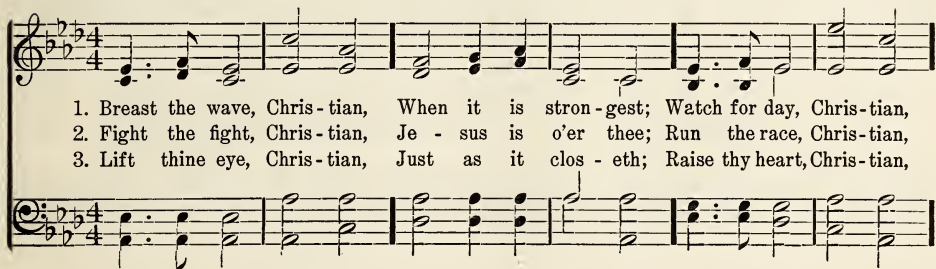
Breast the wave, Christian.

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J. STAMMERS, 1830.

"ONWARD."

W. C. FILBY (1836—).

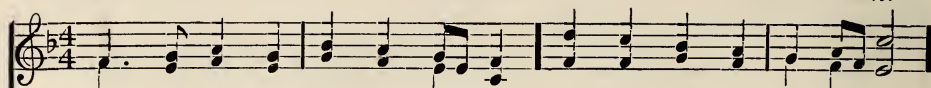


Glorious things of thee are spoken.

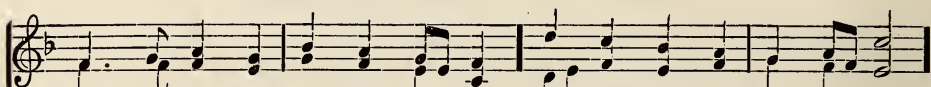
J. NEWTON, 1779.

"AUSTRIA."


F. J. HAYDN, 1797.




1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - it - a - tion hov -'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
 4. Blest in - hab - it - ants of Zi - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem-er's blood!



He whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move.
 For a glo - ry and a cov -'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near;
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day,
 'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings:



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - men.
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.
 And as priests, His sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - f'ring brings.

The Church's one foundation.

S. J. STONE, 1866.

"AURELIA."

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ our Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace, that we,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

For all the saints who from their labors rest.

W. W. How, 1864.

"SARUM."

J. BARNEY, 1869.

1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their rock, their fort - ress and their might: Thou, Lord, their
 3. Oh, may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
 4. Oh, blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine! We fee - bly

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus
 cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with them, the
 strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in

be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
 drear, their light of light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 vic - tors' crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

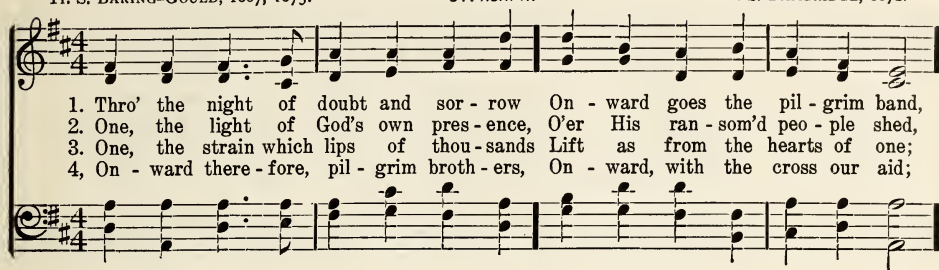
Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

B. S. INGEMAN, 1825.

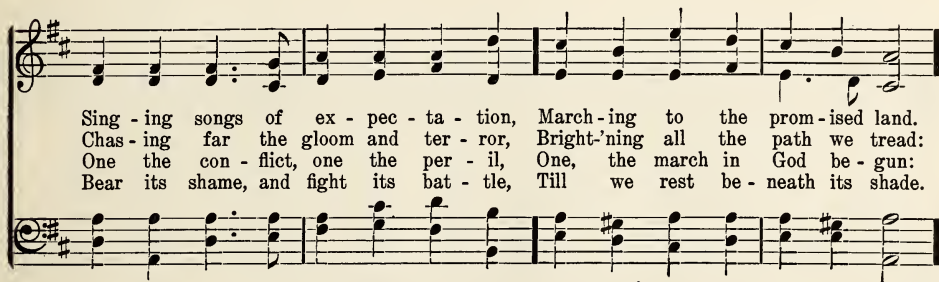
Tr. S. BARING-GOULD, 1867, 1875.

"ST. ASAPH."

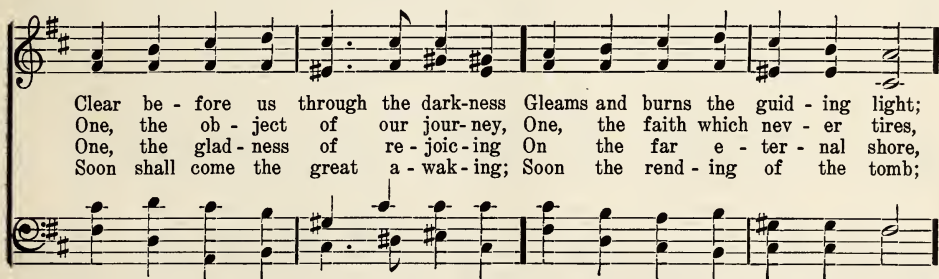
W. S. BAMBRIDGE, 1872.



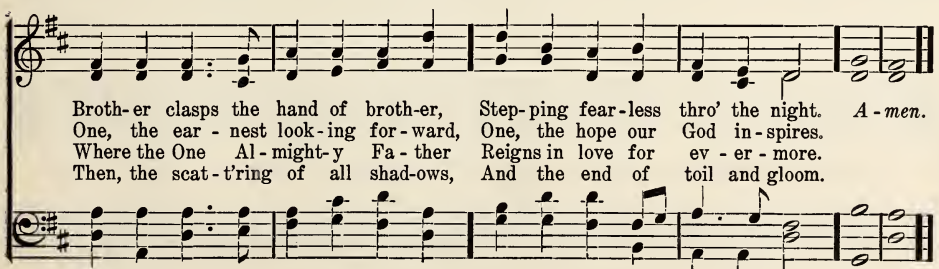
1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
 2. One, the light of God's own pres - ence, O'er His ran - som'd peo - ple shed,
 3. One, the strain which lips of thou - sands Lift as from the hearts of one;
 4. On - ward there - fore, pil - grim broth - ers, On - ward, with the cross our aid;



Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - ised land.
 Chas - ing far the gloom and ter - ror, Bright - ning all the path we tread:
 One the con - flict, one the per - il, One, the march in God be - gun:
 Bear its shame, and fight its bat - tle, Till we rest be - neath its shade.



Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
 One, the ob - ject of our jour - ney, One, the faith which nev - er tires,
 One, the glad - ness of re - joic - ing On the far e - ter - nal shore,
 Soon shall come the great a - wak - ing; Soon the rend - ing of the tomb;



Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step - ping fear - less thro' the night. A - men.
 One, the ear - nest look - ing for - ward, One, the hope our God in - spires.
 Where the One Al - might - y Fa - ther Reigns in love for ev - er - more.
 Then, the scat - t'ring of all shad - ows, And the end of toil and gloom.

Hark the bugle-call of God.

A. T. PIERSON, 1894.

"BUGLE-CALL."

A. T. PIERSON, 1894.

1. Hark the bu - gle - call of God Down the a - ges sound - ing,
 2. Let the sa - cred her - alds go Thro' the vales and moun - tains;
 3. Go to wom - an now en - slaved In her house - hold pris - on.
 4. Hosts of God, march round the wall, While the trum - pet's peal - ing;

"Go ye, and pro - claim a - broad News of grace a - bound - ing!"
 Stead - y streams of treas - ure flow From the gold - en foun - tains.
 Tell her, you whom Je - sus saved, He was dead— is ris - en.
 Sa - tan's might - y tow'rs will fall, God's own pow'r re - veal - ing.

Refrain.

Tell the news! Tell the news! Let the far - thest na - tion

Hear the sound, the world a - round, Ti - dings of sal - va - tion. A-men.

O Zion, haste, thy mission high.

MARY A. THOMSON, 1870.

"PROCLAMATION."

J. WALCH, 1876.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
 2. Be - hold how ma - ny thou - sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
 3. Pro - claim to ev - ery peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
 4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
 5. He comes a - gain: O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - ery

world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
 pris - on - house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav - iour's dy - ing,
 live and move, is Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion;
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;
 heart His sav - ing grace; Let none whom He hath ran - somed fail to greet Him,

Refrain.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
 Or of the life He died for them to win.
 And died on earth that man might live a - bove. } Pub - lish glad ti - dings.
 And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
 Thro' thy neg - lect, un - fit to see His face.

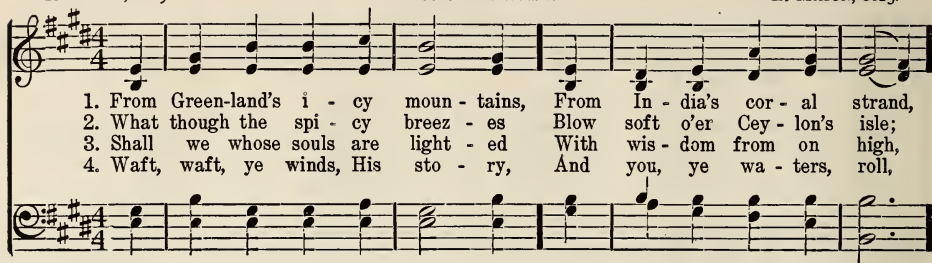
ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, re - demp - tion and re - lease. A - men.

From Greenland's icy mountains.

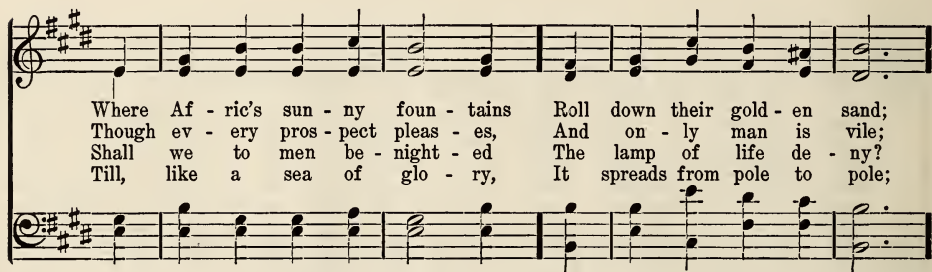
R. HEBER, 1819.

"MISSIONARY HYMN."

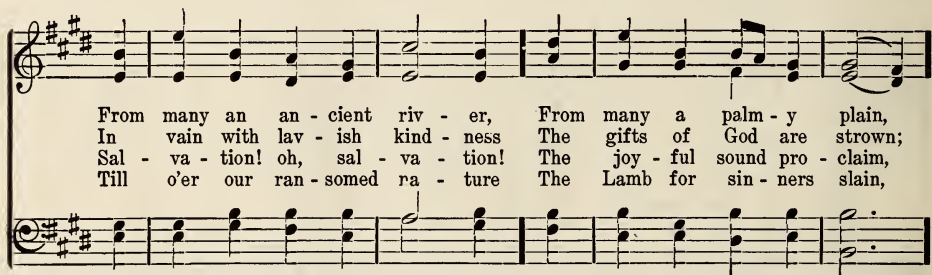
L. MASON, 1823.



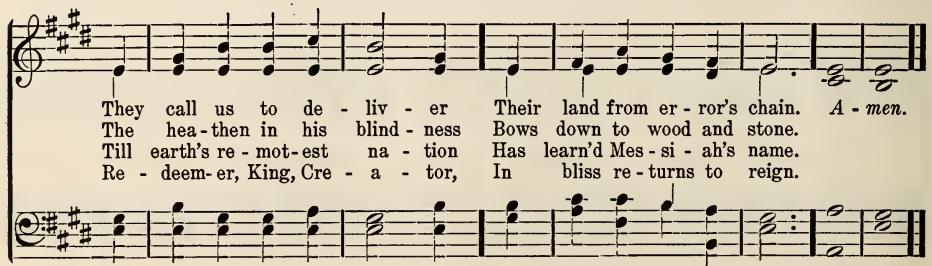
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
 3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran - somed ra - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.
 The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

Rise, crowned with light.

A. POPE, 1720.

"MOSCOW."

A. F. LWOFF, 1833.

1. Rise, crown'd with light,.... im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy
2. See a long race..... thy spa - cious courts a - dorn: See fu - ture

tow - 'ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals wide dis -
sons, and daugh - ters yet un - born, In crowd - ing ranks on ev - ery side a -

play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - men.
rise, De - mand - ing life, . im - pa - tient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Fling out the banner!

G. W. DOANE, 1848.

"WA-THAM."

J. B. CALKIN, 1872.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! an - gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign;
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin - sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife,

The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav-iour died. *A-m.n.*
 And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
 And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
 Our glory, only in the cross;
 Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

222 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.

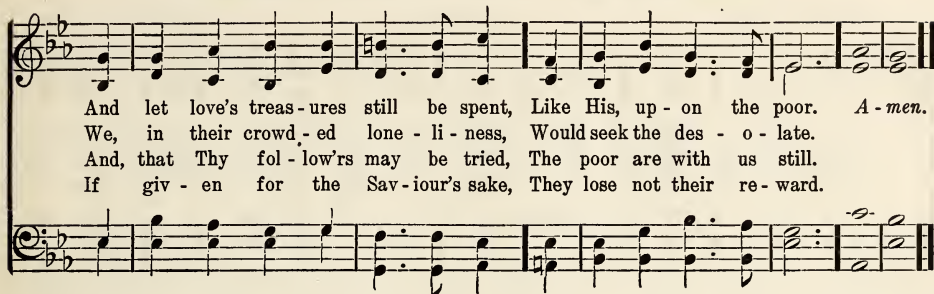
W. CROSSWELL, 1831.

"HOLY TRINITY."

J. BARNBY, 1861.

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob-scure,
 2. Like Him thro' scenes of deep dis-tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,
 3. For Thou hast placed us side by side, In this wide world of ill,
 4. Mean are the of-frings we can make, But Thou hast taught us, Lord,

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.—*Concluded.*



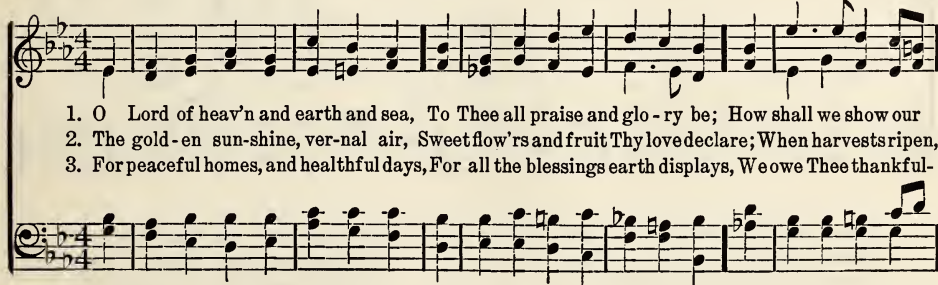
And let love's treas- ures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. *A - men.*
 We, in their crowd - ed lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.
 And, that Thy fol - low'rs may be tried, The poor are with us still.
 If giv - en for the Sav - iour's sake, They lose not their re - ward.

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea. 223

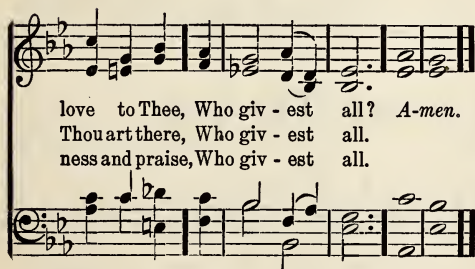
C. WORDSWORTH, 1872.

"BELAUGH."

A. H. MANN.



1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be; How shall we show our
 2. The gold - en sun - shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruit Thy love declare; When harvests ripen,
 3. For peaceful homes, and healthful days, For all the blessings earth displays, We owe Thee thankful -



love to Thee, Who giv - est all? *A - men.*
 Thou art there, Who giv - est all.
 ness and praise, Who giv - est all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
 Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
 We have, as treasure without end,
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that blessèd one
 Thou givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
 Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
 Then gladly will we give to Thee
 Who givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
 Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
 Who givest all!

O God of mercy, God of might.

G. THRING, 1879. Abr.

"ELMHURST."

E. D. DREWETT, 1887.

1. O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pit - y in - fi - nite,
 2. And Thou who cam'st on earth to die, That fall - en man might live there - by,
 3. For all are breth - ren, far and wide Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:

Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. A - men.
 O hear us, for to Thee we cry, In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
 Then teach us, what - so - e'er be - tide, To love them all in Thee.

4 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
 Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
 May we, where help is needed, there
 Give help as unto Thee.

5 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
 All those who live, to live in love,
 Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
 All those who give to Thee.

Fountain of good, to own Thy love.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1755. E. OSLER, 1836.

"ARMAGH."

J. TURLE (1802-1882).

1. Foun - tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank - ful hearts in - cline;
 2. But Thou hast need - y breth - ren here, Par - tak - ers of Thy grace,
 3. In each sad ac - cent of dis - tress Thy plead - ing voice is heard;
 4. Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear, And joy to do Thy will;
 5. Thy face with rev - 'rence and with love We in Thy poor would see:

Fountain of good, to own Thy love.—*Concluded.*

What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A - men.
 Whose names Thou wilt Thy - self con - fess, Be - fore the Fa - ther's face.
 In them Thou may'st be cloth'd and fed, And vis - it - ed, and cheered.
 Each oth - er's bur - dens glad - ly bear, And love's sweet law ful - fil.
 And while we min - is - ter to them, Would do it as to Thee.

My blessed Saviour, is Thy love.

226

J. SPENNETT, 1697.

"NORTH ADAMS."

W. S. PRATT, 1887.

1. My bless - ed Sav - iour, is Thy love So great, so full, so free? Be -
 2. I love Thee for that glo - rious worth In Thy great self I see; I

hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all to Thee. A - men.
 love Thee for that shame - ful cross Thou hast en - dur'd for me.

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3 No man of greater love can boast
 Than for his friend to die;
 But for Thy foes, Lord, Thou wast slain:
 What love with Thine can vie?

4 Make us like Thee in meekness, love,
 In every beauteous grace,
 From glory thus to glory changed
 As we behold Thy face.

Father, let me dedicate.

L. TUTTIETT (1825—).

"GORDON."

J. BARNBY (1838—1896).

1. Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee,
 2. Can a child pre - sume to choose Where or how to live?
 3. If in mer - cy Thou wilt spare Joys that yet are mine;
 4. If Thou call - est Thou the cross, And its shad - ow come,

In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.
 Can a Fa - ther's love re - fuse All the best to give?
 If on life, se - rene and fair, Bright - er rays may shine,—
 Turn - ing all my gain to loss, Shroud - ing heart and home,—

Not from sor - row, pain, or care, Free - dom dare I claim;
 More Thou giv - est ev - ery day Than the best can claim,
 Let my glad heart, while it sings, Thee in all pro - claim,
 Let me think how Thy dear Son To His glo - ry came,

This a - lone shall be my pray'r: Glo - ri - fy Thy name. A - men.
 Nor with - hold - est aught that may Glo - ri - fy Thy name.
 And, what - e'er the fu - ture brings, Glo - ri - fy Thy name.
 And in deep - est woe pray on; "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."

Standing at the portal.

F. R. HAVRÉGAL, 1873.

"NEW YEAR."

F. A. MANN.

1. Stand-ing at the por - tal of the o-p'n'ing year, Words of com-fort meet us,
 2. I, the Lord, am with thee, be not thou a - fraid, I will help and strengthen,
 3. For the year be-fore us, oh, what rich sup-plies! For the poor and need - y
 4. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for-sake; His e - ter - nal cov-e-nant

hush-ing ev - ery fear; Spo-ken thro' the si - lence by our Fa - ther's voice,
 be thou not dis - mayed! Yea, I will up - hold thee with my own right hand,
 liv - ing streams shall rise; For the sad and sin - ful shall his grace a - bound;
 He will nev - er break. Rest-ing on His prom - ise, what have we to fear?

Refrain.

Ten-der, strong and faith - ful, Mak - ing us re - joice.
 Thou art called and chos - en in my sight to stand. } On-ward, then, and fear not,
 For the faint and fee - ble per - fect strength be found.
 God is all - suf - fi - cient for the com - ing year.

chil - dren of the day! For His word shall nev - er, nev - er pass a - way! A-men.

We plough the fields, and scatter.

M. CLAUDIUS, 1782.
Tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL, 1861.
Andante.

"GIVE THANKS."

CALEB SIMPER.

1. We plough the fields, and scat- ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the way - side
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The seed-time and the

wa - ter'd By God's al - might-y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to
flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o - bey Him, By Him the
har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer, For all Thy

swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh-ing rain.
birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread.
love im - parts, And, what Thou most de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.

Refrain.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, Thy saints give thanks and sing;..... Thy

We plough the fields, and scatter.—*Concluded.*

Glo - rious Name shall men pro-claim Je - ho - vah, Lord, and King! A - men.

Summer suns are glowing.

230

W. W. How, 1871.

"RUTH."

SAMUEL SMITH (1804—1873).

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world, And His ban - ner
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness, Thy pure ra - diance pour, For Thy lov - ing
 4. We will nev - er doubt Thee, Tho' Thou veil Thy light; Life is dark with -

flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free; Ev - 'ry-thing re - joic - es
 gleam - eth, Ev - erywhere un - furl'd; Broad and deep and glo - rious,
 kind - ness Makes us love Thee more; And when clouds are drift - ing
 out Thee, Death with Thee is bright; Light of light, shine o'er us

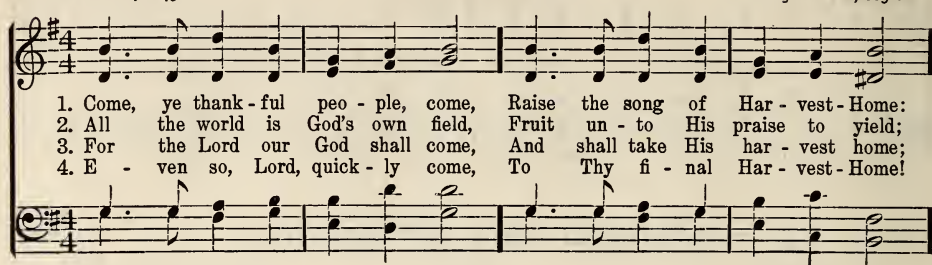
In the mel - low rays; All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
 As the heav'n a - bove, Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.
 Dark a - cross the sky, Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.
 On our pil - grim way, Go Thou still be - fore us To the end - less day.

Come, ye thankful people, come.

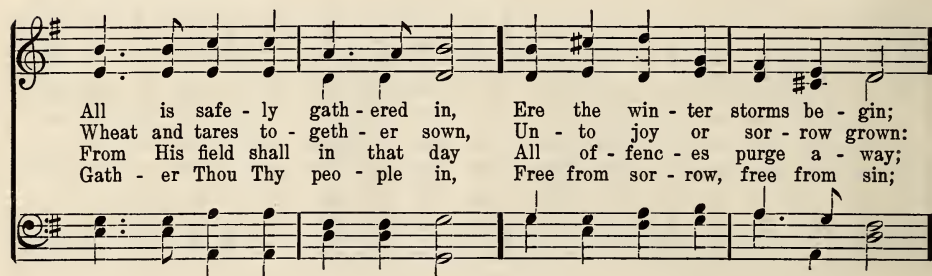
H. ALFORD, 1845.

"ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR."

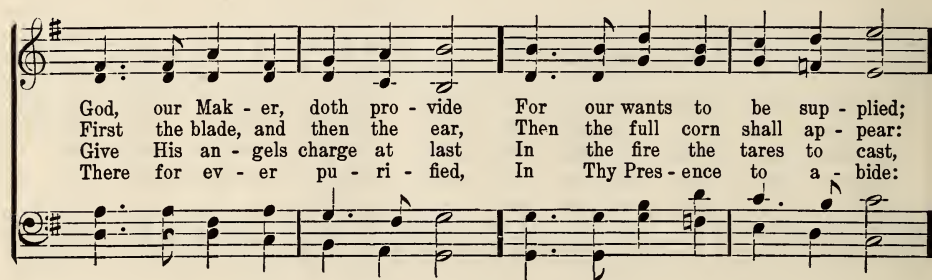
G. J. ELVEY, 1858.



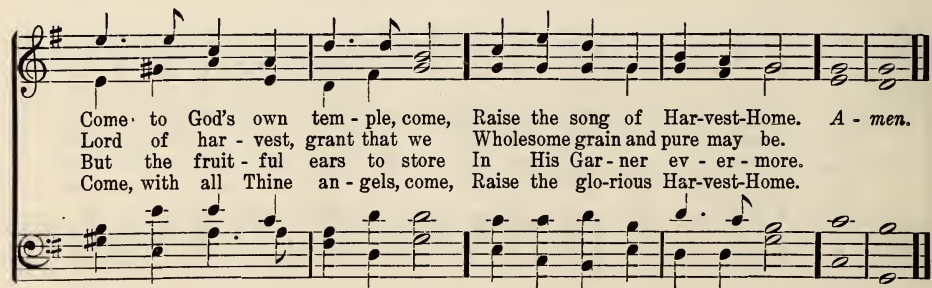
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home;
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come, To Thy fi-nal Har-vest-Home!



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
 From His field shall in that day, All of-fenc-es purge a-way;
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy Pres-ence to a-bide:



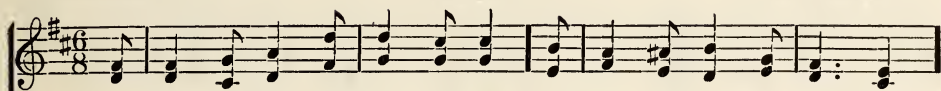
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home. A-men.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His Gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious Har-vest-Home.

Now let us raise our Harvest song.

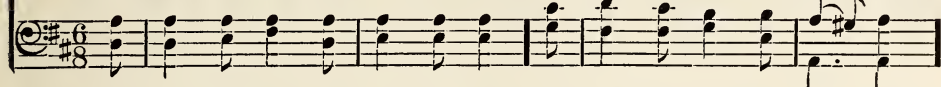
AMY S. WOODS.

"ELMCOURT."

CALEB SIMPER.



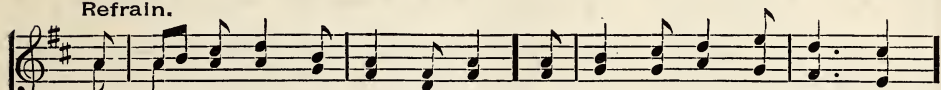
1. Now let us raise our Har - vest song, And wake ex - ult - ant sing - ing;
 2. The gold - en grain now gath - er'd in, His boun - teous Hand be - stow - eth;
 3. The sea - sons all God's love pro - claim, Each month His good - ness shew - eth,
 4. Then raise, O raise your Har - vest song! For heav'n and earth are sing - ing;




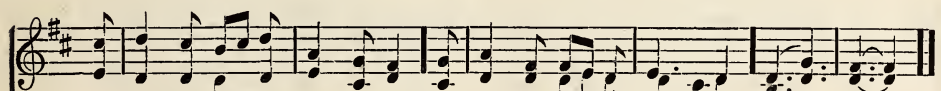

Hark! how the house of God to - day With joy - ful praise is ring - ing!
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain To bless it as it grow - eth.
 Who day by day with gra - cious Hand Our dai - ly bread be - stow - eth.
 The an - them of our Fa - ther's Love Round all the world is ring - ing.



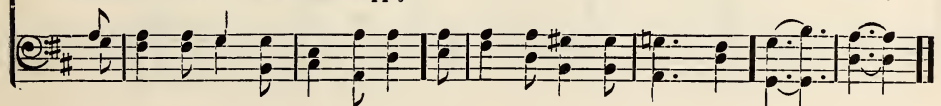
Refrain.



Then prais - es bring our Lord and King, Whose prom - ise fail - eth nev - er:

Who will His chil - dren's needs supply For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.



The sower went forth sowing.

W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

"ST. BEATRICE."

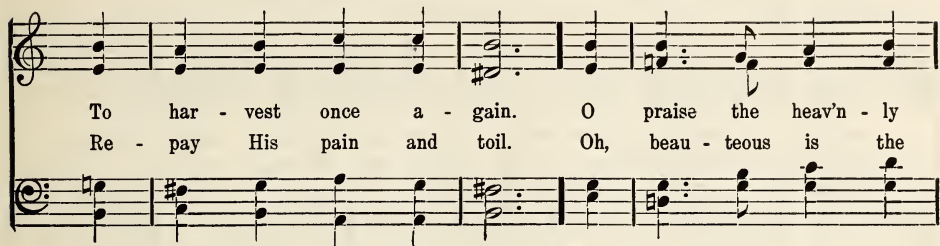
J. F. BRIDGE, 1896.

1. The sow - er went forth sow - ing, The seed in
 2. Be - hold! the heav'n - ly Sow - er, Goes forth with

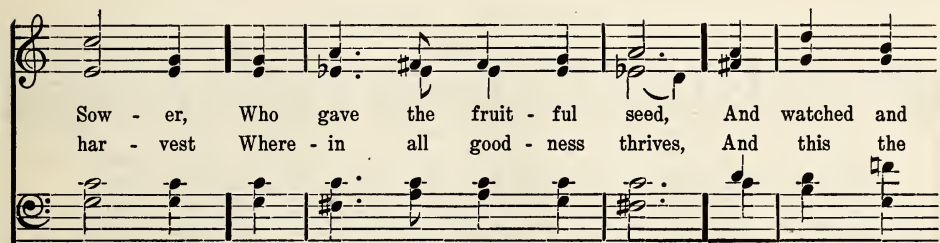
se - cret slept Through weeks of faith and pa - tience,
 bet - ter seed, The word of sure sal - va - tion,

Till out the green blade crept; And warmed by gold - en sun - shine,
 With Feet and Hands that bleed; Here in His Church 'tis scat - tered,

And fed by sil - ver rain, At last the fields were whit - ened
 Our spir - its are the soil; Then let an am - ple fruit - age

The sower went forth sowing.—*Concluded.*


To har - vest once a - gain. O praise the heav'n - ly
Re - pay His pain and toil. Oh, beau - teous is the



Sow - er, Who gave the fruit - ful seed, And watched and
har - vest Where - in all good - ness thrives, And this the



wa - tered du - ly, And rip - ened for our need. A - men.
true thanks - giv - ing, The first - fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away.

My country 't is of thee.

S. F. SMITH, 1832.

"AMERICA."

H. CAREY, 1743.

1. My coun-try! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let freedom ring! A - men.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

God bless our native land!

C. T. BROOKS, 1834.

"UNION,"

S. P. WARREN, 1896.

(Or to AMERICA, above.)

1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night! When the wild
2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God, a - bove the skies; On Him we wait; Thou who art

God bless our native land!—*Concluded.*

tem-pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might. *A-men.*
 ev - er nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State!

God the all-merciful!

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H. F. CHORLEY, 1842.
J. ELLERTON, 1870.

"ULTOR."

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

1. God the all - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of
 2. God the all - right - eous One! man hath de - fied Thee; Yet to e-
 3. God the all - wise! by the fire of Thy chast - 'ning, Earth shall to
 4. So will Thy peo - ple, with thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him Who

bles - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its
 ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word, False-hood and wrong shall not
 free - dom and truth be re - stored; Thro' the thick dark - ness Thy
 saved them from per - il and sword, Shout - ing in cho - rus from

ter - rors a - wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. *A-men.*
 tar - ry be - side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
 king - dom is hast - 'ning; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
 o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!

O. W. HOLMES.

"DUKE STREET."

J. HATTON (—1793), c. 1790.

1. O Lord of Hosts! Al - might - y..... King! Be - hold the
 2. Wake in our breast the... liv - ing.... fires, The ho - ly
 3. Be Thou a pil - lared flame to..... show The mid - night

sac - ri - fice we bring: To ev - ery arm Thy
 faith that warmed our sires; Thy hand hath made our
 snare, the si - lent foe; And when the bat - tle

strength im - part, Thy Spir - it shed.... thro' ev - ery heart. A - men
 na - tion free; To die for her.... is serv - ing Thee.
 thun - ders loud, Still guide us in..... its mov - ing cloud.

4 God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
 In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
 We lift the starry flag on high,
 That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
 Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
 Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
 Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee!

God of our fathers.

D. C. ROBERTS, 1876.

"NATIONAL HYMN."

G. W. WARREN, 1892.

Voices alone.

ff

Trumpets, before each verse.

1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,

With Organ.

cres.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,

Slergando.

splendor thro' the skies, Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a-rise. A-men.
guardian, guide and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos-en way.

ff

From the Tucker (Episcopal) Hymnal.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

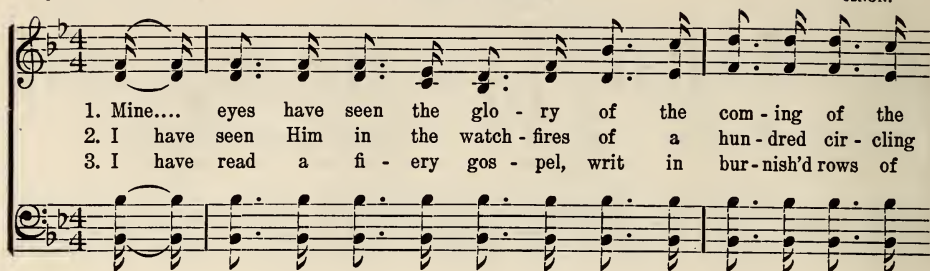
4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

Mine eyes have seen the glory.

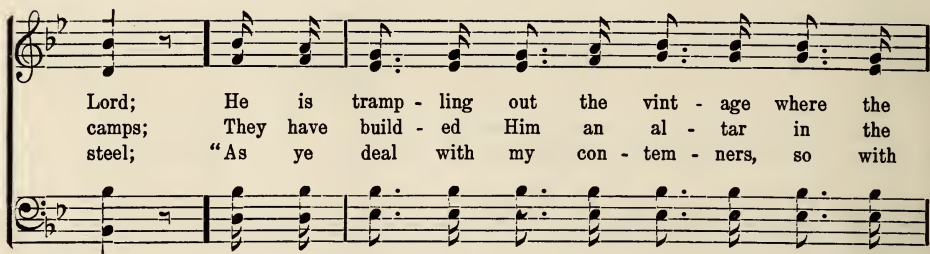
JULIA WARD HOWE.

"BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

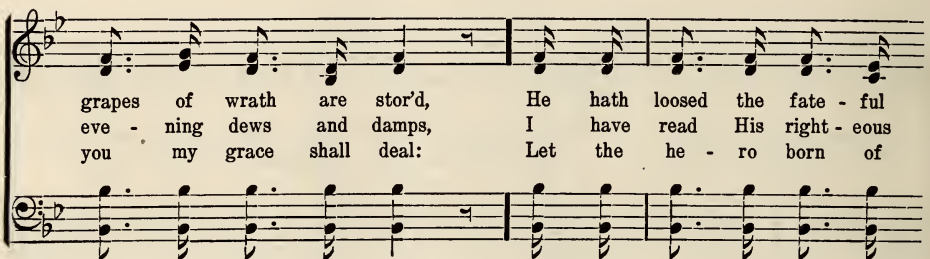
ANON.



1. Mine.... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling
 3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel, writ in bur - nish'd rows of



Lord; He is tramp - ling out the vint - age where the
 camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the
 steel; "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with



grapes of wrath are stor'd, He hath loosed the fate - ful
 eve - ning dew and damps, I have read His right - eous
 you my grace shall deal: Let the he - ro born of



light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;
 sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;
 wom - an crush the ser - pent with his heel,

Mine eyes have seen the glory.—*Concluded.*

Chorus.

His truth is march - ing on. }
 His day is march - ing on. } Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le -
 Since God is march - ing on. }

lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry!

glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
 Oh be swift, my soul, to answer him,—be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.—CHO.

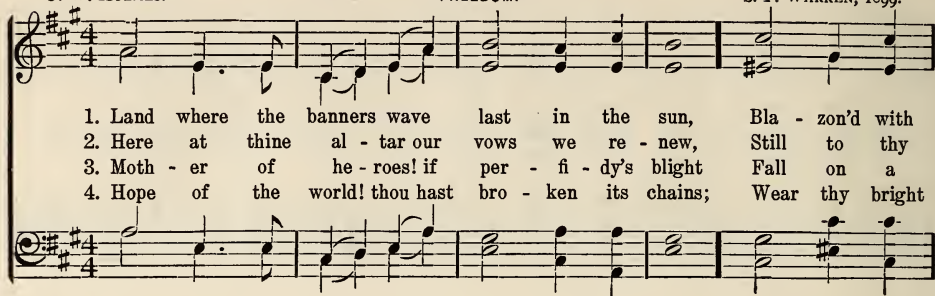
5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.—CHO.

Land where the banners wave.

O. W. HOLMES.

"FREEDOM."

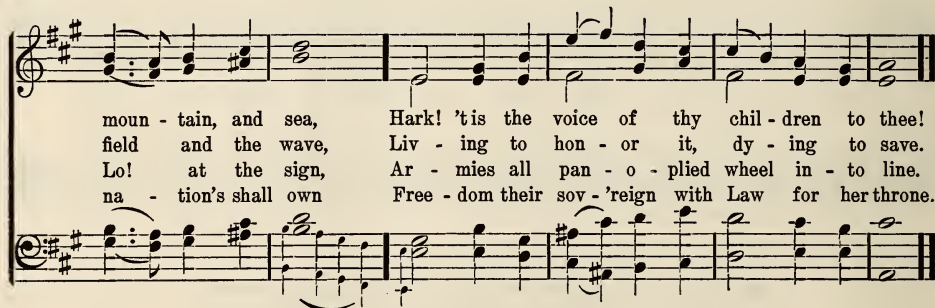
S. P. WARREN, 1899.



1. Land where the banners wave last in the sun, Bla - zon'd with
 2. Here at thine al - tar our vows we re - new, Still to thy
 3. Moth - er of he - roes! if per - fi - dy's blight Fall on a
 4. Hope of the world! thou hast bro - ken its chains; Wear thy bright



star - clus - ters, ma - ny in one; Float - ing o'er praî - rie, and
 cause to be loy - al and true, True to thy flag on the
 star in thy gar - land of light; Sound but one bu - gle blast!
 arms while a ty - rant re - mains; Stand for the right till the



moun - tain, and sea, Hark! 'tis the voice of thy chil - dren to thee!
 field and the wave, Liv - ing to hon - or it, dy - ing to save.
 Lo! at the sign, Ar - mies all pan - o - plied wheel in - to line.
 na - tion's shall own Free - dom their sov - 'reign with Law for her throne.

5 Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
 Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!
 Freedom! sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
 Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

6 Fold the broad barrier-stripes over her breast,
 Crown her with star-jewels, Queen of the West!
 Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
 She shall reign over us, world without end.

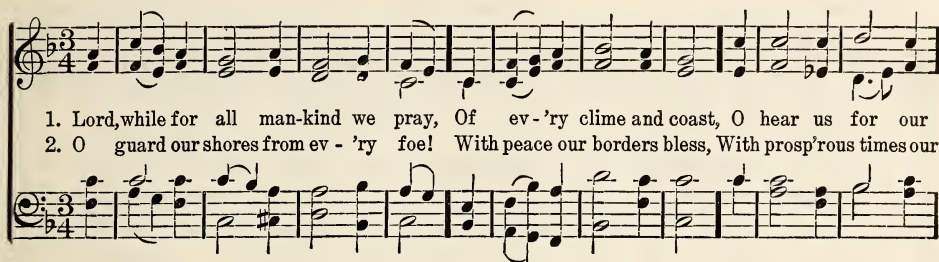
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.

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J. R. WREFORD, 1837.

"CONGLETON."

A. H. BROWN.



1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-'ry clime and coast, O hear us for our
2. O guard our shores from ev-'ry foe! With peace our borders bless, With prosp'rous times our



na-tive land, The land we love the most.
cit-ies crown, Our fields with plen-teous-ness.

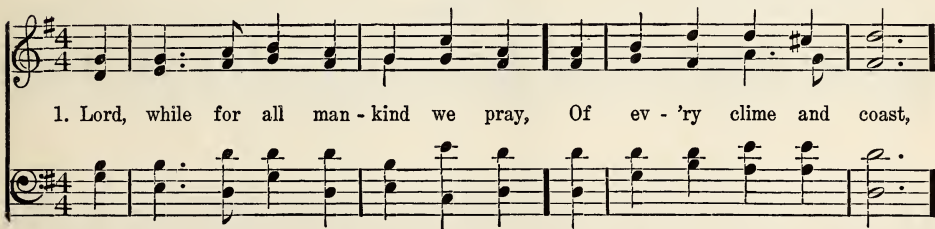
3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
Nor let our hills and valleys cease
Their songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

SECOND TUNE.

"FARRANT"

R. FARRANT (1530—1583).



1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev-'ry clime and coast,



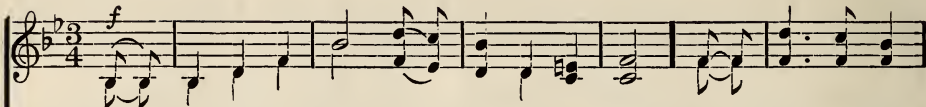
O hear us for our na-tive land, The land we love the most. A-men.

The Star-spangled Banner.

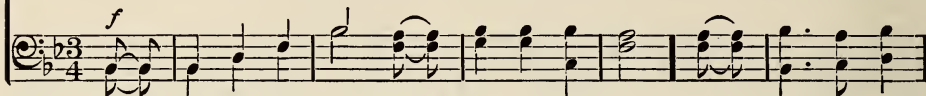
F. S. KEY.

NATIONAL HYMN.

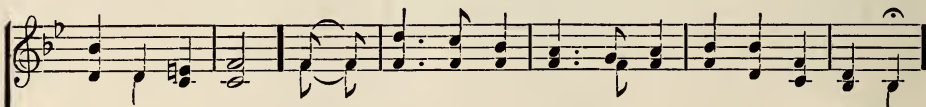
J. S. SMITH, c. 1775.



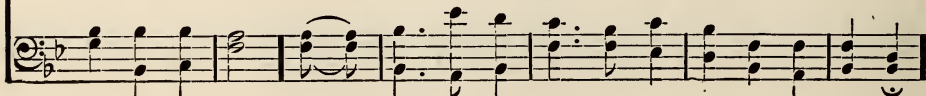
1. O!.... say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty
 3. And... where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the hav - oc of
 4. O!..... thus be it e'er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd



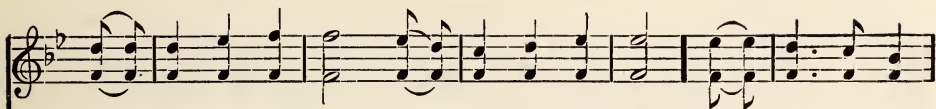
hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A..... home and a coun - try should
 homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



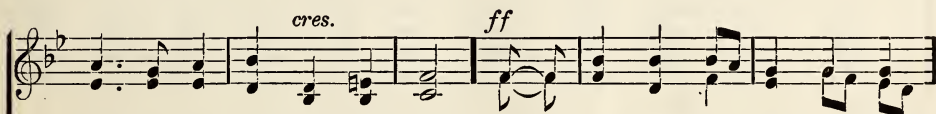
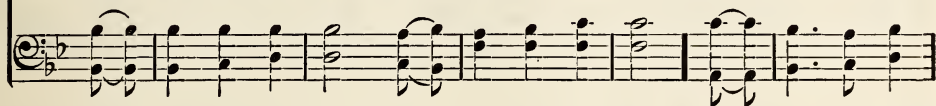
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
 leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion!
 Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion!



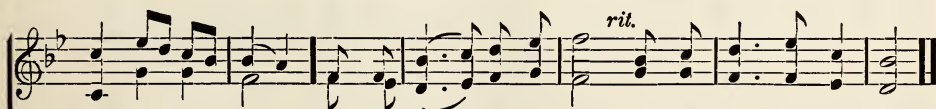
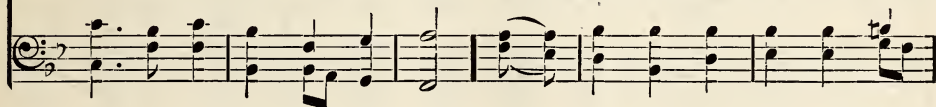
The Star-spangled Banner.—Concluded.



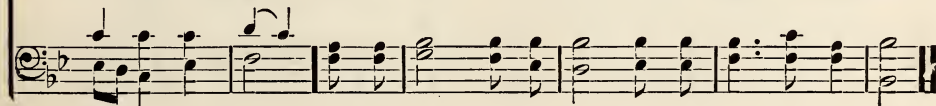
And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave... proof thro' the
 Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 No..... ref - uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
 Then... con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And..... this be our



night that our flag was still there; O!..... say does the Star-span-gled
 flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner—O
 flight or the gloom of the grave, And the Star-span-gled Ban-rer in
 mot-to, "In God is our trust;" And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in



Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave



Eternal Father! strong to save.

W. WHITING, 1860.

"MELITA."

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the
 2. O Sav - iour, whose al - might - y word The winds and waves sub -
 3. O Sa - cred Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r! Our breth - ren shield in

rest - less wave, Who bid'st the might - y o - cean deep
 mis - sive heard, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep,
 dark and rude, Who bad'st its an - gry tu - mult cease,
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe,

Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; Oh, hear us when we
 And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep; Oh, hear us when we
 And gav - est light, and life, and peace; Oh, hear us when we
 Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go, Thus ev - er let there

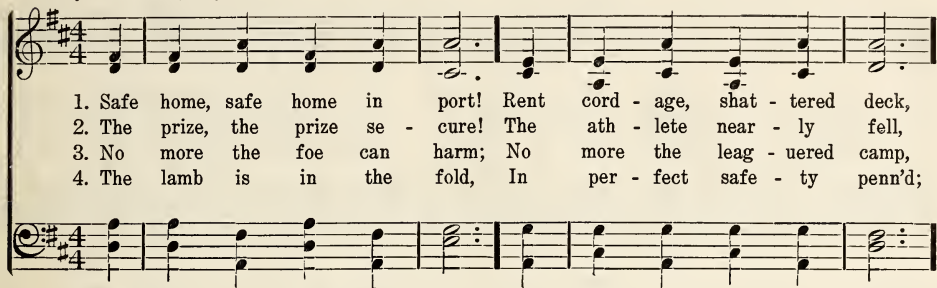
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea! A - men.
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
 rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Safe home, safe home in port!

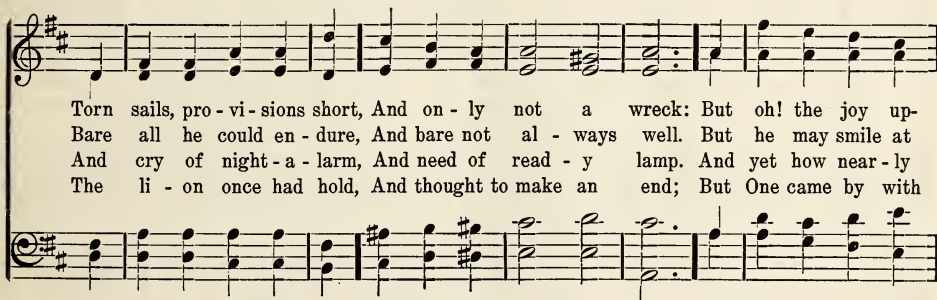
St. Joseph of the Studium, circ. 830.
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1863.

"SAFE HOME."

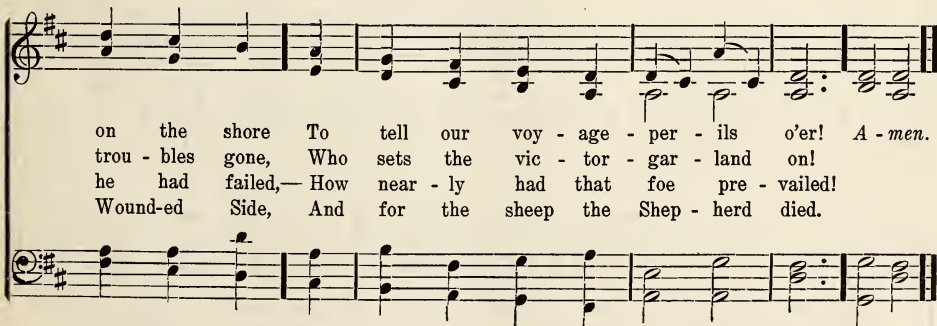
A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord - age, shat - tered deck,
 2. The prize, the prize se - cure! The ath - lete near - ly fell,
 3. No more the foe can harm; No more the leag - uered camp,
 4. The lamb is in the fold, In per - fect safe - ty penn'd;



Torn sails, pro - vi - sions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But oh! the joy up -
 Bare all he could en - dure, And bare not al - ways well. But he may smile at
 And cry of night - a - larm, And need of read - y lamp. And yet how near - ly
 The li - on once had hold, And thought to make an end; But One came by with



on the shore To tell our voy - age - per - ils o'er! A - men.
 trou - bles gone, Who sets the vic - tor - gar - land on!
 he had failed, — How near - ly had that foe pre - vailed!
 Wound-ed Side, And for the sheep the Shep - herd died.

5 The exile is at Home!

O nights and days of tears,
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins, and doubts and fears.—
 What matter now (when so men say)
 The King has wiped those tears away? .

6 O happy, happy Bride!

Thy widowed hours are past,
 The Bridegroom at thy side,
 Thou all His Own at last!
 The sorrows of thy former cup
 In full fruition swallowed up.

All is bright and cheerful round us.

J. M. NEALE (1818—1866).

"SPRING."

W. H. WALTER (1825—1893).

1. All is bright and cheer-ful round us, All a-bove is soft and blue;
 2. If the flow'rs that fade so quick-ly, If a day that ends in night,
 3. There are leaves that nev-er with-er; There are flow'rs that ne'er de-cay:

Spring at last hath come and found us; Spring and all its pleas-ures too:
 If the skies that clouds so thick-ly Oft-en cov-er from our sight,—
 Noth-ing e-vil go-eth thith-er; Noth-ing good is kept a-way.

Ev-'ry flow'r is full of glad-ness, Dew is bright and buds are gay;
 If they all have so much beau-ty, What must be God's land of rest,
 They that came from trib-u-la-tion, Wash'd their robes and made them white,

Earth, with all its sin and sad-ness, Seems a hap-py place to-day. A-men.
 Where His sons that do their du-ty, Af-ter ma-n'y toils are blest?
 Out of ev-'ry tongue and na-tion, Now have rest, and peace, and light.

Those eternal bowers.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS.
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

"WILLIAMS."

T. MORLEY, 1865.

1. Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod, Those un - fad - ing
2. He who wakes from slum - ber At the Spir - it's voice, Dar - ing here to
3. He who glad - ly bar - ters All on earth - ly ground; He who, like the

flow - ers Round the throne of God: Who may hope to gain them Af - ter
num - ber Things un - seen his choice. He who casts his bur - den Down at
mar - tyrs, Says, "I will be crown'd." He whose one ob - la - tion Is a

wea - ry fight? Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A - men.
Je - sus' cross; Christ's re-proach his guer - don, All be - side but loss.
life of love, Knit in God's sal - va - tion To the blest a - bove.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesus, Lord of glory;
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

O Paradise, O Paradise.

F. W. FABER, 1862.
H. A. & M., 1868.

"PARADISE."

J. BARNEY, 1866.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more,
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great - ly long to see
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore;
The spe - cial place my dear - est Lord Is des - tin - ing for me;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.

Refrain.

Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.

Hark! the sound of holy voices.

C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

"SANCTUARY."

J. B. DYKES, 1871.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant-ing at the crys-tal sea,
 2. Pa - tri - arch and ho - ly proph - et, Who pre-par'd the way for Christ,
 3. March-ing with Thy cross, their ban - ner, They have tri-umph'd, fol - low - ing
 4. Now they reign in heav'n - ly glo - ry, Now they walk in gold - en light,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;
 King, a - pos - tle, saint, con - fes - sor, Mar - tyr and e - van - gel - ist;
 Thee, the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Sav - iour and their King.
 Now they drink, as from a riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite:

Mul - ti - tudes which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,
 Saint - ly maid - en, god - ly ma - tron, Wid - ows who have watch'd to pray'r,
 Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they suf - fer'd; Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 Love and peace they taste for ev - er, And all truth and knowl - edge see

rall.
 Cloth'd in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.
 Join'd in ho - ly con - cert, sing-ing To the Lord of all, are there.
 And by death to life im - mor - tal They were born and glo - ri - fied.
 In the be - a - tif - ic vi - sion Of that bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

Around the throne of God in heaven.

A. H. SHEPHERD, 1835.

"CHILDREN'S PRAISES."

H. E. MATTHEWS, 1854.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thou - sands of chil - dren stand,
 2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white See ev - ery one ar - rayed;
 3. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,

Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly hap - py band,
 Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light And joys that nev - er fade,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those chil - dren there,

Refrain.

Sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A - men.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean,
Ref.—Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

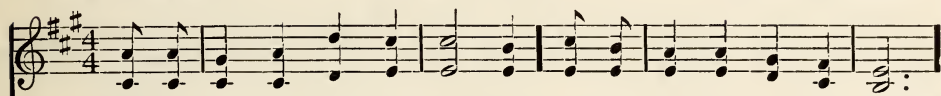
5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
Ref.—Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Alleluia, song of sweetness.

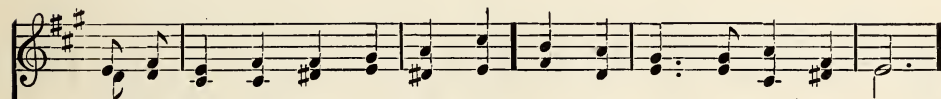
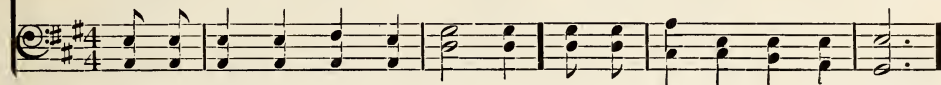
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851.

"ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN."

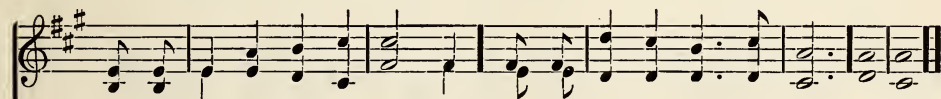
E. J. HOPKINS, 1872.



1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;
 2. Al - le - lu - ia thou re - sound - est, True Je - ru - sa - lem and free;



Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;
 Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful moth - er, All thy chil - dren sing with thee;



In the house of God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.
 But by Bab - y - lon's sad wa - ters Mourning ex - iles now are we.



3 Alleluia cannot always

Be our song while here below;

Alleluia our transgressions

Make us for a while forego;

For the solemn time is coming

When our tears for sin must flow.

16 F

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,

Grant us, blessed Trinity,

At the last to see Thy glory

In our home beyond the sky;

There to Thee forever singing

Alleluia joyfully.

Every morning the red sun.

C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

"HEAVENLY REST."

J. B. DYKES (1823-1876).

f

1. Ev - ery morn - ing the red sun Ris - es warm and bright;.....
 2. Ev - ery spring the sweet young flow'rs O - pen bright and gay;.....
 3. Lit - tle birds sing songs of praise All the sum - mer long;.....

p

But the eve - ning com - eth on, And the dark, cold night;
 Till the chil - ly au - tumn hours With - er them a - way;
 But in cold - er, short - er days They for - get their song:

f

There's a bright land far a - way, Where is nev - er - end - ing day. A - men.
 There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are al - ways green.
 There's a place where an - gels sing Cease - less prais - es to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him!
 But we cannot see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim;
 There is a most happy place,
 Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land,
 All who do the right;
 Holy children there shall stand
 In their robes of white;
 For that heaven so bright and blest
 Is our everlasting rest.

Ten thousand times ten thousand.

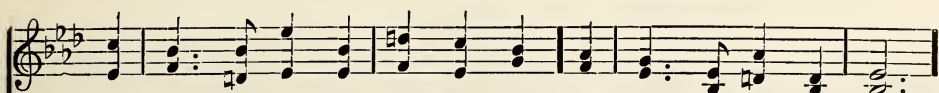
H. ALFORD, 1867.

"ALFORD."

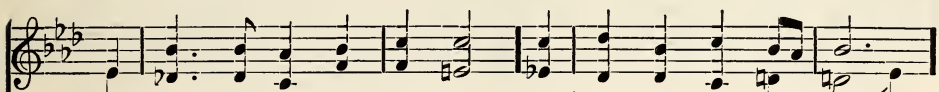
J. B. DYKES, 1875.



1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
 2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!
 3. Oh, then what rap - tur'd greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore;
 4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;



The ar - mies of the ran - som'd saints Throng up the steepes of light:
 What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umphs nigh!
 What knit - ting sev - er'd friend - ships up, Where part - ings are no more!
 Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'ers, and reign:



'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:....
 Oh, day for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made:..
 Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle That brimm'd with tears of late:....
 Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home:..



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.
 Oh, joy, for all its for - mer woes, A thou - sand-fold re - paid!
 Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther - less, Nor wi - dows des - o - late.
 Show in the heav'n's Thy prom - ised sign: Thou Prince and Sav - iour, come!

Upward where the stars are burning.

H. BONAR, 1866.

"BONAR."

Arr. fr. J. B. CALKIN, 1867.
By S. P. WARREN, 1896.

1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn - ing
2. Far a - bove that arch of glad - ness Far be - yond these clouds of sad - ness,
3. Where the glo - ry bright - ly dwell - eth, Where the new song sweet - ly swell - eth,

Org.

Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole; Up - ward where the sky is bright - est,
Are the ma - ny man - sions fair. Far from pain and sin and fol - ly,
And the dis - cord nev - er comes; Where life's stream is ev - er lav - ing,

Up - ward where the blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - men.
In that pal - ace of the ho - ly, I would find my man - sion there.
And the palm is ev - er wav - ing, That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Jerusalem the golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12th Cent.
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851.

"EWING."

A. FWING, 1853.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All - ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - men.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

Hark! hark, my soul!

F. W. FABER, 1854.

"PILGRIMS."

H. SMART, 1868.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. Rest comes at length: though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing: Sing us sweet frag - ments

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
 dark-some night be past; Faith's jour - neys end in wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

Refrain.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

SECOND TUNE.

"VOX ANGELICA."

J. B. DYKES, 1868.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing

Refrain.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

cres. An - gels of light, *f* Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!

rall. Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night! A - men.

The sands of time are sinking.

A. R. COUSIN, 1857.

"RUTHERFORD."

CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN, 1834.
Har. E. F. RIMBAULT, 1867.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks,
 2. Oh, Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
 3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
 4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bride-groom's face;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
 The streams of earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were lus - tred with His love:
 I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace;

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned
 Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand:

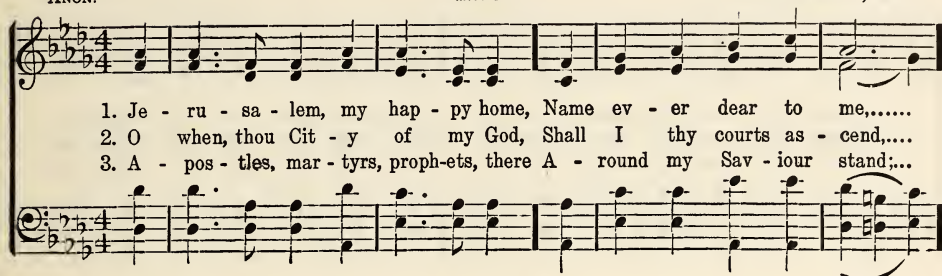
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - men.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.
 When thron'd where glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Em - man - uel's land.

Jerusalem, my happy home.

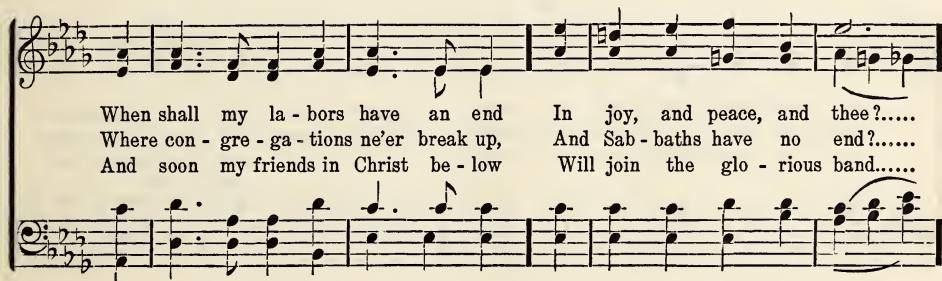
ANON.

"MATERNA."

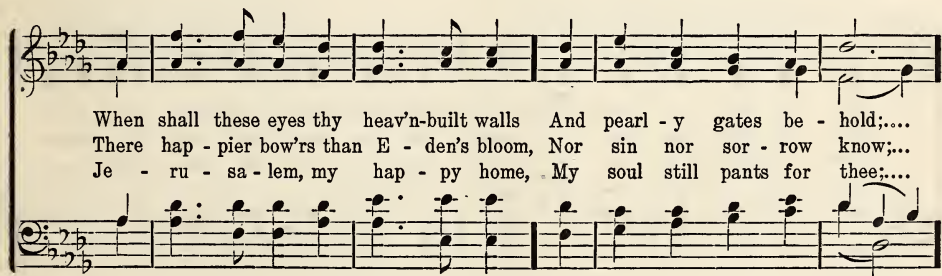
S. A. WARD, 1882.



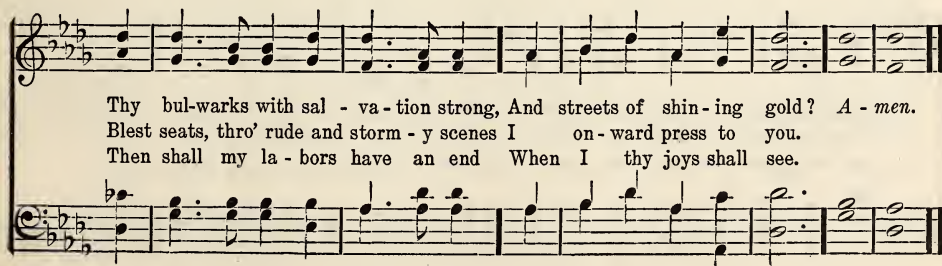
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,.....
 2. O when, thou Cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,....
 3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph-ets, there A - round my Sav - iour stand,...



When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?.....
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?.....
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.....



When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold;....
 There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know;...
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee;....



Thy bul-warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold? A - men.
 Blest seats, thro' rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 Then shall my la - bors have an end When I thy joys shall see.

Safely, safely gathered in.

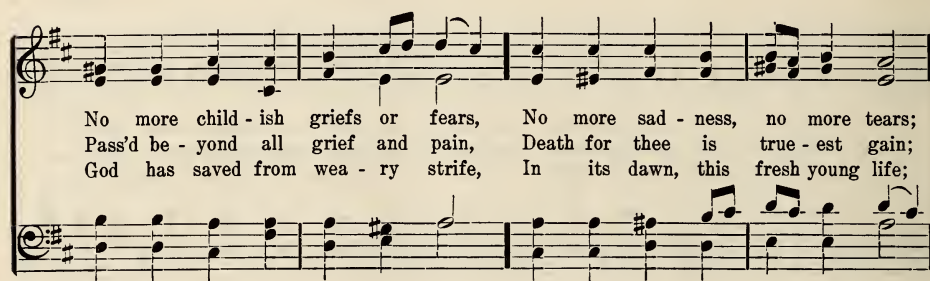
H. O. DE L. DOBREE.

"MONICA."

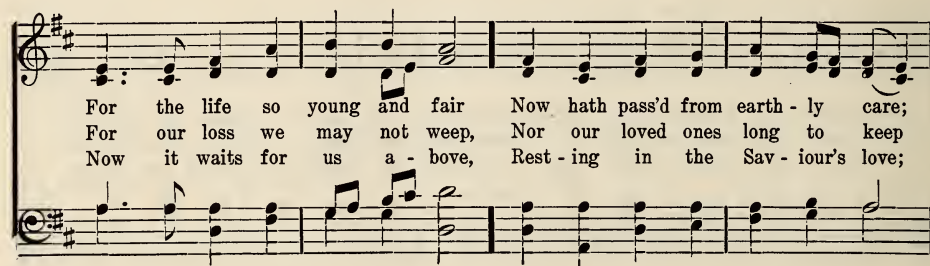
M. B. FOSTER.



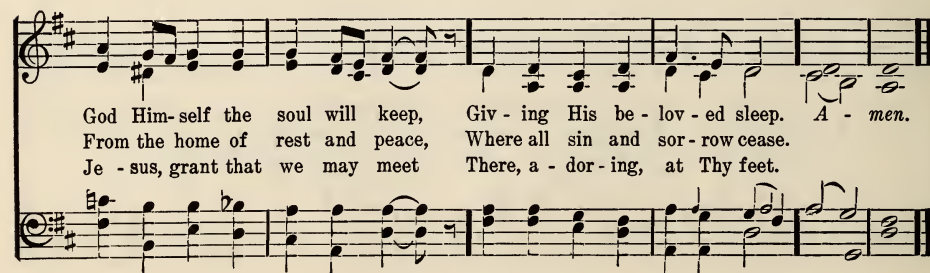
1. Safe - ly, safe - ly gath - ered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin;
 2. Safe - ly, safe - ly gath - ered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin;
 3. Safe - ly, safe - ly gath - ered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin;



No more child - ish griefs or fears, No more sad - ness, no more tears;
 Pass'd be - yond all grief and pain, Death for thee is true - est gain;
 God has saved from wea - ry strife, In its dawn, this fresh young life;



For the life so young and fair Now hath pass'd from earth - ly care;
 For our loss we may not weep, Nor our loved ones long to keep
 Now it waits for us a - bove, Rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;



God Him - self the soul will keep, Giv - ing His be - lov - ed sleep. A - men.
 From the home of rest and peace, Where all sin and sor - row cease.
 Je - sus, grant that we may meet There, a - dor - ing, at Thy feet.

Asleep in Jesus!

Mrs. M. MACKAY, 1832.

"REPOSE."

F. R. STATHAM (1844—).

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet;
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak - ing is su - preme - ly blest;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its ven - omed sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

SECOND TUNE.

"REST."

W. B. BRADBURY, 1843. Arr.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - dis-turb'd re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.

Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

W. A. MUHLENBERG, 1826.

"HILARY."

KOCHER'S ZIONSHARFE, 1855.

1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the Shep-herd's kind - est care,
2. Nev - er, from Thy pas - ture rov - ing, Let them be the li - on's prey;

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share,
Let Thy ten - der - ness, so lov - ing, Keep them all life's dan - g'rous way;

Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm;
Then, with - in Thy fold e - ter - nal Let them find a rest - ing - place,

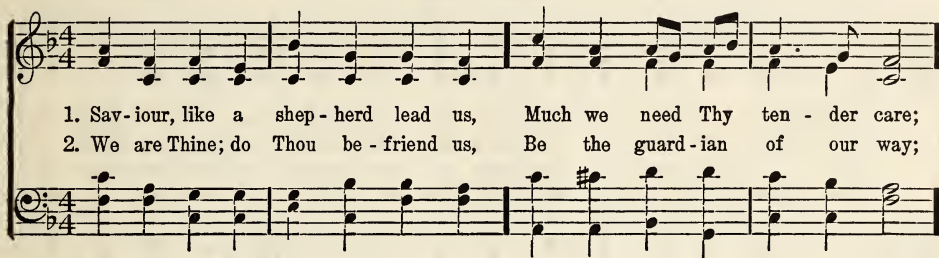
There, we know, Thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm. A - men.
Feed in pas - tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of Thy grace.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

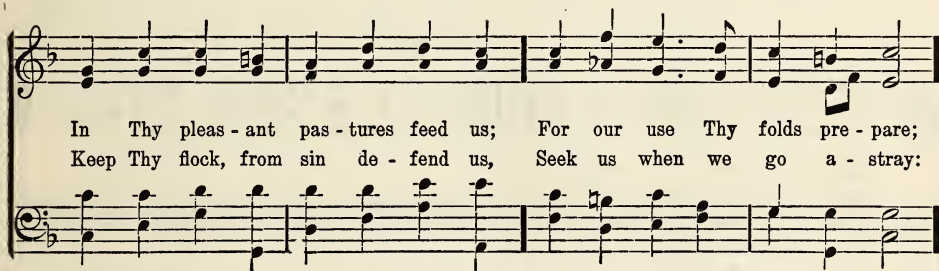
ANON, c. 1836.

"JESU, BONE PASTOR."

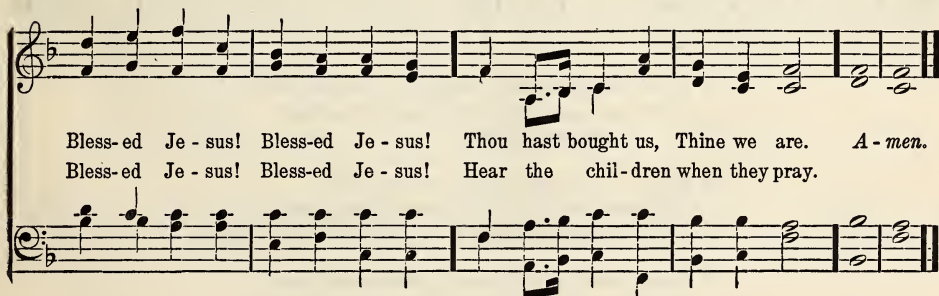
J. H. WILCOX (1827-1875).



1. Sav-iour, like a shap-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the guard-ian of our way;



In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray;



Bless-ed Je-sus! Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.
Bless-ed Je-sus! Bless-ed Je-sus! Hear the chil-dren when they pray.

From The Tucker Hymnal, by per. of the Editor.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free—
Blessèd Jesus!
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

ANON. (Latin, 5th Cent.).
Tr. J. ELLERTON, 1865.

"ALLEGUIA PERENNE."

W. H. MONK, 1868.

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, Ye cit - i - zens of
 2. Ye pow'rs, who stand be - fore th'e - ter - nal Light, In hymn - ing choirs re -
 3. The Ho - ly Cit - y shall take up your strain, And with glad songs re -
 4. In bliss - ful an - ti - phons ye thus re - joice To rend - er to the

heav'n, oh, sweet - ly raise }
 ech - o to the height } An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.
 sound - ing wake a - gain }
 Lord with thank - ful voice }

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
 An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one glad acclaim, for ever ring
 The strains which tell the honor of your King,
 An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
 This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
 An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
 For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
 An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
 Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
 An endless Alleluia.

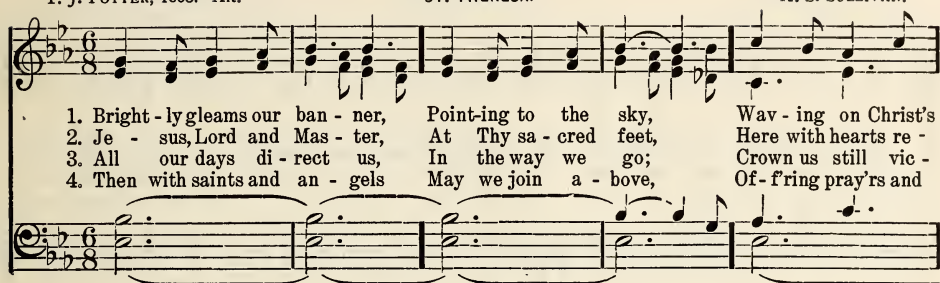
Brightly gleams our banner.

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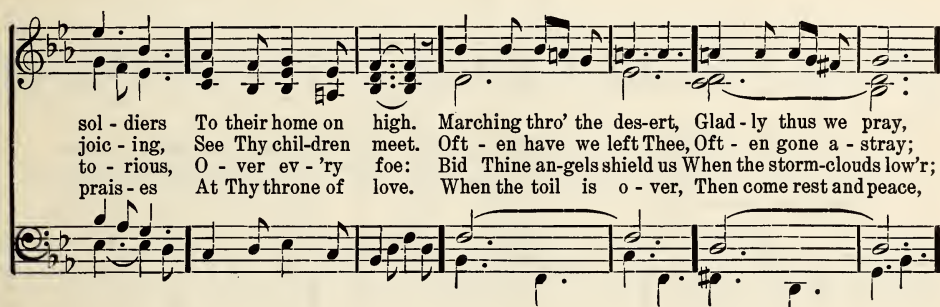
T. J. POTTER, 1860. Alt.

"ST. THERESA."

A. S. SULLIVAN.

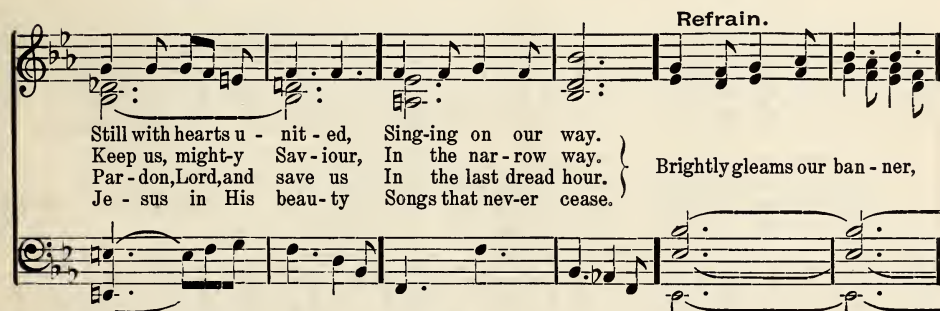


1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re -
 3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go; Crown us still vic -
 4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Of - f'ring pray'rs and



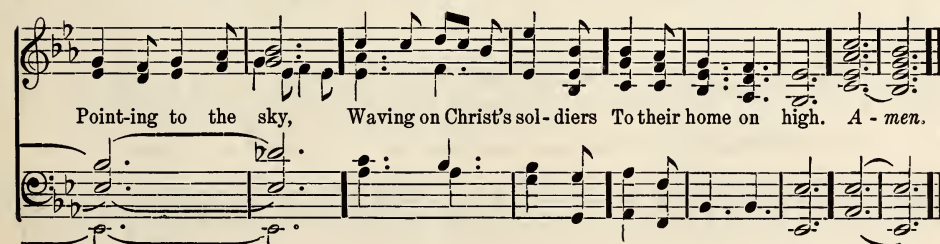
sol - diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
 joic - ing, See Thy chil - dren meet. Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray;
 to - rious, O - ver ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine an - gels shield us When the storm-clouds low'r;
 prais - es At Thy throne of love. When the toil is o - ver, Then come rest and peace,

Refrain.



Still with hearts u - nit - ed, Sing - ing on our way.
 Keep us, might - y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
 Par - don, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
 Je - sus in His beau - ty Songs that never - cease.

Brightly gleams our ban - ner,



Point - ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high. A - men.

On our way rejoicing.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

"ST. ALBAN."

FR. F. J. HAYDN (1732—1809).
Arr. J. B. DYKES.

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move, Hearn-en to our prais-es,
 2. If with hon-est-heart-ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
 3. On our way re - joic - ing Glad-ly let us go; Con-quer'd hath our Lead-er,
 4. Un-to God the Fa-ther Joy-ful songs we sing; Un-to God the Sav-iour

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!
 Do-ing what we can; Thou who giv'st the seed-time Wilt give large in-crease,
 Vanquish'd is our foe! Christ with-out, our safe-ty; Christ with-in, our joy;
 Thankful hearts we bring; Un-to God the Spir-it Bow we and a-dore,

Refrain.

Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee!
 Crown the head with bless-ings, Fill the heart with peace.
 Who, if we be faith-ful, Can our hope de-stroy?
 On our way re-joic-ing Now and ev-er-more!

On our way re - joic - ing,

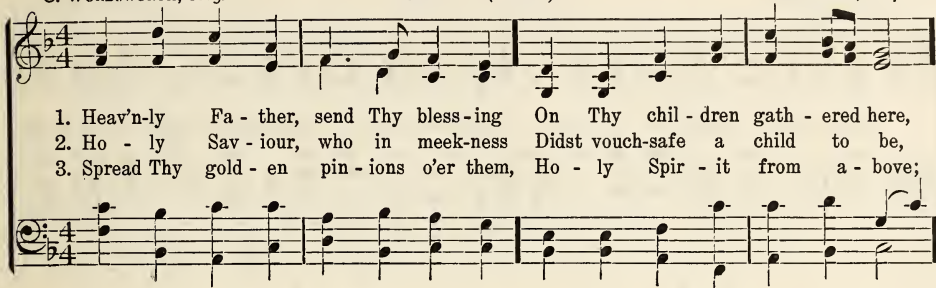
As we home-ward move, Hearn-en to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! A-men.

Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.

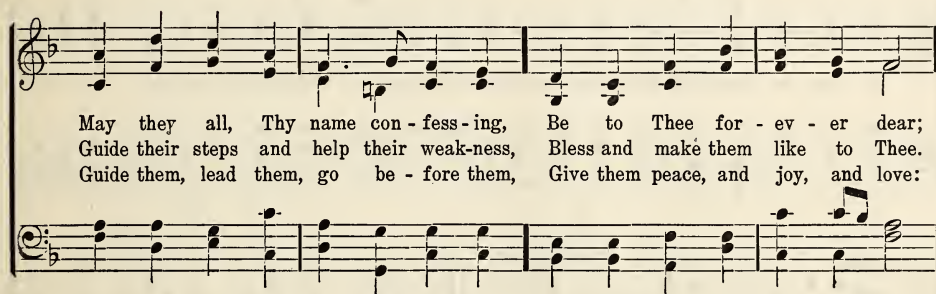
C. WORDSWORTH, 1863.

"BETHANY (SMART)."

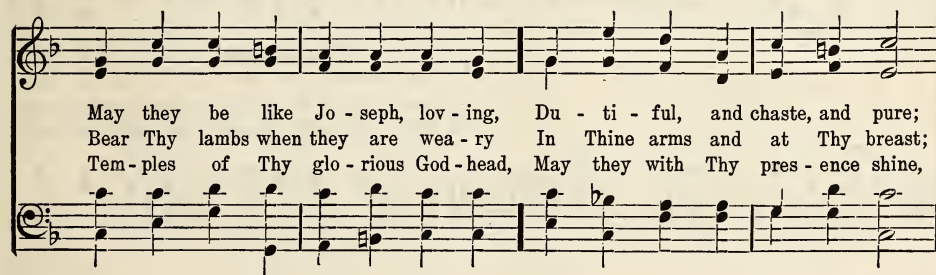
H. SMART, 1867.



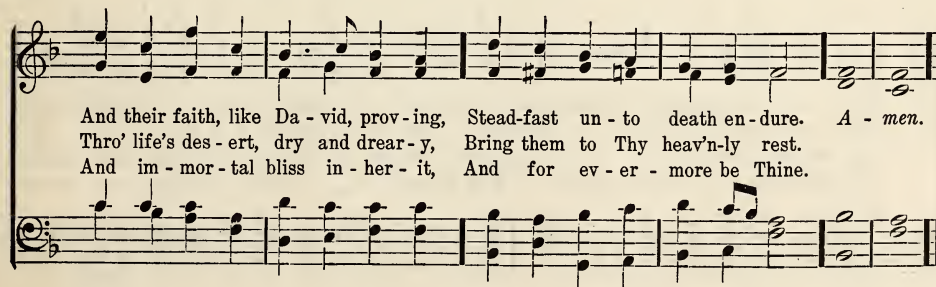
1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil - dren gath - ered here,
 2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meek-ness Didst vouch-safe a child to be,
 3. Spread Thy gold - en pin - ions o'er them, Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove;



May they all, Thy name con - fess-ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;
 Guide their steps and help their weak-ness, Bless and make them like to Thee.
 Guide them, lead them, go be - fore them, Give them peace, and joy, and love:



May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;
 Bear Thy lambs when they are wea - ry In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
 Tem - ples of Thy glo - rious God-head, May they with Thy pres - ence shine,



And their faith, like Da - vid, prov-ing, Stead-fast un - to death en-dure. A - men.
 Thro' life's des - ert, dry and drear - y, Bring them to Thy heav'n-ly rest.
 And im - mor - tal bliss in - her - it, And for ev - er - more be Thine.

We march, we march to victory.

G. MOULTRIE, 1867.

"MARCH TO VICTORY."

J. BARNEY, 1869.

8:

We march, we march to vic-to-ry, With the cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His

lov-ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho-ly arm spread o'er us, His

FINE. Last verse only.

ho-ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. A-men.

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir-it of God on high,
3. And the choir of an-gels with song a-waits
4. Then on-ward we march, our arms to prove,

His arm

With ar-mor bright to meet Him; And we put to... flight the.. ar-mies of night,
Our hel-met is His sal-va-tion, Our... ban-ner, the cross of... Cal-va-ry,
Our march to the gold-en Zi-on, For our Cap-tain has bro-ken the bra-zen gates,
With the ban-ner of Christ be-fore us, With His eye of... love look-ing down from a-bove,

We march, we march.—*Concluded.*

D.S.

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
 Our..... watch-word, the In - car - na - tion, Our watch-word, the In - car - na - tion.
 And..... burst the... bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. } We
 And His ho - ly.... arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. }

Break Thou the bread of life.

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M. A. LATHBURY, 1880.

"BREAD OF LIFE."

W. F. SHERWIN, 1880.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page,
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,

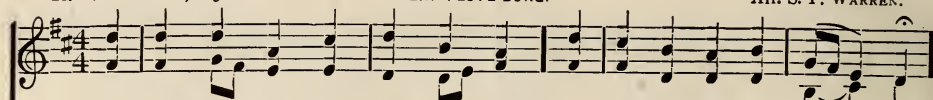
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! A - men.
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.

A mighty fortress is our God.

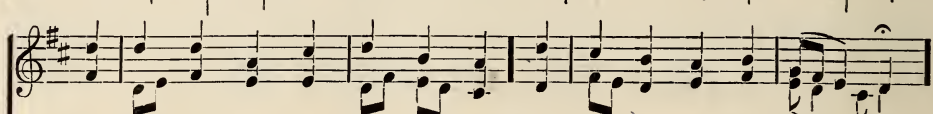
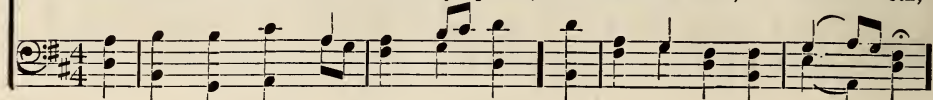
GENERAL.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1527.
Tr. E. H. HEDGE, 1852.

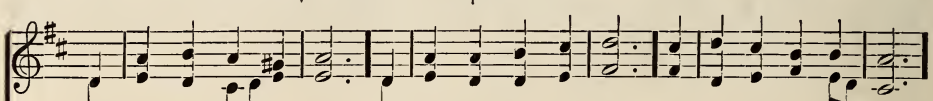
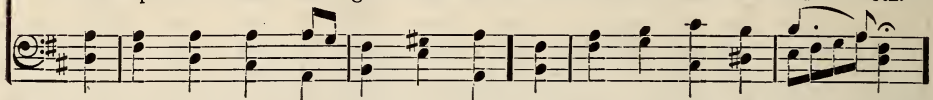
"EIN' FESTE BURG."

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.
Arr. S. P. WARREN.

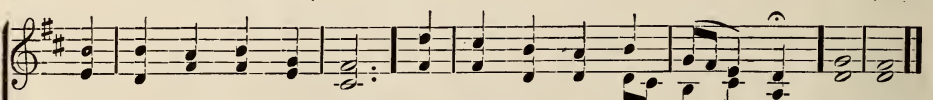
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;
 3. And though this world, with de - mons filled, Should threaten to un - do..... us;
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



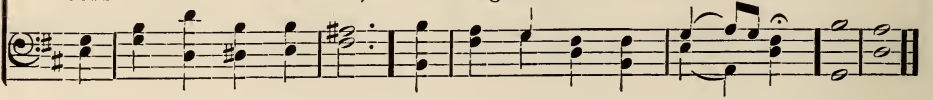
Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed, His truth to tri - umph through us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab-aoth is His name,
 The Prince of dark-ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure,
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill;



And, arm'd with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A - men.
 From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell.... him.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, His King - dom is for ev - er.



The beautiful bright sunshine.

ANON.

"SUNSHINE."

G. E. OLIVER.

1. The beau - ti - ful bright sun - shine, That smiles on all be - low,
 2. The beau - ti - ful af - fec - tions That gath - er round our way,
 3. But bright - er is the shin - ing, And ten - d'r'er is the love,

The wav - ing trees, the cool, soft breeze, The rip - pling streams that flow,
 The joys that rise from house - hold ties, And deep - en day by day;
 And pur - er still the joys which fill The un - seen home a - bove,—

Solo.

The shad - ows on the hill - sides, The ma - ny - tint - ed flow'rs,
 The ten - der love that guards us When - ev - er dan - ger low'rs,
 The home where all His chil - dren Shall sing with full - er pow'rs,

Chorus.

O God! how fair Thy lov - ing care Has made this earth of ours. A - men.
 O God! how fair Thy lov - ing care Has made this earth of ours.
 "O God! how fair Thy lov - ing care Has made this heav'n of ours."

I ought to love my Saviour.

ANON.

"LOVING FRIEND."

J. R. FAIRLAMB, 1887.

1. I ought to love my Sav - iour; No earth - ly friend can be
 2. He left His home in glo - ry To save my soul from death;
 3. It is but ver - y lit - tle For Him that I can do;
 4. And when I reach the man - sion He has pre - pared for me,

So lov - ing, kind, and faith - ful As He hath been to me.
 And now in all life's dan - gers He still sus - tains my breath.
 Then let me seek to serve Him My earth - ly jour - ney through;
 'Twill be my grate - ful pleas - ure My Sav - iour's face to see;

Be - fore my lips could ut - ter His sweet and pre - cious name,
 I lay me down and slum - ber All through the hours of night,
 And with - out sigh or mur - mur, To do His ho - ly will,
 And 'mid the an - gels' mu - sic, Which then will greet my ear

Un - til the pres - ent mo - ment, His love hath been the same. A - men.
 And wake a - gain in safe - ty To hail the morn - ing light.
 And in my dai - ly du - ties, His wise commands ful - fil.
 How ea - ger - ly I'll list - en My Sav - iour's voice to hear!

God be with you.

J. E. RANKIN, 1882.

"FAREWELL."

W. G. TOMER, 1882.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protect-ing hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Refrain.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A-men.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
 By permission.

PART II.

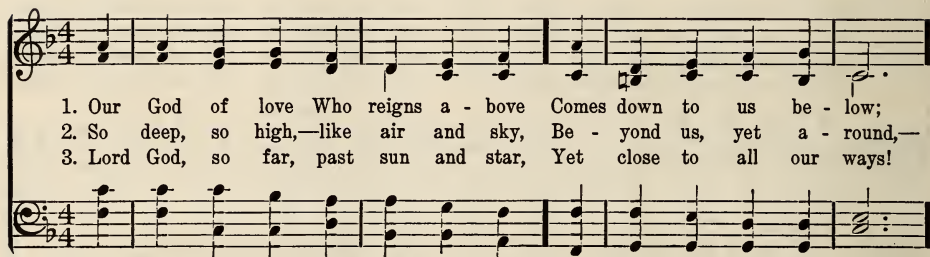
HYMNS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

272 Our God of love Who reigns above.

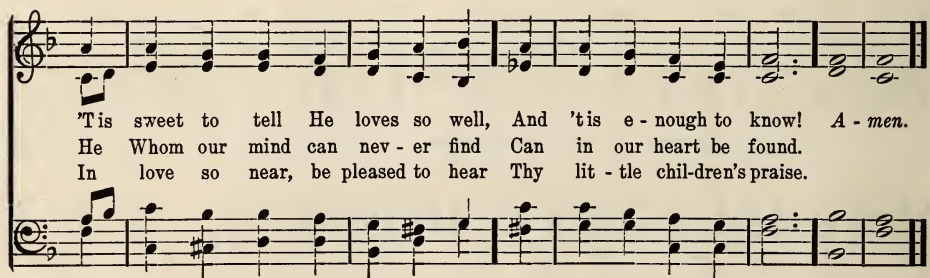
S. J. STONE.

"CONSTANT LOVE."

G. C. MARTIN.



1. Our God of love Who reigns a - bove Comes down to us be - low;
2. So deep, so high,—like air and sky, Be - yond us, yet a - round,—
3. Lord God, so far, past sun and star, Yet close to all our ways!



'Tis sweet to tell He loves so well, And 'tis e - nough to know! A - men.
He Whom our mind can nev - er find Can in our heart be found.
In love so near, be pleased to hear Thy lit - tle chil-dren's praise.

4 Through all our way, and every day
Believed, beloved, adored,
Be this our grace to see Thy Face
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

I love to hear the story.

E. H. MILLER, 1867.

"KING OF GLORY."

CYRIL BOWDLER.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel - voic - es tell,
 2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,
 3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise;

REF.—I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel - voic - es tell,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
 To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
 And though I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
 And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
 For He has kind - ly prom - ised That e - ven I may go

D. C. for Refrain.

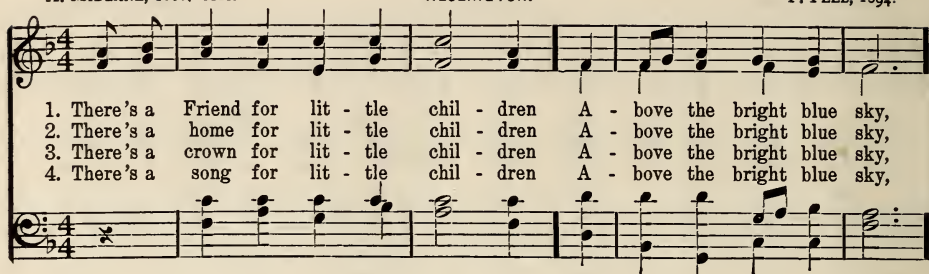
The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so. A-men.
 He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
 To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

There's a Friend for little children.

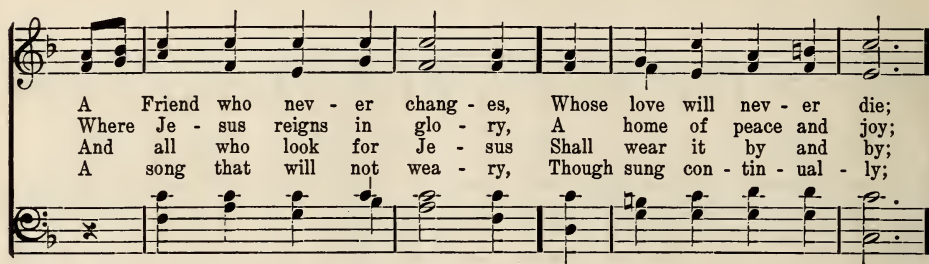
A. MIDLANE, 1860. Abr.

"HESLINGTON."

F. PEEL, 1894.



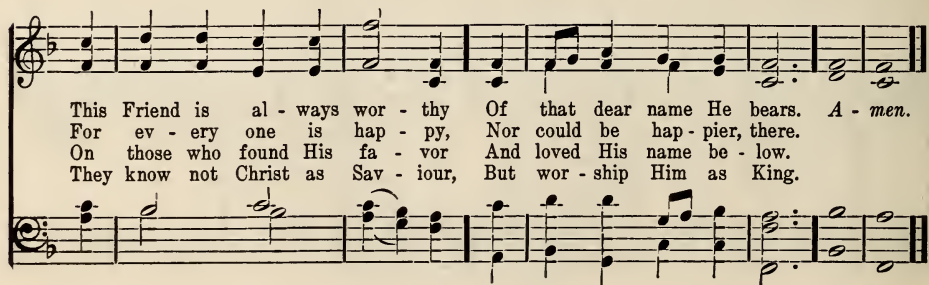
1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 2. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 3. There's a crown for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 4. There's a song for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,



A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
 Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy;
 And all who look for Je - sus Shall wear it by and by;
 A song that will not wea - ry, Though sung con - tin - ual - ly;



Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang - ing years;
 No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
 A crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which He will then be - stow
 A song which e - ven an - gels Can nev - er, nev - er sing;



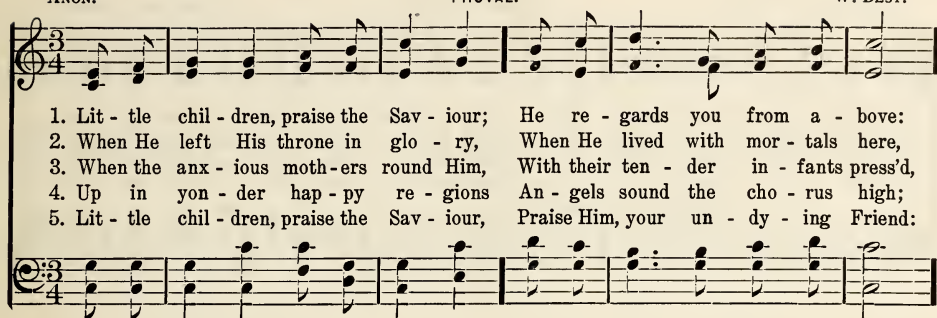
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name He bears. A - men.
 For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier, there.
 On those who found His fa - vor And loved His name be - low.
 They know not Christ as Sav - iour, But wor - ship Him as King.

Little children, praise the Saviour.

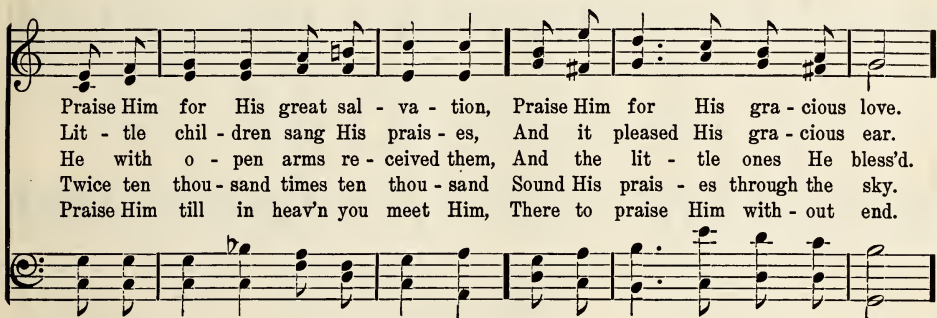
ANON.

"PHUVAL."

W. BEST.

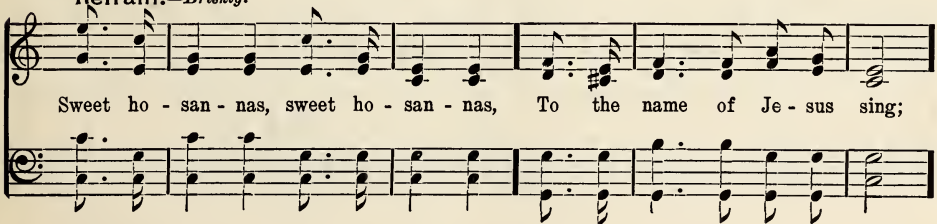


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Sav - iour; He re - gards you from a - bove:
 2. When He left His throne in glo - ry, When He lived with mor - tals here,
 3. When the anx - ious moth - ers round Him, With their ten - der in - fants press'd,
 4. Up in yon - der hap - py re - gions An - gels sound the cho - rus high;
 5. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Sav - iour, Praise Him, your un - dy - ing Friend:

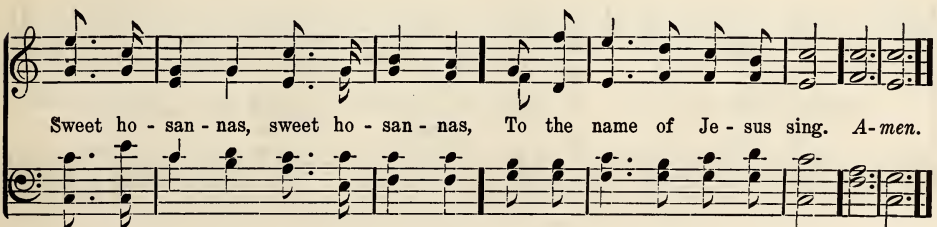


Praise Him for His great sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His gra - cious love.
 Lit - tle chil - dren sang His prais - es, And it pleased His gra - cious ear.
 He with o - pen arms re - ceived them, And the lit - tle ones He bless'd.
 Twice ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand Sound His prais - es through the sky.
 Praise Him till in heav'n you meet Him, There to praise Him with - out end.

Refrain.—Briskly.



Sweet ho - san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the name of Je - sus sing;



Sweet ho - san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the name of Je - sus sing. A - men.

The fields are all white.

ANON.

"JUNIOR ENDEAVOR."

J. ADCOCK (1788—1860).

1. The fields are all white, And the reap-ers are few, We chil-dren are will-ing,
 2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We can-not teach oth-ers,
 3. We'll work by our pray'rs, By the of-f'rings we bring, By small self-de-ni-als;—
 4. Un-til, by and by, As the years pass at length, We too may be reap-ers,

But what can we do To work for our Lord in His har - - vest? A - men.
 How then shall we seek To work for our Lord in His har - - vest?
 The least lit-tle thing May work for our Lord in His har - - vest.
 And go forth in strength To work for our Lord in His har - - vest.

SECOND TUNE.

"LITTLE REAPERS."

M. B. FOSTER, 1880.

TREBLES ONLY.

The fields are all white, And the reap-ers are few, We chil-dren are will-ing,

But what can we do To work for our Lord in His har - vest? A - men.

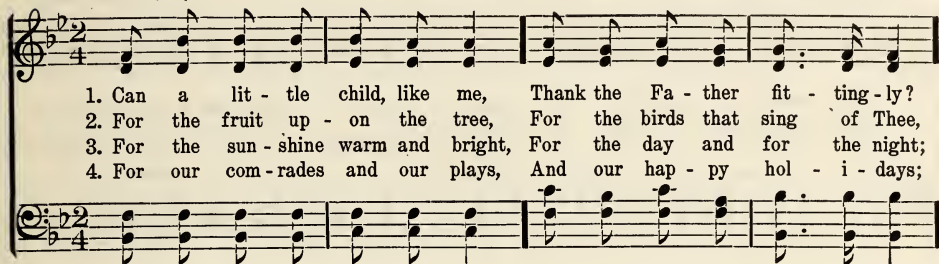
Can a little child, like me.

277

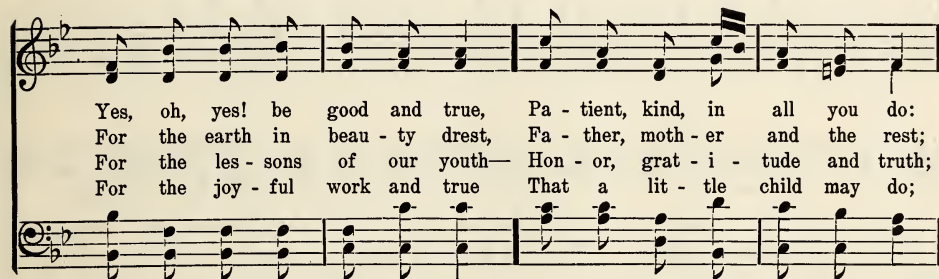
M. M. DODGE, 1876.

"DODGE."

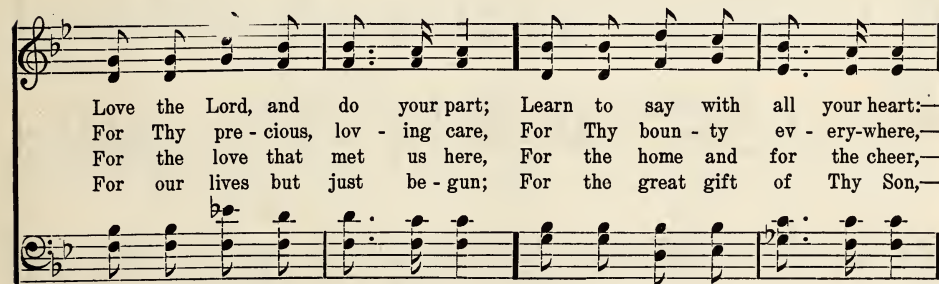
WM. K. BASSFORD, 1877.



1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
 2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee,
 3. For the sun - shine warm and bright, For the day and for the night;
 4. For our com - rades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days;

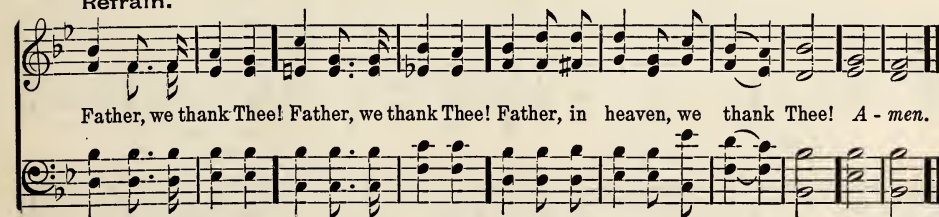


Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind, in all you do:
 For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er and the rest;
 For the les - sons of our youth— Hon - or, grat - i - tude and truth;
 For the joy - ful work and true That a lit - tle child may do;



Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—
 For Thy pre - cious, lov - ing care, For Thy boun - ty ev - ery-where,—
 For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,—
 For our lives but just be - gun; For the great gift of Thy Son,—

Refrain.



Father, we thank Thee! Father, we thank Thee! Father, in heaven, we thank Thee! A - men.

Sadly bend the flowers.

ANON.

"SUNBEAMS."

A. RANDEGGER.

1. Sad - ly bend the flow - ers, In the heav - y rain: Af - ter beat - ing show - ers,
 2. When a sud - den sor - row Comes like cloud and night, Wait for God's to - mor - row;

Sun - beams come a - gain. Lit - tle birds are si - lent All the dark night through;
 All will then be bright. On - ly wait and trust Him, Just a lit - tle while;

But when morn - ing dawn - eth, Their songs are sweet and new... A - men.
 Af - ter eve - ning tear - drops Shall come the morn - ing smile...

The morning bright.

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ANON.

"SOHO."

J. BARNBY, 1836.

1. The morn - ing bright, With ro - sy light, Has waked me up from sleep;
 2. All through the day, I hum - bly pray, Be Thou my guard and guide,
 3. O make Thy rest With - in my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace;

Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep. A - men.
 My sins for - give, And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.
 Make me like Thee, Then shall I be Pre - pared to see Thy face.

God who made the earth.

280

S. B. RHODES.

"BEECHWOOD"

J. BOOTH (1852—).

1. God, who made the earth, The air, the sky, the sea, Who gave the light its birth, Careth for me. A - men.
 2. God, who made the grass, The flower, the fruit, the tree, The day and night to pass, Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
 The moon, the stars, is He
 Who, when life's clouds come on,
 Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things
 On earth, in air, in sea,
 Who changing seasons brings,
 Careth for me.

Hosanna we sing, like the children dear.

G. S. HODGES, 1874.

"HOSANNA WE SING,"

J. B. DYKES, 1875.

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en
2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joic-es the

days when the Lord lived here; He bless'd lit - tle children, and smiled on them,
hymns of His own to hear; We know that His heart will nev-er wax cold

While they chant-ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. Al - le - lu - ia we
To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold. Al - le - lu - ia we

sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
sing in the Church we love, Al - le - lu - ia re-sounds in the Church a - bove;

Hosanna we sing.—Concluded.

As they fol - low their Shep - herd with lov - ing eyes
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be giv - en,

Through the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - - dise. A - men.
That we lose not our part in the song of heav'n.

Jesus loves me, this I know.

282

A. B. WARNER, 1859.

"NEWINGTON."

W. D. MACLAGAN, 1885.

1. Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the bi - ble tells me so:
2. Je - sus loves me, He who died Glo - ry's gate to o - pen wide,
3. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, Though I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me; He will stay Close be - side me all the way,

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong. A - men.
He will wash a - way my sin; Let His lit - tle one come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high He will watch me where I lie.
And, when suf - fring days are past, Take me to His home at last.

Jesus, tender Shepherd.

M. L. DUNCAN, 1839.

"ST. SYLVESTER."

J. B. DYKES, 1862.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle Lamb to - night;
 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well:

Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A - men.
 Thou hast cloth'd me warm'd and fed me; List - en to my eve-ning pray'r!
 Take us all at last to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

SECOND TUNE.

"BROCKLESBURY."

A. C. BARNARD (1830—1869).

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

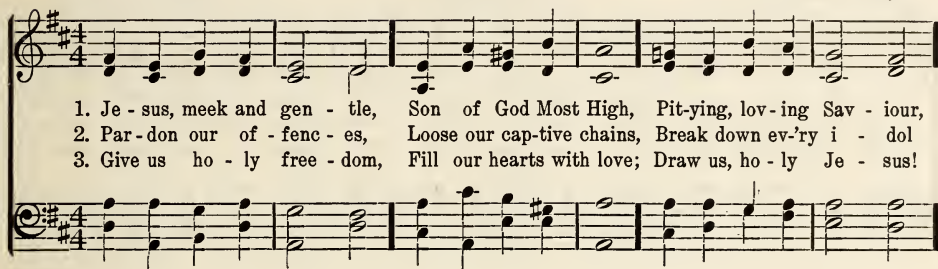
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A - men.

Jesus, meek and gentle.

G. R. PRYNNE, 1856.

"ST. CONSTANTINE."

W. H. MONK (1823—1889).



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High, Pit-ying, lov - ing Sav - iour,
 2. Par - don our of - fenc - es, Loose our cap - tive chains, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol
 3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus!

Omit for last verse *Last verse only*



Hear Thy children's cry. Hear Thy children's cry. A-men.
 Which our soul de - tains.
 To the realms a - bove.

4 Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the Way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God Most High,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

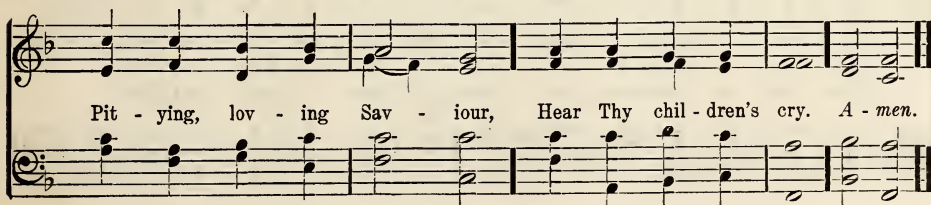
SECOND TUNE.

"CASWALL."

F. FILITZ, Ph.D. (1804—1860).



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,



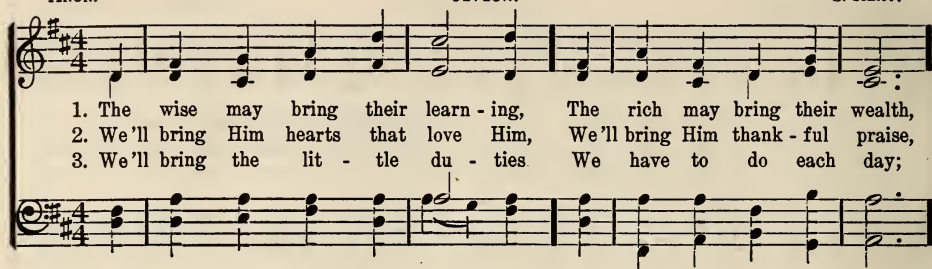
Pit - ying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. A - men.

The wise may bring their learning.

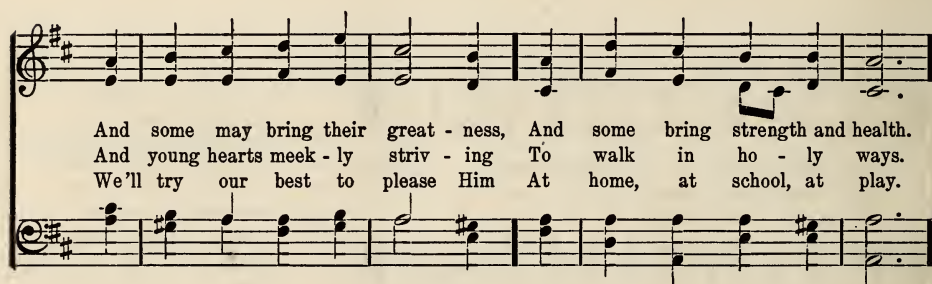
ANON.

"CEYLON."

S. REAY.



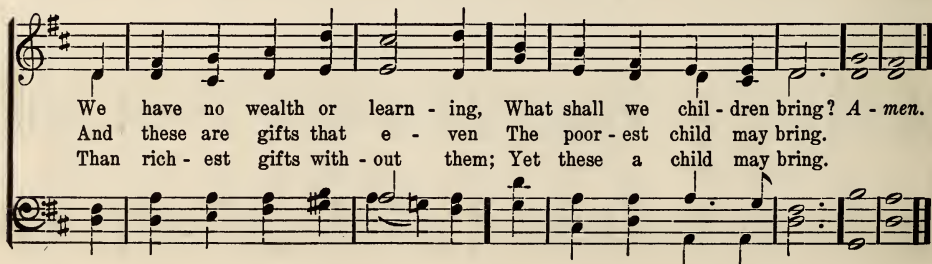
1. The wise may bring their learn - ing, The rich may bring their wealth,
 2. We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him thank - ful praise,
 3. We'll bring the lit - tle du - ties We have to do each day;



And some may bring their great - ness, And some bring strength and health.
 And young hearts meek - ly striv - ing To walk in ho - ly ways.
 We'll try our best to please Him At home, at school, at play.



We, too, would bring our treas - ures To of - fer to the King;
 And these shall be the treas - ures We of - fer to the King;
 And bet - ter are these treas - ures To of - fer to our King



We have no wealth or learn - ing, What shall we chil - dren bring? A - men.
 And these are gifts that e - ven The poor - est child may bring.
 Than rich - est gifts with - out them; Yet these a child may bring.

If I come to Jesus.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1868.

"WOODBROOK."

J. ADCOCK (1778—1860).

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad;
 2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my pray'r;
 3. If I come to Je - sus, He will take my hand,
 4. There with hap - py chil - dren, Robed in snow - y white,

He will give me pleas - ure When my heart is sad.
 He will love me dear - ly; He my sins did bear.
 He will kind - ly lead me To a bet - ter land.
 I shall see my Sav - iour In that world so bright.

Refrain.

If I come to Je - sus, Hap - py shall I be;

He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me. A - men.

Gracious Saviour, gentle shepherd.

J. E. LEESON, 1857.

"REQUIEM."

W. A. F. SCHULTHES, 1868.

1. Gra-cious Sav-iour, gen-tle shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;
 2. Let Thy ho-ly word in-struct them; Fill their minds with heav'n-ly light;
 3. Taught to lisp Thy ho-ly prais-es Which on earth Thy chil-dren sing,

Gath-ered with Thine arms, and car-ried In Thy bo-som, may they be;
 Let Thy love and grace con-strain them, To ap-prove what-e'er is right;
 With, both lips and hearts, un-feign-ed, Glad thank-of-f'rings may they bring;

Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-men.
 Let them feel Thy yoke is ea-sy, Let them prove Thy bur-den light.
 Then with all Thy saints in glo-ry, Join to praise their Lord and King.

Org.

See, Israel's gentle shepherd stands.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1740.

"EVAN."

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1846.

1. See, Is-rael's gen-tle shep-herd stands, With all-en-gag-ing charms;
 2. "Per-mit them to ap-proach," He cries, "Nor scorn their hum-ble name;
 3. We bring them, Lord, in thank-ful hands, And yield them up to Thee;

See, Israel's gentle shepherd.—*Concluded.*

Hark, how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms! A - men.
 For 't was to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."
 Joy - ful that we our - selves are Thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

Jesus, high in glory.

289

J. E. CLARK.

"HEAVENLY WAY."

J. B. CALKIN (1827—).

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list-'ning ear; When we bow be -
 2. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray; Sav - iour, guide and

fore Thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear. Though Thou art so ho - ly,
 keep us In the heav'n - ly way. Save us, Lord, from sin - ning;

Heav'n's Al-might-y King, Thou wilt stoop to list - en When Thy praise we sing. A - men.
 Watch us day by day; Help us now to love Thee; Take our sins a - way.

Above the clear blue sky.

J. CHANDLER, 1841.

"CHILDREN'S VOICES."

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—).

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In Heav - en's bright a - bode, The an - gel -
2. But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise, We then our

host on high Sing prais - es to their God. Al - le - lu - ia,
cheer - ful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise. Al - le - lu - ia,

They love to sing To God their King; Al - le - lu - ia..... A - men.
We too will sing To God our King; Al - le - lu - ia.....

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia,
Then shall we sing
To God our King;
Alleluia.

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around:
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Alleluia,
All then shall sing
To God their King;
Alleluia.

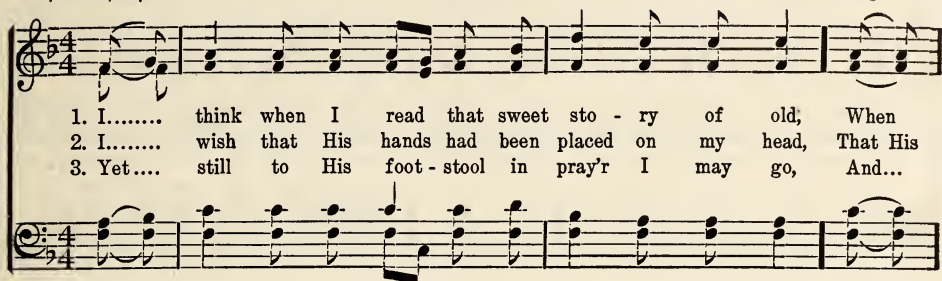
I think when I read that sweet story of old.

29I


J. LUKE, 1841.

"SWEET STORY."

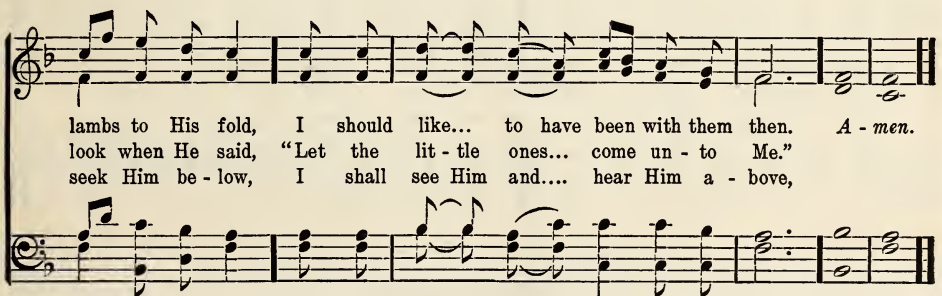
English.



1. I..... think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old; When
 2. I..... wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
 3. Yet.... still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And...



Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I.... might have seen His kind
 ask for a share of His love; And if I.... thus... ear - nest - ly



lambs to His fold, I should like... to have been with them then. A - men.
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones... come un - to Me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and.... hear Him a - bove,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare

For all who are washed and forgiven:

And many dear children shall be with Him there,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,

Never heard of that heavenly home,

I wish they could know there is room for them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.

There is a happy land.

A. YOUNG, 1828.

"EDEN."

S. WESLEY, 1864.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubt - ing stand,
 3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - every eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day. O how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
 Why still de - lay? O we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and
 Love can - not die. On then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and

Sav - iour King; Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye. A - men.
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 king - dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye.

SECOND TUNE.

HINDOSTAN AIR.

There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,

There is a happy land.—*Concluded.*

Bright, bright as day. O how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our

Sav - iour King; Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye. A - men.

O what can little hands do?

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"FARIN," 1865.

"CHILD SERVICE."

H. E. BUTTON, 1870.

1. O what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven? The lit - tle hands some
2. O what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heaven? The lit - tle lips can
3. O what can lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heaven? The lit - tle eyes can
4. O what can lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heaven? The hearts, if God His

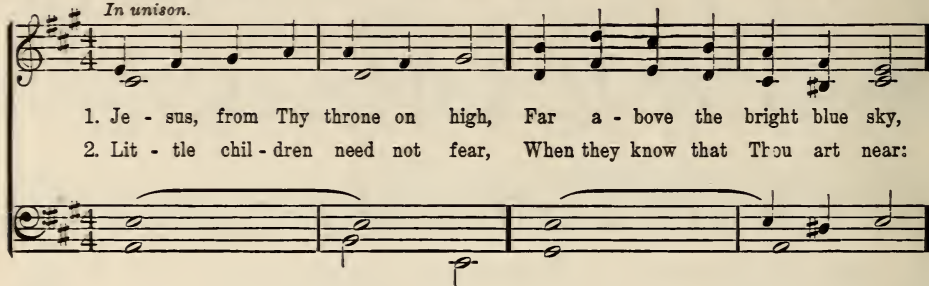
work may try To help the poor in mis - er - y— Such grace to mine be given. A - men.
praise and pray, And gen - tle words of kind - ness say— Such grace to mine be given.
up - ward look, Can learn to read God's ho - ly book: Such grace to mine be given.
Spir - it send, Can love and trust our Saviour Friend Such grace to mine be given.

Jesus, from Thy throne on high.

T. B. POLLOCK, 1875. Abr.

"LITANY FOR CHILDREN."

F. A. J. HERVEY (1846—).

In unison.


1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
2. Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear, When they know that Thou art near:



Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - men.
Thou dost love us, Sav - iour dear: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine.
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.

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C. WESLEY, 1742.

"GLEBE FIELD."

J. B. DYKES, 1874.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Dear - est Lord, for - bid it not:

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A-men.
Give me, dear - est Lord, a place In the king - dom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thine obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. ▲

By cool Siloam's shady rill.

R. HEBER, 1827.

"SABBATA." (SHARON.)

H. F. HEMY, 1865.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows;
 2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
 3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
 4. And soon, too soon the win - try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! A - men.
 Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
 Will shake the soul with sor - row's pow'r, And storm - y pas - sion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within Thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own.

Thou that once, by mother's knee.

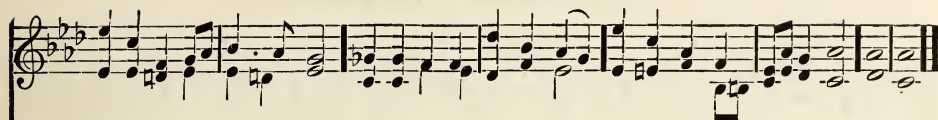
F. J. PALGRAVE, 1867.

"GLASTONBURY."

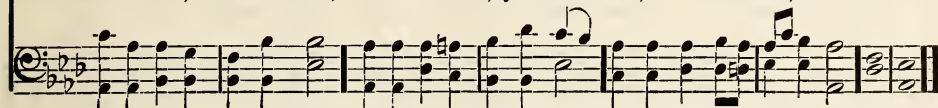
J. B. DYKES, 1870.

1. Thou that once, by mother's knee, Wast a lit - tle one, like me, When I wake or go to bed,
 2. Be be - side me in the light, Close by me thro' all the night; Make me gen - tle, kind and true,
 3. Thou art near me when I pray, Thou art nev - er far a - way; Thou my lit - tle hymn wilt hear,

Thou that once, by mother's knee.—*Concluded.*



Lay Thy hands about my head; Let me feel Thee ver-y near, Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear. *A-men.*
Do as I am bid to do; Help and cheer me when I fret, And forgive when I for-get.
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,—Thou that once, by mother's knee, Wast a little one, like me.



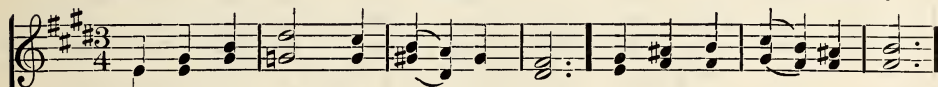
God is in heaven.

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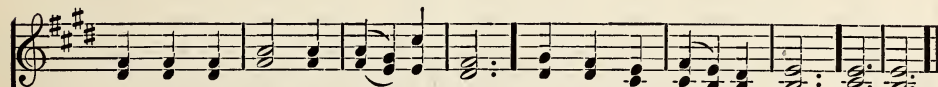
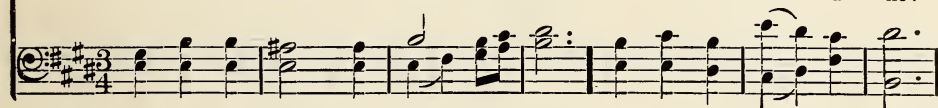
A. GILBERT, 1809.

"PANCRATIUS."

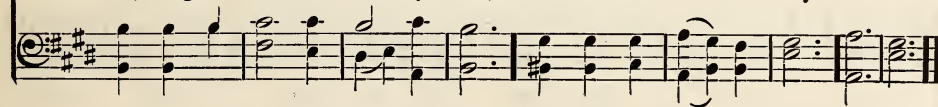
H. H. WOODWARD, 1894.



1. God is in heav - en. Can He hear A lit - tle pray'r like mine?
2. God is in heav - en. Can He see When I am do - ing wrong?
3. God is in heav - en. Would He know If I should tell a lie?



Yes, that He can; I need not fear; He'll list - en un - to mine. *A - men.*
Yes, that He can; He looks at me All day and all night long.
Yes, though I said it ver - y low, He'd hear it in the sky.



4 God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes; all I have to eat or wear;
'Tis God that gives it me.

5 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call me to the sky.

Jesus is our Shepherd.

H. STOWELL, 1849. Abr.

"ELLWOOD."

G. A. MACFARREN.

1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wip - ing ev - ery tear;
 2. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Well we know His voice
 3. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, For the sheep He bled;

Fold - ed in His bo - som, What have we to fear?
 How its gen - tlest whis - per Makes our heart re - joice;
 Ev - ery lamb is sprin - kled With the blood He shed;

On - ly let us fol - low Whith - er He doth lead
 E - ven when He chid - eth, Ten - der is His tone:
 Then on each He set - teth His own se - cret sign,—

To the thirst - y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead. A - men.
 None but He shall guide us: We are His a - lone.
 "They that have My Spir - it, These," saith He, "are Mine."

Gloria in Excelsis.

300

OLD CHANT.



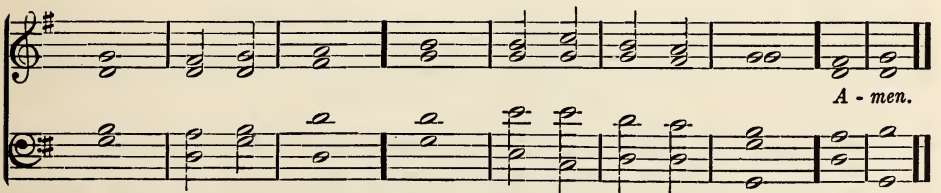
- 1 Glory *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace good | will * towards | men.
 2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*, we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give *Thanks* to | Thee
 for | Thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- * ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
 4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son — | of the |
 Father,



- 5 That takest *away* the | sins * of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.
 6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins * of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.
 7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins * of the | world || re- | ceive our | prayer.
 8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.

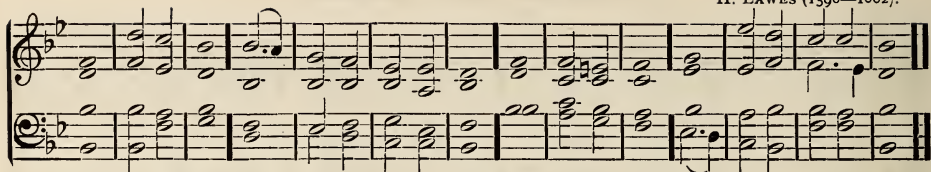


A - men.

- 9 For Thou *only* | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.
 10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory * of | God the | Father.

Te Deum Laudamus.

H. LAWES (1596—1662).



- 1 We *praise* | Thee O | God || we *acknowledge* | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all *Angels* | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in
- 4 To Thee *Cherubim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 *Holy* | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
- 6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || of | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
- 7 The glorious *company* | of ' the A- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | Prophets || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 9 The *noble* | army ' of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee:
- 11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || of an | in- ' finite | Maj-es- | ty;
- 12 *Thine* a- | dor- ' able, | true || and | on- — | — ly | Son;
- 13 * Also the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | com- — | fort- — | er.
- 14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory | O | — — | — — | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son || of | — the | Fa- — | ther.

* Last half of Chant.

R. COOKE (1768—1814).



- 16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble *Thyself* to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst *overcome* the | sharpness ' of | death || Thou didst open the *Kingdom* of | Heaven ' to | all be- | lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || in | the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
- 19 We *believe* that | Thou shalt | come || to | be — | our — | Judge.
- 20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast *redeemed* | with Thy | pre-cious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy | Saints || in | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
- 22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || and | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
- 23 *Gov-* — ern | them || and | lift them | up for- | ever.

Return to chant in B \flat at the top of page.

- 24 *Day* | by — | day || we | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
- 25 And we | worship ' Thy | Name || ever | world with- | out — | end.
- 26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.
- 27 O *Lord* ' have | mercy ' up- | on us || have | mercy ' up- | on — | us.
- 28 O Lord, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us || as our | trust — | is in | Thee
- 29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || let me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

Dominus Regit Me. (Ps. xxiii.)

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ANON.

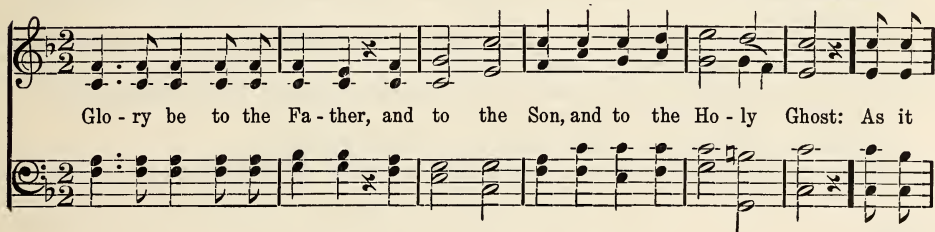


- 1 The *Lord* | is my | shepherd || *I* | shall — | not — | want.
 - 2 He maketh me to lie *down* in | green — | pastures || He leadeth *me* be- | side the | still — | waters.
 - 3 *He* re- | storeth • my | soul || He leadeth me in the.paths of righteousness | for His | name's — | sake.
 - 4 Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of *death* I will | fear no | evil || for Thou art with me; Thy *rod* and Thy | staff they | com-fort | me.
 - 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the *presence* | of mine | enemies || Thou anointest my head with *oil* my | cup — | run-neth | over.
 - 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the *days* | of my | life || and I will dwell in the *house* | of the | Lord for- | ever.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and • to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | men.

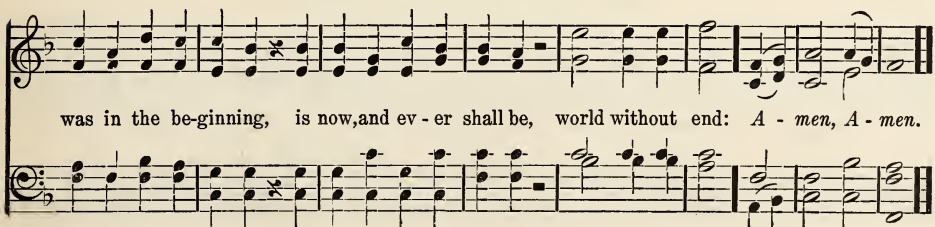
Gloria Patri.

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H. W. GREATORIX.



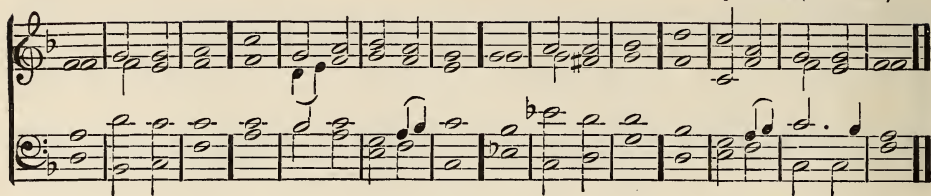
Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it



was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

The Beatitudes. (Matthew v. 3-12.)

J. TURLE (1802-1882).



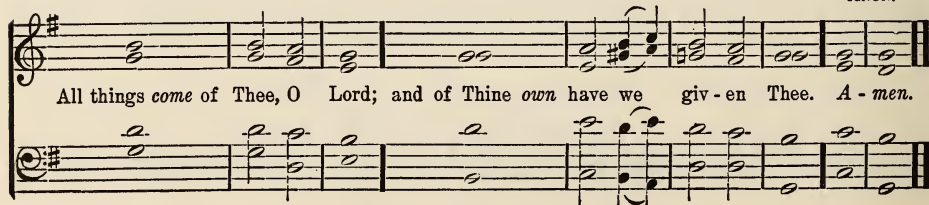
S. P. WARREN, 1872.



- 1 Blessed are the | poor in | spirit || *for* | theirs · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
 2 Blessed are | they that | mourn || *for* | they — | shall be | comforted.
 3 Blessed | are the | meek || *for* | they · shall in- | herit · the | earth.
 4 Blessed are they which do hunger and *thirst* after | right-eous- | ness || *for* | they — | shall be | filled.
 5 Blessed are the | mer- ci- | ful || *for* | they · shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
 6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart || *for* | they shall | see — | God.
 7 Blessed are the | peace- — | makers || *for* | they shall be *called* the | children | of — | God.
 8 Blessed are they which are persecuted *for* | righteous- · ness' | sake || *for* | theirs · is the | kingdom ·
 of | heaven.
 9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile *you* and | perse- · cute | you || and shall say all manner of evil
 against you | false-ly | *for* my | sake.
 10 Rejoice and be exceeding glad, *for* great is *your* re- | ward in | heaven || *for* so persecuted *they* the |
 prophets · which | were be- | fore you.
 Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A — | men.

On the Presentation of the Aims.

ANON.



All things come of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine own have we giv-en Thee. A - men.

